The Saturday Evening
POST
SEP 11 '56
September 15, 1956 — 15¢

WHY I QUIT
Rocky Marciano Begins His Own Story

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in lighting...

no substitute can do what copper does!

No other non-precious metal carries electricity as well as copper. No other conducts heat as well and at the same time is more resistant to rust, corrosion and wear. In the manufacture of electrical equipment, copper or copper alloys combine, better than other metals, the vital properties of malleability, ductility, and machinability. In lighting, as in so many other fields, there is no substitute with all the qualities of copper—most versatile of metals!

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Germs are the most common cause of bad breath—no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does

The most common cause of bad breath is germs in the mouth. And no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine kills germs by millions . . . stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength every morning and evening . . . before every date.

LISTERINE

ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

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To keep cured tobacco leaf from being crumpled, torn, or shredded, Liggett & Myers packs it—as carefully as you'd pack a suitcase—in half-ton hogsheads. Hydraulic presses do the packing.

But these presses had one important drawback. If the hydraulic oil wasn't changed frequently, the press action became erratic and jumpy due to oil foam and sludge. Moreover, every oil change meant a time-consuming cleaning of the entire system.

To solve these problems, a more stable fluid, Shell Tellus Oil, was recommended and put into service. Improvement was immediate: foaming was eliminated, sludging greatly reduced. L&M now counts on a "perfect pack" every time.

Development of more dependable lubricants is another way in which Shell Research is at work. You, too, benefit by this leadership—when you buy products bearing Shell's name and trademark.

LIGGETT & MYERS had a serious problem which involved the handling of tobacco in giant hogsheads. It was solved by a product of Shell Research.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

September 15, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 11*

4 Short Stories

Second Husband . . . . . *Phyllis Duganne* 26
Passport to Darkness . . . . . *Brian Cleeve* 30
Botts' Perfect Alibi . . . . . *William Hazlett Upson* 34
Baseball Wife . . . . . *Adela Rogers St. Johns* 37

9 Articles

I Fought All the Way, Part I: Why I Retired
Rocky Marciano, as told to Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg 23
The Face of America: End of a Picnic . . . *Photograph by Gus Pasquarella* 28
Big Boom in Outdoor Movies . . . . . *Frank J. Taylor* 31
The Night That Changed My Life . . . . . *Victor Riesel* 32
Bright Spot in Asia . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 36
Why Do I Keep the Damned Place? . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 38
These College Girls Can Cook . . . . . *John Wesley Noble* 40
Mother Goose Joins the Country Club . . . . . *Craig Thompson* 44
Money by the Ton . . . . . *Neil M. Clark* 49

2 Serials

The Case of the Lucky Loser (Third of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 42
Reservation for Murder (Conclusion) . . . . . *Thomas Walsh* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . 68, 70, 77, 78, 109, 117, 125
Keeping Posted 132

THE COVER

What a lucky young man. Here, at long last, is a railroad coach so unpopulated that he can sit alone and have nobody yakking at him as he earnestly goes about his business. See how he slowly savors the selection of a double-empty. Shall it be on the shady side or will the sun give better light for seeing what he wants to see? Will not the middle of the car joggle less and be easier on the eyes? How about turning over a pair of seats and making a private compartment, for utmost concentration? But no, as Thornton Utz depicts, life is sadly complex. The poor fellow finds someone occupying part of the only location altogether suited to the work he has in mind. Ah, well, after restudying the face of the someone, the opinion persists as above: what a lucky young man!

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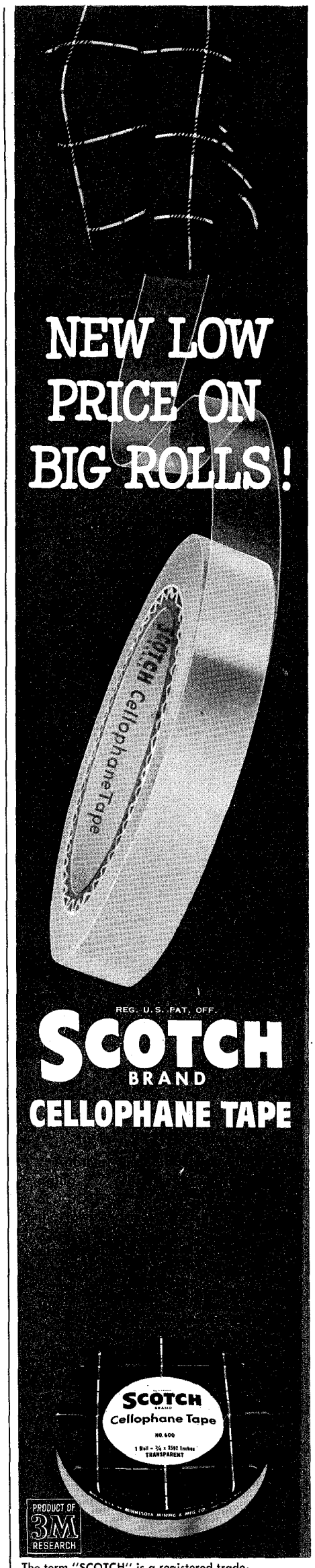

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Letters

Latin Lovers

Dear Sirs:

How true what Letitia Baldridge says about Italian men! [I LOVE THOSE ITALIAN MEN, Aug. 11.] Suddenly I keep remembering Louis, a shoemaker who used to be around the corner. . . .

What'd Louis do? . . . He'd draw a heart with white chalk on the soles of my shoes as the only identification! No ticket, no receipt, no slip. With a whole counter between us, noisy machines whirring, a bootblack listening, he'd recite a few lines from Dante, looking right into my eyes. Other times he'd sing a few lines of a romantic aria. Of course I knew

he must have a well-trained wife and a list of children. And of course he said this (or an equally titillating version of this) to *all* the girls. But it sure sounded swell between the tailor and the butcher shops!

MRS. THEODORE KAPLAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Give me the American men any time (especially as husbands!)

MRS. LOUISE NOLLET
Ridgefield Park, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I, too, spent some time in Italy and I agree with Miss Baldridge that Italian men are very charming . . .

The Italian people are so filled with the "*joie de vivre*" that they enjoy every moment of life, be they poor or rich. They have such a spontaneous and vivacious nature, and so articulate are they in the use of their lovely, poetic language that it's an effervescent change from the less animated and neurosis-filled Americans.

MISS A. WALLACE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When does the next plane leave for Italy!!

KATHERINE L. JOHNSON
Greenville, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I'd rather have one kind word from an American—a word he means with all his heart—than a thousand gooey phrases that are forgotten when the next buxom blonde slithers past.

MARCIA ROWAN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

If my husband caressed another woman with his eyes, I'd clobber him.

MRS. A. J. THOMAS
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

A lot of "malarky."

MR. L. THOMPSON
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Nothing more than the confessions of a frustrated American giraffe who could not pluck a single plum from the many available American trees.

ROBERT C. REISS
1st Lt., USAF
Chanute AFB, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I LOVE THOSE ITALIAN MEN certainly puts your magazine in keen competition with the so-called "trash" magazines.

BERNARD HACKER
Chicago, Ill.

Recovered Schizophrenic

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you for publishing the article I CAME BACK FROM MADNESS, by Ann Bentley, August 4th. . . .

One hears so much about mental health today, but so little about how to combat it. This article brought out the fact that every child's need for love and security must be met if they are to stay mentally healthy.

MARY GOTWALS
Creve Coeur, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The best treatise of mental illness I ever came across.

MATILDA V. MATTHEWS
Douglaston, N.Y.

Modest Millionaire

Dear Sirs:

Regarding the cartoon captioned "It's a living," on page 38 of the August 4 issue of the Post, could it be that cartoonist Edwin Lepper has recently been to the Hotel Tamanaco in Caracas, Venezuela? If so, I heartily commend his sense of humor and eminent powers of observation.

NED TEJAR
Caracas, Venezuela

"It's a living."

Dear Sirs:

Is the young man in the cartoon single? If so, could you please send me his address?

PATTY DAVIS
Arvada, Colo.

TV Controversy

Dear Sirs:

Re. How "LIBERAL" DOES A TELEVISION STATION OWNER HAVE TO BE? [editorial, July 21]. It is not a question of liberality but of fairness.

The program was to be called "Constitution—U.S.A.", which certainly should not be considered a controversial issue. . . . One of the principal participants was to have been Dr. Harry Slochower, Brooklyn College professor. The Post editorial, describing Doctor Slochower as a "Fifth

(Continued on Page 6)

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How long since you phoned for appliance service?

Maybe you've had a pleasant experience like this:

You telephone for authorized General Electric service and it seems you no sooner hang up than the doorbell rings. Some people, in a burst of enthusiasm, have told us service has been just that *prompt!*

Although it isn't always possible to be that speedy, your local G-E Appliance Service Technician likes to be considered a "Johnny-on-the-spot."

Fully trained, equipped with genuine G-E parts, he *knows* your appliances from top to bottom. Whether it's your washer, dryer, refrigerator or freezer—he'll fix it fast and fix it right.

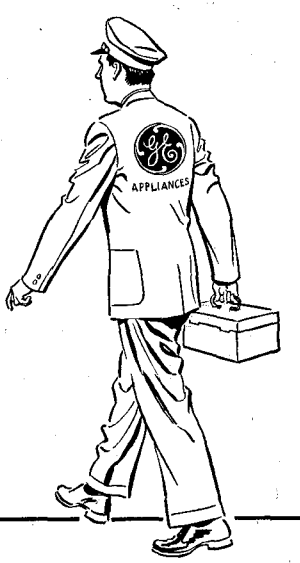
Whatever your query or need, this friendly expert is always as close as your phone. Call on him whenever you need the slightest assistance. He'll be at your side in a jiffy.

Service like this is just one reason why so many millions of women rely on General Electric. They know they can't go wrong with the finest in faithful, efficient appliances . . . plus the friendliest expert service.

For the name and address of your local authorized General Electric service organization, look in the classified telephone directory.

General Electric Company, Product Service, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

G-E Authorized Appliance Service is friendly, swift, nearby



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Clyde Last
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Soft Grain

Write for Elaborate Nunn-Bush Catalog

Good Looks go Twice as Far because of *Ankle-Fashioning!*

One of the happy things about Ankle-Fashioning is that the smoothness of fit makes *original smartness* last through many, many extra miles. Gentle heel snugness also makes the shoe "go with" the foot instead of slipping up and down. Be smart. Be comfortable. Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are Ankle-Fashioned!

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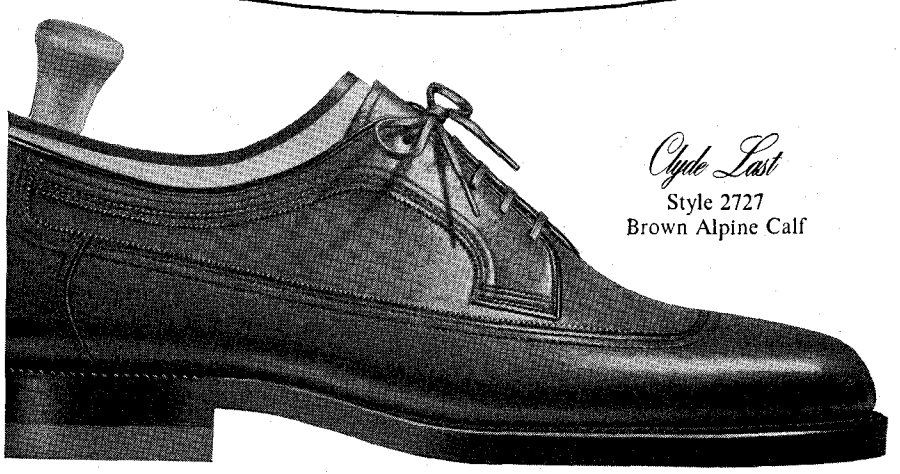

Clyde Last
Style 2727
Brown Alpine Calf

Also makers of Edgerton Shoes for Men • Most Styles $11.95 to $15.95. Some Higher

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Amendment professor," signally failed to add that the Supreme Court recently ruled that he had been improperly dismissed after he invoked the privilege of that amendment in 1952. . . .

The only really strange part of the entire episode was the behavior of the president of the station, WATV, who rejected the program after having agreed to use it. In explaining his action to The New York Times, he stated: "It is our policy not to allow commercial sponsorship—that is, where the sale of a product is involved—of a program about political or controversial matters." When the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee offered to pay for the program, thereby making it *noncommercial*, the station official again rejected it, this time without explanation.

CLARK FOREMAN, *Director*
Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
New York, N.Y.

● *Following the Supreme Court decision, Dr. Harry Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, announced that Doctor Slochower would be reinstated and then suspended pending trial on new charges of "untruthfulness and perjury." —ED.*

Happy Yardbird

Dear Sirs:

HAPPY WAS THE SOLDIER! [by Leo Rosten, August 11] had a certain charm in its triumph of individualism over military conformity. But I regret to say that on the whole it was disappointing, because completely implausible. . . . It could not possibly have happened unless all the noncoms and officers involved had either taken leave of their senses or had abandoned all the customs and traditions of the service.

GEORGE W. PRICE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Take it from a former buck private up through the ranks as an officer with 36 years 10 months in the Army, 5 major engagements in the AEF, 4 years in World War II, the short story HAPPY WAS THE SOLDIER! is definitely one of the best on Army life I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

MAJ. JAMES E. HOLMES, USAR (Ret.)
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Fun at Oberlin

Dear Sirs:

Your coverage of the Oberlin College mock political convention [PREVIEW OF NEXT WEEK'S CONVENTION, by Harold H. Martin, Aug. 11] was interesting and complete. However, whoever inferred to your writer that the mock convention is the only "real fun" in a student's four years is sadly mistaken. Such a phrase as "the hand of the old Oberlin conscience" is, to put it mildly, a rather gross exaggeration.

FREDERIC PRYOR, *Oberlin, '5*
Washington, D.C

Dear Sirs:

Of course, Oberlin students have fun. If they do not, they have only themselves to blame. I would not exchange my four years there for four at any other institution.

ROBERT G. MYERS, *Oberlin, '5*
Oberlin, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I wish to indignantly contest the validity of a statement made by the "elderly observer"; steadies and friendships were not mixed with politics. The choice of our candidates was the result of political strategy no less rational than that carried on at the real conventions.

MARY MARCUS
Columbus, Ohio

● *The Oberlin Convention came up with a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket. —ED.*

Lots of Mileage

Dear Sirs:

I buy a copy of The Saturday Evening Post every week. I send it to old friends in Niagara Falls, Ontario. It comes back to Thorold, goes from there to Great Britain and from there to a hospital in Cape Town, South Africa. . . . Isn't this pretty near a record for a well-traveled Saturday Evening Post?

LEONARD DAWE
Thorold, Ont., Canada

● *It may be. Can any other readers top this? —ED.*

Not Funny?

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your cartoon by Chon Day on page 51 of the August 11th issue:

You've reached a low.

The implications in your cartoon about lawyers in general isn't fair to a grand profession.

ARNOLD H. SCHILDKNECHT
Chicago, Ill.

"My lawyer bribed three witnesses, but they didn't show up at the trial. That's justice for you!"

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
23–Larry Keighley. • 24–United Press, Wide World. • 25–International, United Press, Wide World. • 26, 27–Edwin Georgi. • 28, 29–Gus Pasquarella. • 30–Dick Stone. 31–Larry Keighley. • 32–Larry Fried. • 33–International. • 34, 35–Walter Skor. 36–U. S. Overseas Mission, Vietnam; Peter F. Petraglia, Wide World. • 37–Perry Peterson. • 38, 39–Larry Keighley. • 40, 41–Gene Lester. • 42, 43–James R. Bingham. 44–Bill Shrout. • 45–Frank Ross. • 49–Larry Keighley. • 51–William A. Smith. 97–Federal Bureau of Investigation. • 132–Anonymous, Ken Dare, Constructioneer, anonymous.

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Pulls dirt through ¾ inch rug

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LEWYT

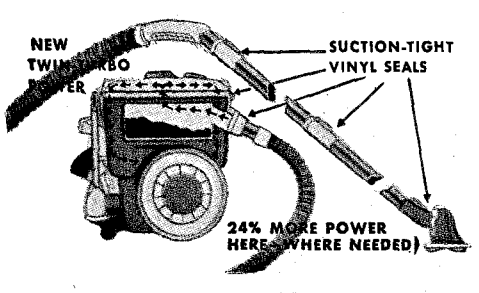
POWER CLEANER

Gives 24% more suction

Now, Lewyt is first to bring you a vacuum cleaner that's both *easiest of all to use* and unequalled in *rug cleaning power!*

With the wonderful new Lewyt Power Cleaner, you never have to vacuum one spot over and over. A single easy stroke picks up embedded dirt, threads, lint, even pet hairs. Tests prove Lewyt's new Twin-Turbo Power and "Sealed Power System" *concentrate 24% more suction at the nozzle*—actually pull dirt right *through* a ¾" rug!

But, that's not all! Only Lewyt gives you a Power Dial to control all this suction... 2-in-1 rug nozzle on wheels... built-in tool rack... instant dirt disposal. See your Lewyt Dealer today! He's listed under "vacuum cleaners" in your phone book.



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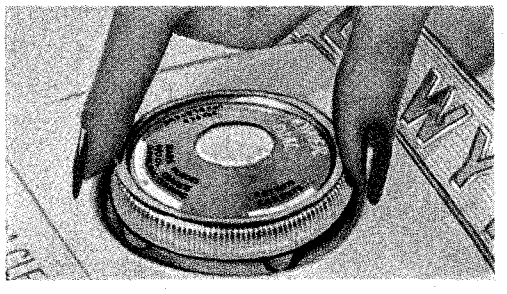

NEW! POWER DIAL—Set dial as you would a steam iron. Get *exact* suction for wool rugs, cotton rugs, bare floors, drapes, upholstery—every job!

Lewyt's the cleaner on BIG wheels—rolls more easily over sills, rug edges, bare floors. Compact—only 12½" high!

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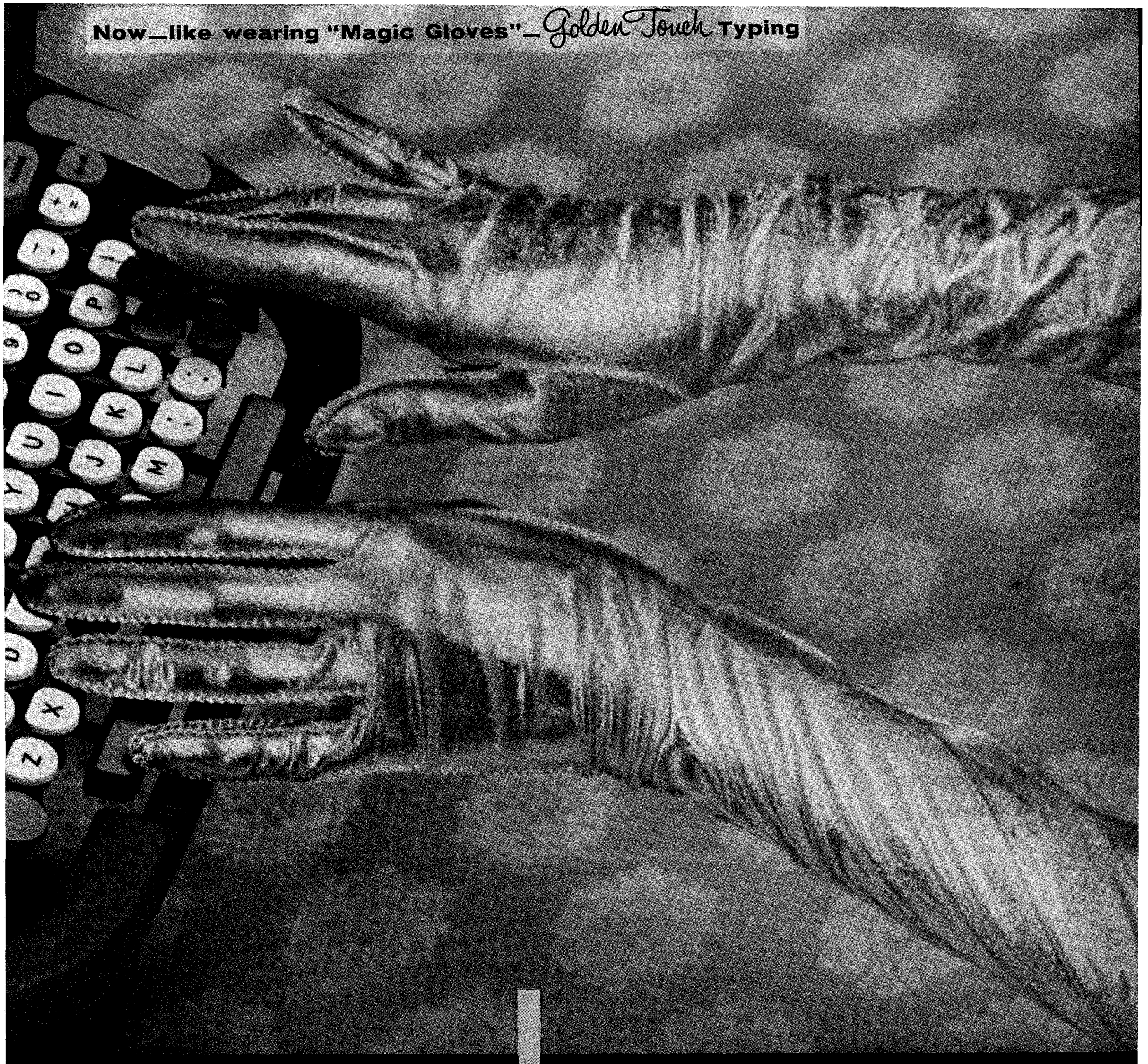

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Editorials

Our Reds Can't Bear to be Called Subversive

The one procedure which the Communist Party of the United States has resisted more strenuously than all the other chapters in the "book" which has been thrown at it is the requirement that it register as a "communist-action organization," as required by the Internal Security Act of 1950. Inasmuch as it is now 1956, and the Communist Party has not yet registered with the Subversive Activities Control Board, it must be said that the Red brethren have not been unsuccessful.

All this will surprise and shock a good many Americans who had supposed that the intimate connection between the Kremlin and the American Communist Party had been established long since. (What was all that talk about Gerhart Eisler and "J. Peters," two of the men who delivered Moscow's orders to its American stooges?) Nevertheless, the Communist Party has not registered.

Registration would mean that the party would have to file with the board the names and addresses, not only of its officers but of its whole membership. Furthermore, the party would be required to file with the board annual statements of its sources of income and other financial information. It is easy to see why the party has put up a more strenuous fight to resist registration than it has made even to save its more prominent officers from the clink.

The Communist Party's greatest victory in this battle was, of course, scored in the Supreme Court of the United States last April, when the court refused to affirm the control board's order that the Communist Party must register as a subversive organization.

The court's ground was that the proceedings before the board might have been "tainted" by the testimony of three witnesses whose credibility had been challenged in earlier cases. The communists made no serious effort to disprove the testimony of these men before the board, contenting themselves with an effort to discredit them as professional perjurers. Actually, their testimony was hardly controlling. Justice Clark in his dissenting opinion declared that "never before have mere allegations of perjury, so flimsily supported, been considered grounds for reopening a proceeding or granting a new trial."

The board recently decided to remove the testimony of the challenged witnesses from its report and to deny the party's motion for new hearings. However, an appeal by the communists will start proceedings which may consume another six years before the Supreme Court has another crack at them.

To this end the Communist Party has been busy as a bee attempting to build a new case. It has again challenged the constitutionality of the Internal Security Law and raised legal objections to virtually every step in the procedure. It demands that the appellate court in the District of Columbia order the FBI to produce its confidential files dealing with witnesses whose credibility was challenged—the customary effort to smash the FBI.

The 1953 report of the Subversive Activities Control Board was based on a record of 14,000 pages which makes it apparent to any intelligent American that the Communist Party has been under orders from Moscow since its inception. American Communist Party leaders have been summoned to Moscow to get their orders. Others have attended the Lenin Institute courses on subversive tactics. Several, including Earl Browder, have been removed from control by order of the Kremlin.

And yet six years after passage of an act of Congress intended to curb this conspiracy, effective action has been successfully resisted—and resistance at least temporarily facilitated by what seems to us a Nervous Nellie type decision by the highest court in the land.

We Can't Expect Schoolteachers to be Superwomen

By CHLOE HOLT GLESSNER

After a good many years of teaching, I still look forward with anticipation to every Monday morning. I said this to a friend the other day, and she stared at me as if to question my truthfulness. How could a teacher possibly enjoy teaching!

Actually I sometimes wonder, myself. The tensions that teachers work under are staggering. For the elementary teacher like me these pressures and tensions have tripled or quadrupled in the last few years. For one thing, there is the mounting birth rate which has forced boards of education to insist upon more and more pupils per classroom.

Another reason for the new pressure upon elementary teachers is the increasing tendency of communities to regard elementary teachers as baby sitters. Mothers have gone outside the home to work. They leave home early to be at work by eight o'clock. So they send Jimmy to school early.

I enjoy talking to him, but I'm pressed for time. If I shut him up, I feel like a bear, and he probably thinks I'm worse than one. I can't send him outside because it is too cold. So I am a "sitter." This is a responsibility that certainly doesn't belong to the teacher.

Another extra duty is to police the school cafeteria. Our school has 750 children, about half of whom have to be fed at lunch time in the school cafeteria. Who keeps the youngsters from throwing butter and otherwise acting up? Answer: the teachers.

What else do we teachers do besides teaching that takes time and energy? We collect money. There are fees to be collected each semester from each child. We help in the P.T.A. drive each autumn. We help gather money for the Junior Red Cross. This year we aided the United Fund Drive, and the gifts, averaging about seven or eight cents, had to be handled by the teachers.

Finally there are the many meetings after school. Perhaps all of them are worth while, but the wear and tear on a teacher who has worked hard since eight o'clock with hardly a break is terrific.

We hear much about the welfare of the child. How are you going to have a classroom in which children get due consideration, if the teacher is exhausted by a host of outside jobs and minor annoyances? The teacher shortage will grow worse unless something is done to lighten the load.

Editors' Note: Mrs. Glessner is a public-school teacher in Oklahoma City.

How Much Red Propaganda Can a Good Man Absorb?

A phenomenon which must be the despair of rational men and the delight of cynics is the extraordinary blindness of many "good people" to the ethical principles which they are supposed to defend. In a recent issue of the Christian Herald, Mr. Gerald Bailey, an observer for the United Nations and also for the British Society of Friends, was quoted upon his return from a twenty-five-day tour of communist China. Mr. Bailey declared that "in the broadest sense the Chinese people seem to be satisfied with the government . . . it is honest and responsible as compared with the preceding regime . . . it has given the country internal peace in the first time of the memory of the living."

Having said this, Mr. Bailey makes the astonishing statement that the "price of all this may be the slow destruction of the individual personality, but if this be true the Chinese do not seem to be aware of it." He adds that "Shanghai is now almost deserted" and that "600,000 persons, one quarter of the city's labor force, are unemployed." Large numbers of Chinese, Mr. Bailey reported, have committed suicide.

What baffles us less dedicated people is the calm objectivity with which a religious leader is able to praise the accomplishments of a regime which has produced "internal peace" by means of universal terror.

If the day should ever come when the United States of America, or even Great Britain, was enslaved by a fanatical minority, isolated from the outside world, and brainwashed and terrorized into acceptance of these tragic conditions, let us hope there will be at least one Jeremiah among us to tell the truth, instead of blandly assuring the rest of the world that, although our personalities have been destroyed, we don't really miss them at all.

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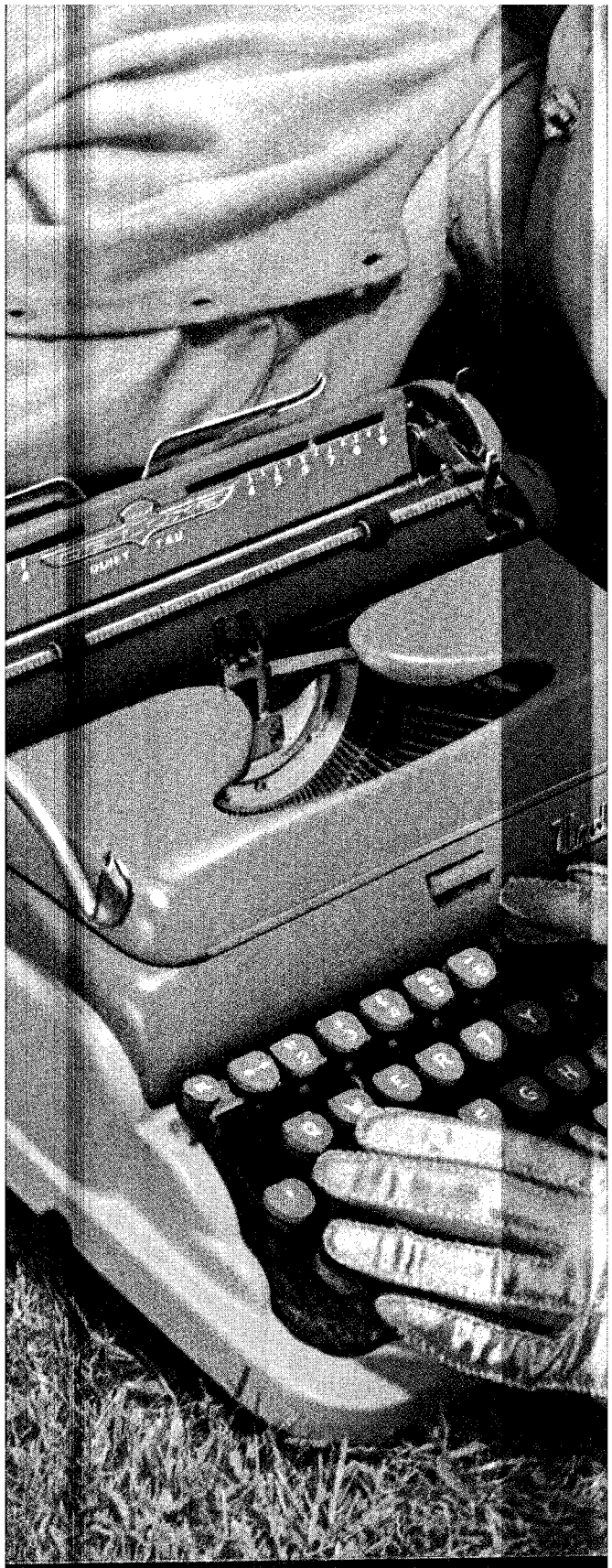

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YOU GET all the knock-free power your engine, new or old, can deliver!
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YOU GET A BONUS of up to 1,000 extra gasoline miles a year!
...based on a 10,500 mile-a-year driving average.

YOU GET the finest premium gasoline built for all high compression engines! And—engine life extended as much as 60% depending on condition of your motor when you start using Sky Chief.

[*These are FACTS—PROVED by an independent research organization in over a MILLION MILES of ROAD TESTS*]

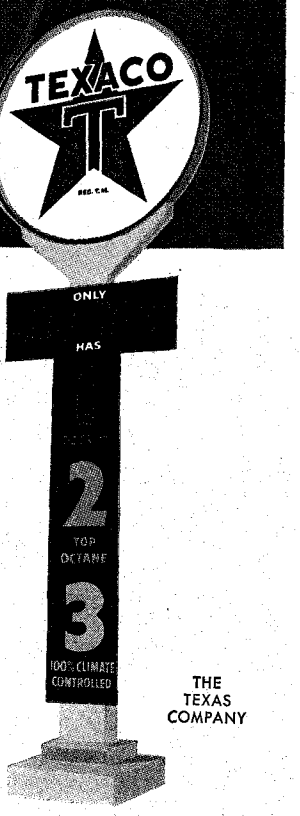
PETROX is the exclusive petroleum-base element that keeps your engine younger, longer, gives you top power performance!

Only Texaco *Sky Chief* gives you 1 • 2 • 3 power!

1 PETROX. Remarkable and exclusive petroleum-base element in Texaco Sky Chief protects as it powers your engine... keeps your engine young!

2 TOP OCTANE. Highest octane Texaco Sky Chief gasoline of all time... to give you more knock-free power you can feel every mile you drive!

3 100% CLIMATE-CONTROLLED Specially blended for climate and altitude wherever you fill up in all 48 states! Enjoy quick, easy starts and freedom from stalling!



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Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

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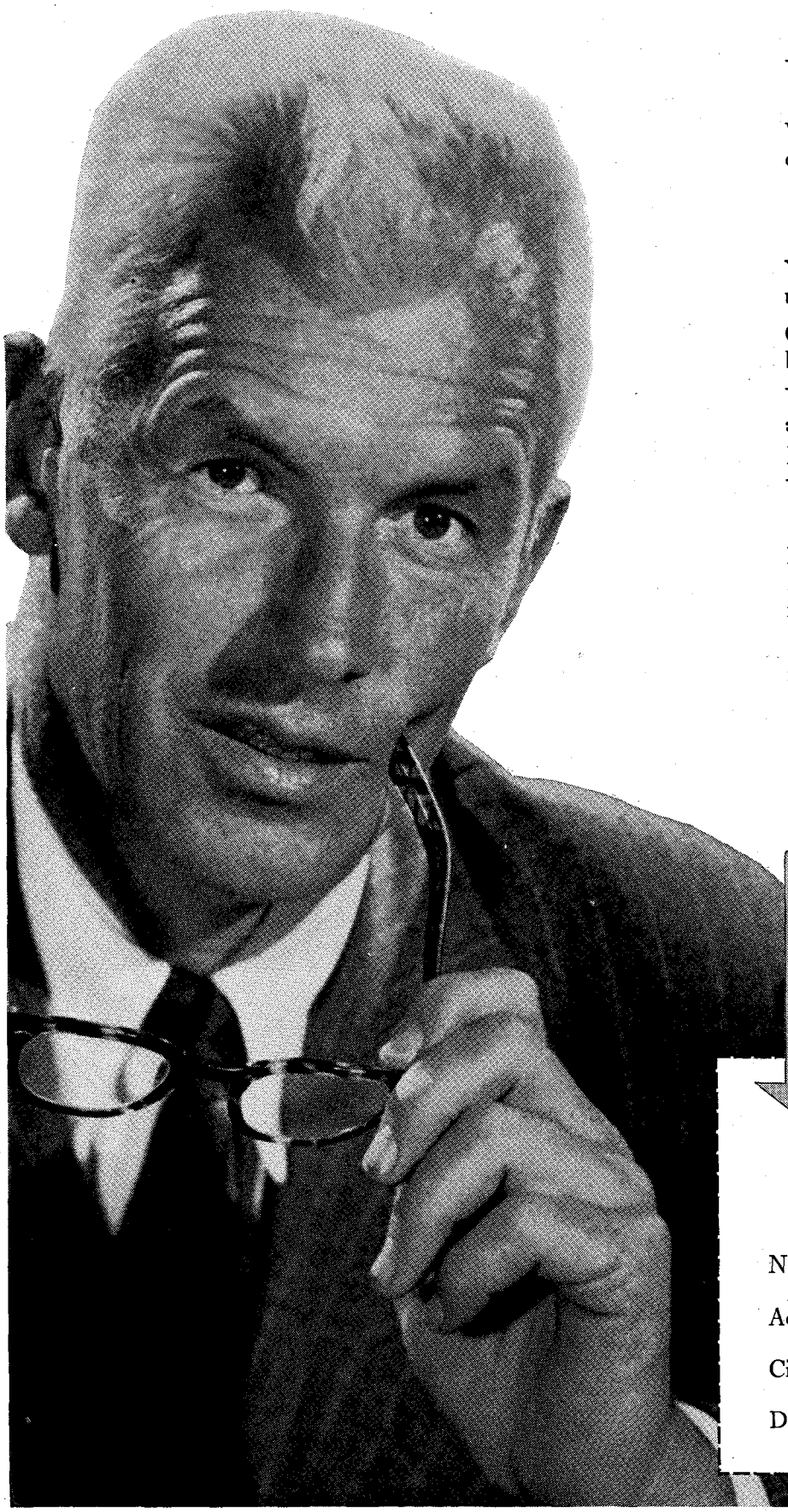
WHY AGE 65?

RETIRE WHEN YOU PLEASE

With LINCOLN NATIONAL'S "Flexible-Age" retirement plan



Who's to say where you'll be at age 65?

With Lincoln National's flexible-age retirement plan you may, whenever you please, change the date your retirement benefits begin.

THE "FLEXIBLE-AGE" FEATURE!

You can start collecting retirement benefits early. You need not wait until age 65.

Or, you can continue your policy (up to age 70) and collect larger benefits later—when you may need them most.

You need not make this choice now; you can set the date when it arrives.

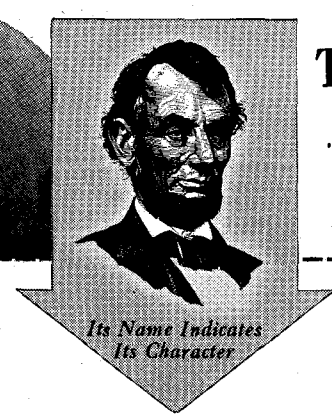
In addition, this flexible maturity date may offer a substantial tax advantage.

INVESTMENT PLUS PROTECTION!

Lincoln National's flexible-age retirement plan guarantees you a monthly income for as long as you live. Cash values grow rapidly and, in addition, dividends are payable.

If you don't live to retire, your family will have a substantial monthly income from the life insurance benefits of this plan.

For further information about this low-cost retirement plan, see the Lincoln National agent in your community . . . or mail the coupon below.



Assets total more than one billion dollars

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FORT WAYNE 1, INDIANA

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Dept. S.E.P.-96, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

If I save at the rate of $5.00 ☐ $10.00 ☐ every week with Lincoln National's flexible-age retirement plan how much income will you pay me beginning at: Age 60? ☐ Age 65? ☐

Name_____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth _____

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Now! Automatic Drying for All Washables with

Dries a typical-sized family wash in less than 35 minutes

Just a touch of your toe . . . and the full-width, magnetic door of this General Electric Dryer opens on a wonderful new way to dry your clothes! You get fast, perfect drying . . . indoors . . . any time at all. An average-size load of cottons and linens can be dried—and ready to use—in less than 35 minutes! And your clothes smell fresh . . . feel soft every time they are dried. Why not prove it to yourself? Ask your G-E dealer for a demonstration of the new high-speed General Electric Dryer with the Automatic Control (Model DA-820P) that truly eliminates all drying guesswork. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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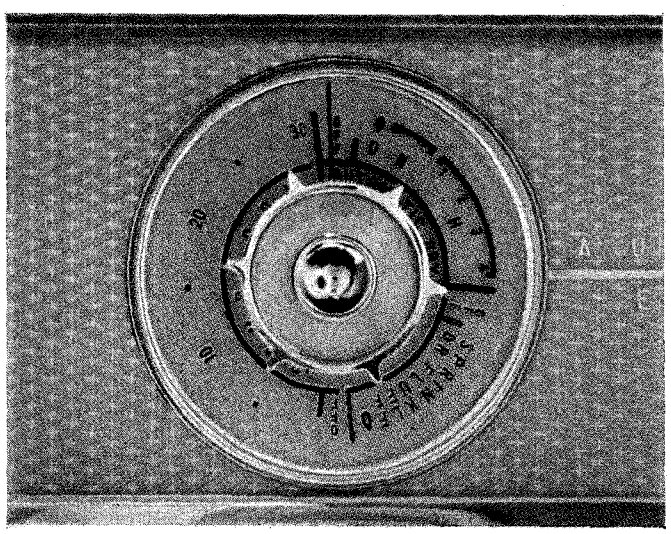
the 1957 GENERAL ELECTRIC DRYER!



It's so easy to use!

Just a simple setting of the single dial gives you perfect results—every time—because the General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control adjusts drying times and temperatures to the requirements of each load—every kind of fabric.

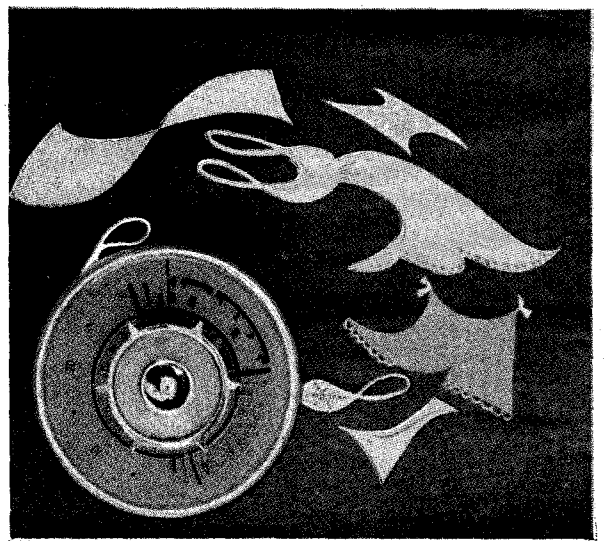
You never have to guess at correct drying times and temperatures—garments *can't* be overdried or underdried.

Clothes come out so soft and wrinkle-free, many pieces are ready to wear . . . or put away without ironing! And General Electric's high-speed drying means that you'll always have fresh, clean clothes available—no matter what the weather!

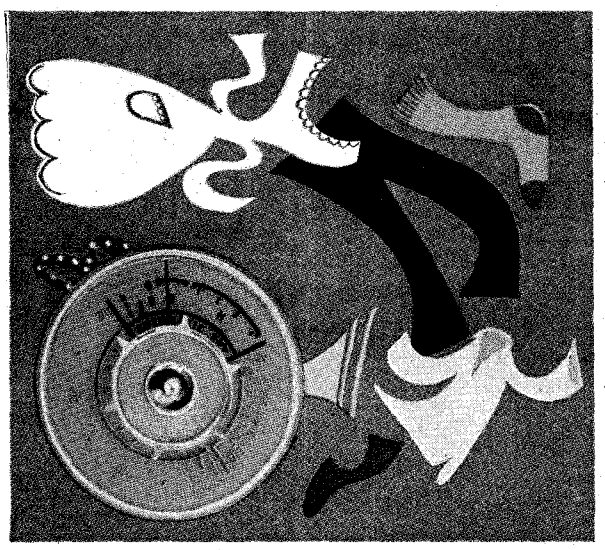
General Electric's new high-speed air flow system dries clothes quickly at low, safe temperatures because it makes maximum use of air circulation instead of direct heat for the drying process.

This also means the high-speed General Electric Dryer can be operated on standard 230-volt dryer circuits instead of the higher-than-standard circuits needed for some high-speed dryers.

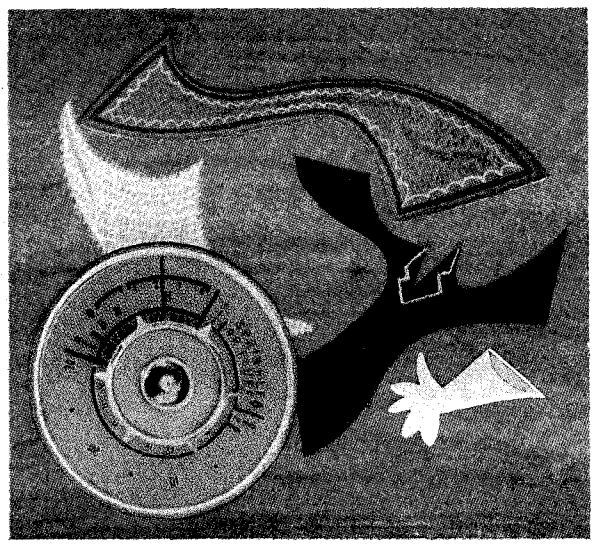
Your clothes will be ready to wear—or to iron—in a jiffy! Family cottons dry in less than 35 minutes . . . synthetics in less than 8 minutes—and a heavy shag rug, can be dried in less than an hour.



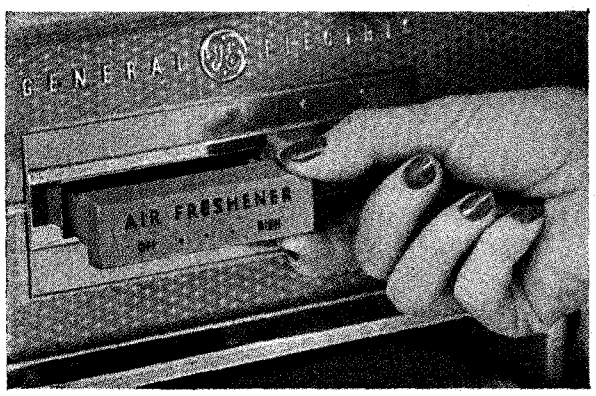
D is the setting for delicate silks and synthetics. There's never a worry about overdrying these dainty garments. They're tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until the warm, delicately freshened air dries each piece just right.



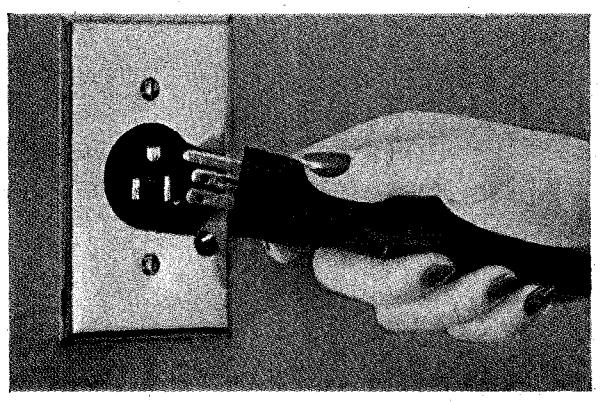
N is for the cottons and linens—the biggest part of your family wash. New high-speed air flow system will dry an average-size load in less than 35 minutes. And you'll save hours of ironing time because clothes dry so smooth and wrinkle-free.



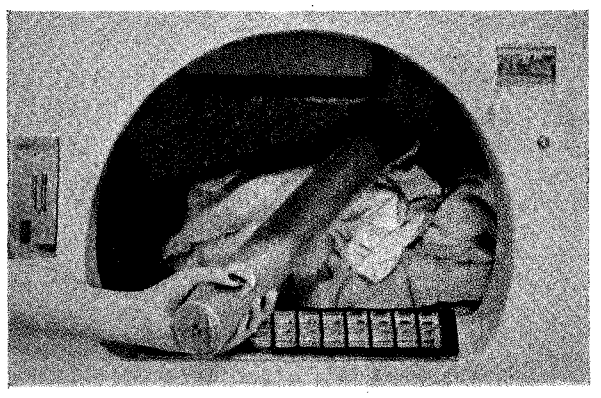
H is for usually hard-to-dry loads . . . bedspreads, cotton rugs or heavy denim jeans. Even the double-seam thicknesses on blue jeans are perfectly dried. And corduroys—chenilles—heavy terry towels all come out looking soft, fluffy as when new.



Gentle fragrance from this G-E Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills your clothes with a fresh, breezy-day smell. You never need worry about weather-wear or sunshine-fade. Adjustable—it permits you to select your own degree of freshening.



No special wiring! For 115-volt operation, plug the dryer into standard appliance circuit. For 230-volt operation, connect to standard 230-volt circuit. Completely automatic either way—drying times take a little longer when used on 115-volt.



Dampen clothes for easy ironing right in your General Electric Dryer! Whenever you're ready to iron, just put in this Automatic Sprinkler . . . add the clothes to be dampened and turn the dial to SPRINKLE. Clothes will be ready to iron in minutes.

New General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70 per week after small down payment. Other high-speed G-E Dryers as low as $149.95. (Prices subject to local variation.)

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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STICKY HAIR—another heartbreaking result of using old-fashioned, unsoftened water. This type of water resists soap, won't rinse clean, leaves soap curds.

BLOWING YOUR TOP over Old-Fashioned Water?

Unsoftened water adds hours to work . . . years and years to appearance . . . many dollars to upkeep . . .

You may be its victim . . . . . . without knowing it! Are your hands rough and red . . . . .

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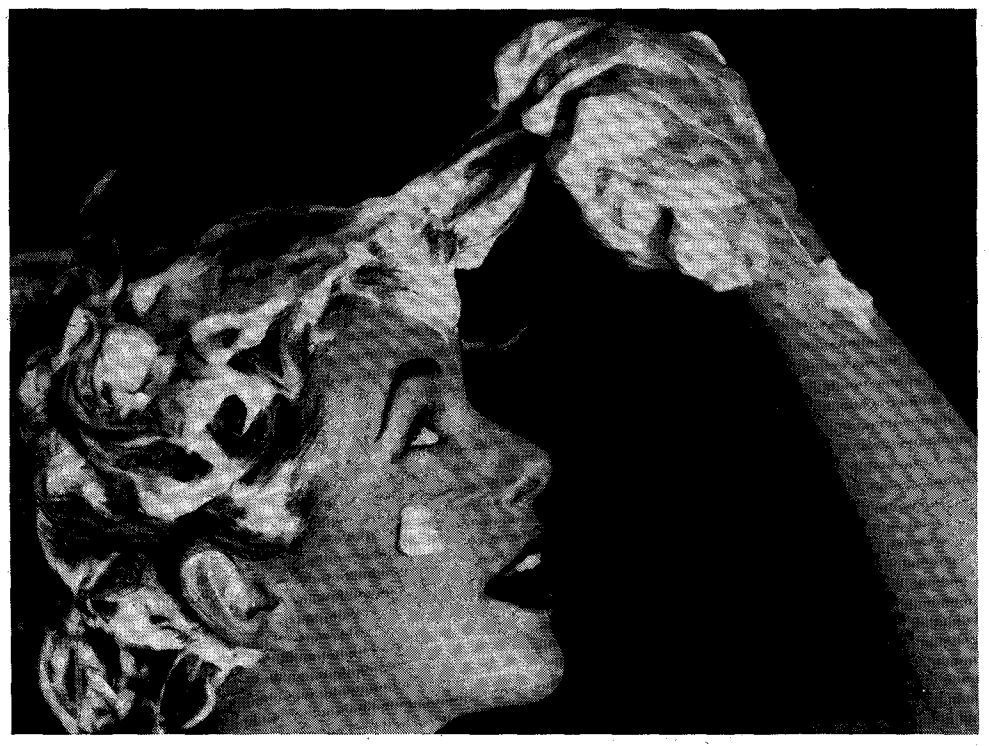
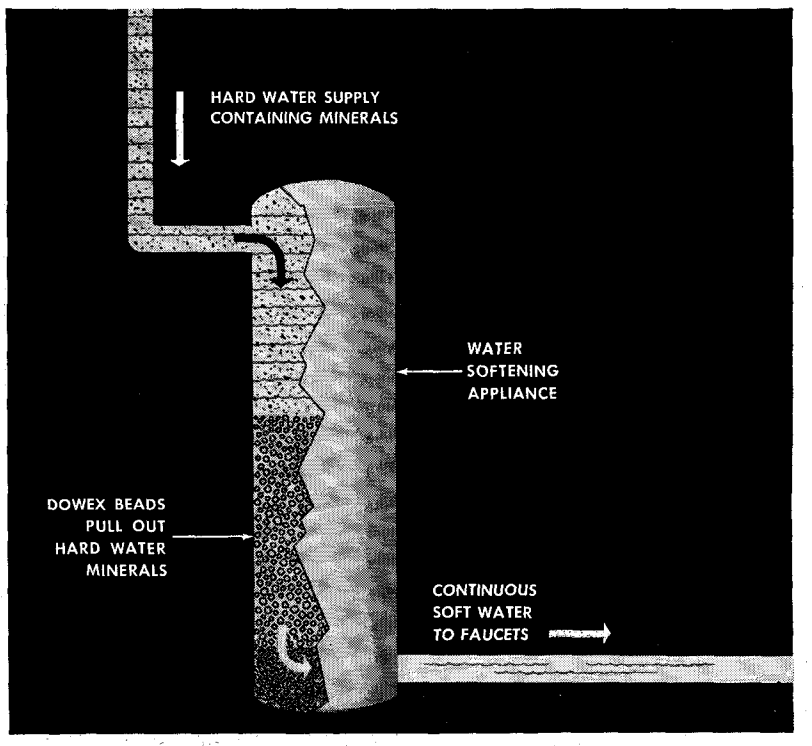
DOW

. . . after doing dishes? Pans and silverware hard to keep shiny? . . . Do your colorful clothes lose their bright, new look when they are washed? . . . . . . The penalties are endless! . . . Even baby's rash can be caused by soap curd left in diapers . . . Blowing your top . . . . won't help! Only a modern water-softening appliance . . . . . . can really give you relief . . . with all the soft water you want, all soft as a cloud! . . . . . . Just check your Yellow Pages . . . . . . under "Soft Water" or "Water Softeners" . . . or call your plumber . . . . . . Soft water means better living for the whole family.

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY, MIDLAND, MICHIGAN.



SOFT AS A CLOUD! An abundance of bubbly suds comes naturally in soft water. And rinses away in a jiffy. Soap dissolves completely—no matter where you live. You need no packaged chemical softeners, special detergents or soaps. Hair shines. Dishes gleam. Glassware sparkles. Clothing is cleaner, lasts longer. Skin washes clean, stays soft and healthy. Even your water heater works better when there's no hard water scale to reduce heating efficiency.



SOFT WATER STORY. Seeping through the earth, water gathers minerals, becomes hard. The more of these minerals, the harder the water. See how water softeners (above) remove hardness. For superior equipment, look for the DOWEX® label. DOWEX is distributed by National Aluminate Corporation.

DOW THIS WATER SOFTENER CONTAINS
DOWEX
The High Capacity Water Softening Resin

SEPTEMBER 15-23 IS NATIONAL SOFT WATER WEEK.

you can depend on DOW

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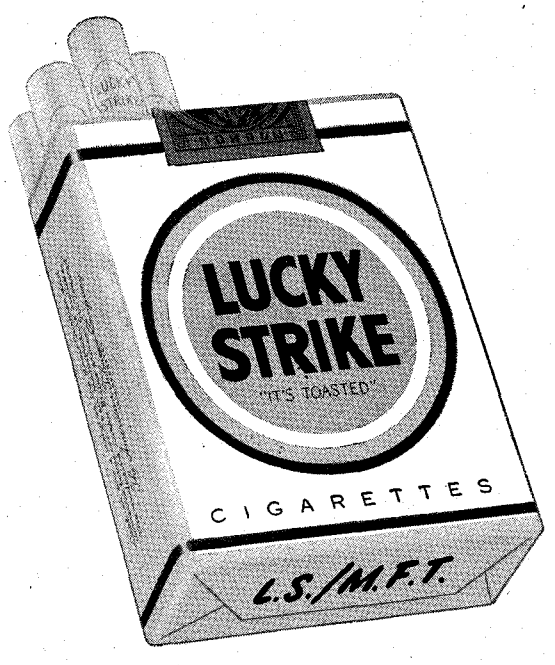
LIGHT UP A LUCKY
it's light-up time!

FITTING OCCASION to light up a Lucky. Man, this is every inch a cigarette! End to end, it's packed with fine tobacco—light, mild, naturally good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. ***Have you tried a Lucky lately?*** You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!



"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!

© A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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No distraction can cause mistakes because...

now the register figures

your change!

National Change Computing register protects *both* customer and me!"

"I no longer have to *mentally* figure your change! This new National tells me how much change to give you—and it's *always right.*

"This is fine for you, and all our customers, because it stops mistakes ves time—relieves your mind of doubt.

re are many distractions at the check-out ter—but they can't cause mistakes any more since the register *figures your change mechanically, instantly.*

"And with my mind free from worry about mistakes, I can handle your purchases more carefully—and make you feel at home in our store."

(Store owners must see this time-and-money saver . . . this customer-good-will builder . . . to realize its great advantages to customer, store and employee. Call your nearby National office for a demonstration today.)

E NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

National

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Half of all fatal accidents due to "mechanical failures" on the Pennsylvania Turnpike last year were due to faulty tires.

The entire population of a city the size of Tucson, Arizona, was wiped out in highway and traffic deaths across the country last year.

The dollar cost of all reported accidents was more than 2-billion dollars.

Despite safer cars, better traffic control and huge programs to build more safety into our highways, the toll continues to mount.

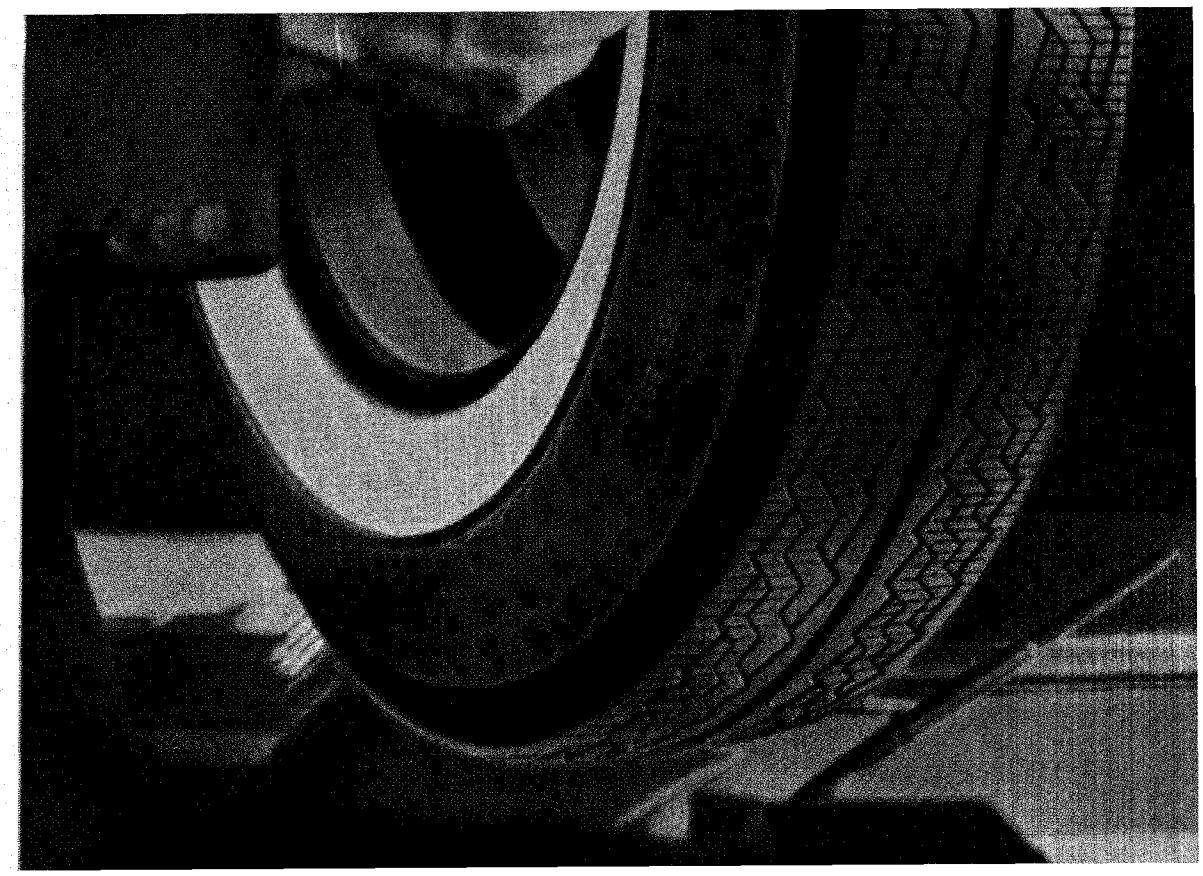
The situation calls for whatever any of us can do to improve it.

As a tire manufacturer, I know that tires can be a matter of life and death, in certain emergencies.

That's why I asked our engineers and research people to apply basic research to create a tire that would reduce accidents and save lives.

The new General Dual-90 is the result.

WILLIAM O'NEIL



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I told our engineers...

Design a Tire With Two Treads

a tubeless tire so strong and safe it will reduce accidents and save lives

By WILLIAM O'NEIL, *President*
The General Tire & Rubber Company

The new General Dual-90 is different from any tire anyone has ever seen. It has two treads. But it has a great many other differences that go far beyond mere appearance.

The advanced twin-tread design allowed our engineers to put 28% more rubber into the "shoulder" ribs. With more rubber at the shoulders to share the weight of the car, stability is greatly improved, especially at highway speeds. There is less sway and better control on curves. Cornering is safer and quiet. The better distribution of more rubber also gives a smoother ride and improved mileage.

The tremendous body strength of the Dual-90 is the result of General's exclusive Nygen Cord. This is the strongest cord material known and, pound for pound, is stronger than steel cables.

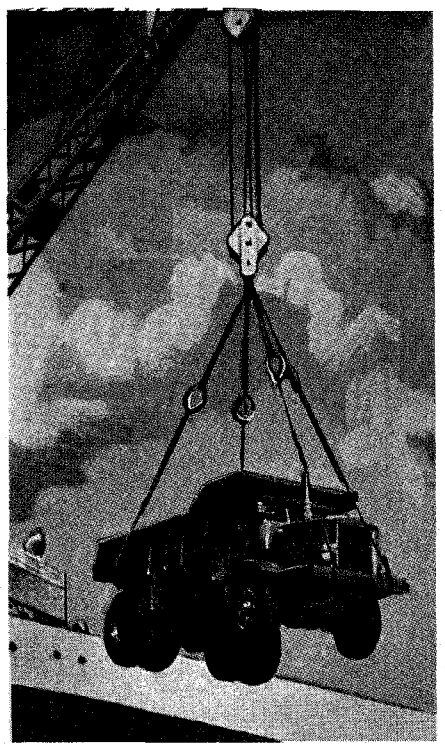
Because of its high-mileage characteristics—extreme toughness combined with elasticity—General's Hi-Density Rubber, as used in the Dual-90 treads, applies a "squeegee" type of gripping action to the road, for quick, safe stops, whenever the brakes are applied.

These are just some of the highlights of this entirely new concept of a modern, accident-prevention tire.

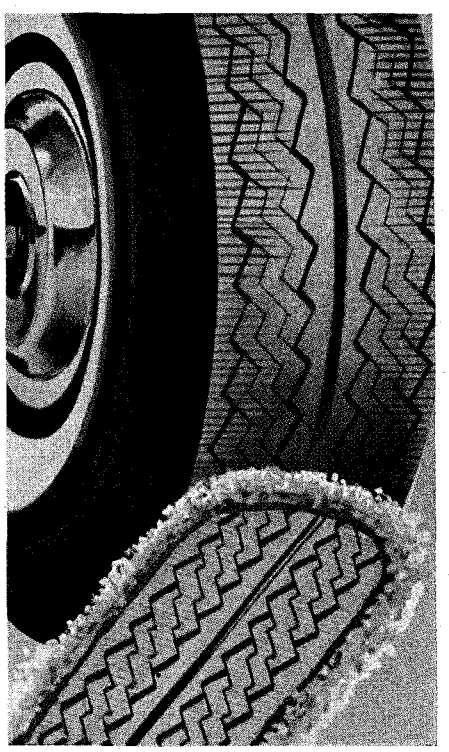
The Dual-90 is so advanced and so unusual, I believe you will be interested in seeing it. On behalf of The General Tire Distributor in your community, I invite you to do so.

GENERAL DUAL 90

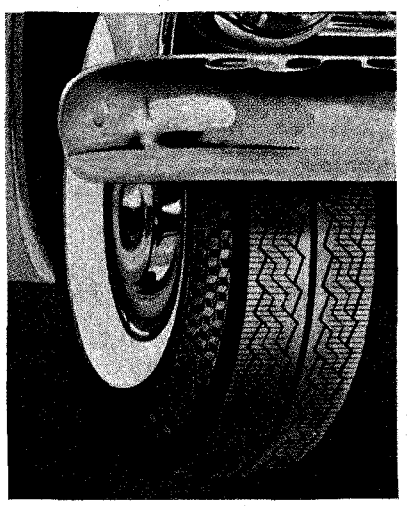
NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES. Not merely "puncture-resistant", the Dual-90 permanently seals as it rolls. When the puncturing object is removed, no repair is needed. Safer, more convenient, especially in traffic and at night.



NYGEN CORD is the safest, most indestructible tire cord known. Pound for pound, stronger than steel cables. Nygen Cord is a General Tire exclusive. Here, a set of General Nygen Tires lifts a 16-ton truck.



QUICKER STOPS. When brakes are applied, twin-treads "squeegee" instantly. "Windshield wiper" action-traction goes to work across entire width of both treads, from the extreme edges of the massive shoulder ribs.



NEW CARS *gain distinctive beauty.* Multi-prism sidewalls, with curb scuff-guards, add permanent beauty to any car. Available at your Dealer's in 14-inch sizes for the new cars and in sizes for your present car.

THE GENERAL TIRE

GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

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Keep cool when the heat's on...it's your

real thirst quencher!

IF there was ever a time a girl would trade her Sunday hat for a real thirst-quencher, this is it! Just be sure the label on the bottle says "7-Up".

There's no other drink like it. Seven-Up removes the very cause of thirst . . . starts the natural flow of moisture in your mouth. When you finish a chilled 7-Up, there's no stickiness—no come-back thirst. Just coolness . . . freshness . . . a comfortable *you*.

Thirst was made for 7-Up. Why waste it on anything else?

Watch "Soldiers of Fortune"!
Exciting adventure series on TV

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

Copyright 1956 by
The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

"I've hung up my gloves," says Rocky, "and I'm not getting into a ring again, except maybe to take a bow." Here, the champ plays with his daughter, Mary Anne.

I Fought All the Way

Part One: Why I Retired

By Rocky Marciano,

as told to Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg

The undefeated heavyweight champion himself tells the full story of his remarkable life, including facts which he hid from even his own wife and his manager.

Before I tell you how I became a fighter, how I won the world's heavyweight championship and why I retired, I'd like to tell you about my wedding and the things which led up to it. Maybe that way you'll understand right off what my life was like and why I finally decided to change it.

Barbara and me had met at a dance in the spring of 1947. She was a telephone operator and I was working for the Brockton gas company as a ditchdigger. We were engaged a long time before we got married. After the first year we began to wonder when it would happen. By that time I was fighting professional, and

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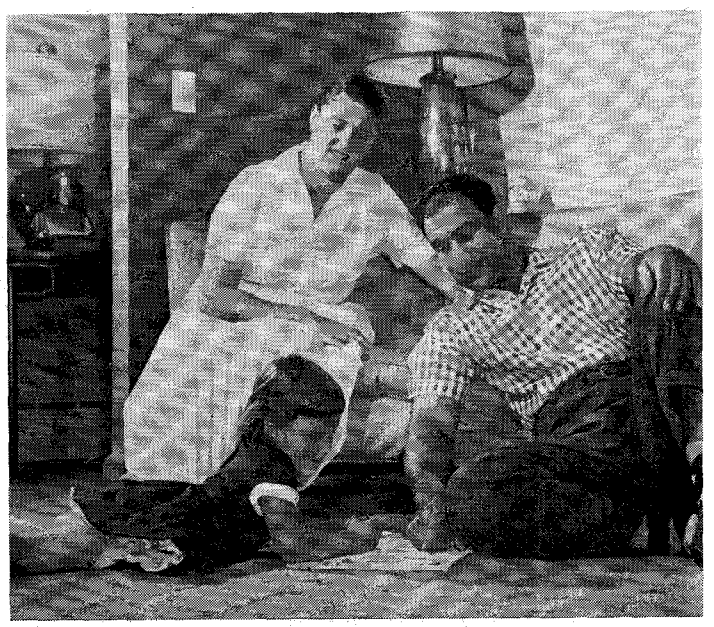

Now, for the first time since they married, Rocky and his wife, Barbara, can lead a normal home life.

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Carmine Vingo (right), a Marciano K.O. victim, and his wife congratulate the newlyweds. A few hours later, Rocky's manager, Al Weill, told Barbara, "Remember, Rocky's boxing comes first."

I'd bought Barbara an engagement ring out of one of my purses from a fight in Providence, Rhode Island. I guess her girl friends were beginning to ask her, "When are you and Rocky going to get hitched?" because Barbara began asking me and I began asking my manager, Al Weill.

By 1950 I was still asking. In March I beat Rollie LaStarza in my biggest fight up to then. It was in Madison Square Garden in New York. I beat LaStarza in a ten-round decision, and it was my twenty-sixth straight win. Out of the twenty-six, only two others were by decision. The rest were K.O.'s, real quick ones. I thought I was doing real good, but every time Barbara'd talk to me and I'd talk to Weill, he'd say, "Take it easy. You're just learning. Fighters' wives hurt fighters. When I think you're ready to get married, I'll tell you."

I'd come back home to Brockton from training in New York or from a fight in Providence, or Washington or Boston, and Barbara'd always ask, "Did you see Al? Did you talk to him lately?"

I'd try to explain to her why Al kept saying no. I knew that he was a great manager, and that this was partly because he was a stern-disciplinarian guy. I could understand it all a little better than she could, and she'd get mad at him and mad at me.

One night she got so mad she picked up the phone and called Al. She was going to get real tough with him, but he said, "Barbara, I've been a manager all my life and I know best. You're a smart girl. You're doing the right thing. Rocky will be proud of you. You wait and see. Later on, you're going to appreciate this period, because then it will be the right time and you'll be able to enjoy the future. I'll make a lot of money for Rocky. As soon as the right time comes, I want you kids should get married."

Barbara kept hounding me and I kept hounding Al. In November, 1950, I beat Ted Lowry for my thirtieth straight, and Weill told me maybe one more fight and then I could get married.

Boy, was I happy! I couldn't hardly wait the month until the next fight. It was against Bill Wilson. When the bell rang, all I had in my mind was Al saying, "If you look good against this guy I'll let you know."

I belted Wilson out in one round. The guy didn't even lay a glove on me. I wanted to be sure that if Weill let me get married, I wouldn't have a mark on my face for the ceremony. And I didn't. Not a scratch.

Two days after the fight I picked up my share of the purse in Weill's office and he told me O.K., we had his permission. Right away I called Barbara, and Al took the phone out of my hand to speak to her.

"Congratulations, honey," he said. "I want you to be the first to know it's O.K. for you to get married. I promised you, didn't I? And I kept my promise. You can have ten days for a honeymoon, but you got to promise me you won't bother my fighter. Now, Barbara, no distractions, remember!"

My wife had to remember. Al wouldn't let her forget. Until the day I retired, I never made an important decision for myself. Weill did all the deciding. He promised us a ten-day honeymoon, but actually he cut it down to seven days, and in that time he phoned me three times.

Once, later on, he asked me what kind of a family I had in mind. I told him a big one. After all, I'm one of six kids. I've got two younger brothers and three younger sisters. Italian families usually are big. My big regret now is that I have only one child, Mary Anne, my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

"Kids and fighting don't mix good," Weill said. "A big family keeps a fighter tied down too much. He should only have the fighting on his mind."

That was all right with me then. I was willing to make sacrifices. I wanted more than anything else to be a fighter. Then I wanted to be a good one, and after that a great champion. I accepted my manager's domination. I didn't

Next Week

Rocky tells how—as the strongest boy grape masher of Brockton, Mass.—he discovered the power in his fists.

Marciano, manager Al Weill (left) and trainer Charley Goldman (right). "Until the day I retired," Rocky now admits, "I never made an important decision for myself. Weill did all the deciding."

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Marciano jars Jersey Joe Walcott with a right in their 1952 championship bout. Rocky went on to win the fight and the title by a dramatic 13th-round knockout.

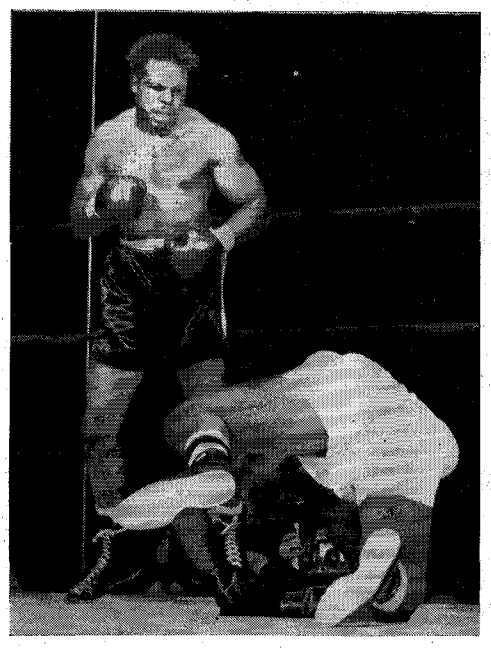
realize then that it would finally make me want to get out of the only thing I was ever successful in.

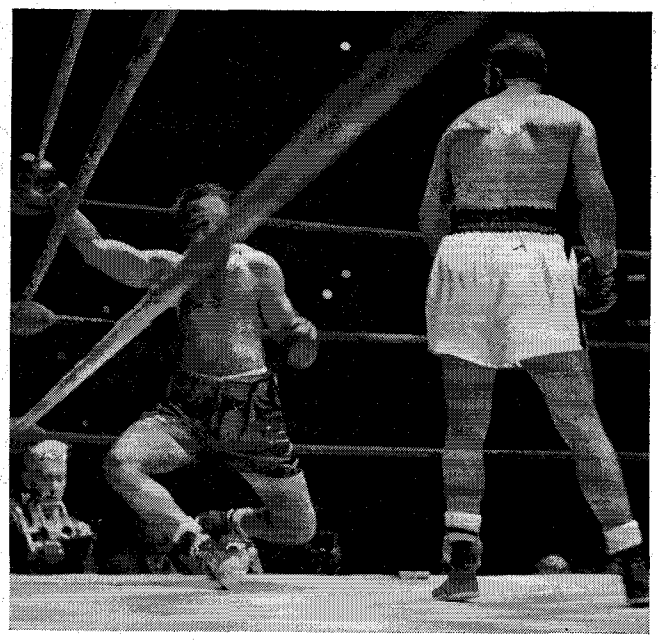
I was never good in school. I quit in my sophomore year at Brockton High. I just didn't care for the books. I wanted to be a big-league ball player. I had a minor-league trial as a catcher, but my arm went so dead I couldn't throw. All the jobs I held until I started fighting were dead ends. I was only a manual laborer—the strong kid with little ambition and big muscles. I was a nobody. In the ring I became a somebody.

So it didn't bother me too much to have Weill running my life. But as I look back on it now, I know that if I'd kept on fighting, my success in the ring could only have meant my failure in life. With Weill I had no private life.

That stayed true even after we got married at last on December 31, 1950. We were married at St.

(Continued on Page 54)





Challenger Archie Moore dumped the champion for a count of four in Rocky's final fight. Rock came back to put Archie away for good in the ninth round, keeping his record unblemished: Forty-nine fights, forty-nine wins.

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Jill's larkspur eyes were wide and frightened.
What are you trying to say?
Do you think I've waited too long?"

Second Husband

Was it fair to burden him with a child that was not his?

By Phyllis Duganne

The Japanese gardener carried another flat of primroses to the end of the walled garden where Jill Croydon was kneeling.

"I plant?" he asked.

"No, I plant," she answered. "You watch."

Her hands moved swiftly, troweling holes in the warm earth, filling them with water from the plastic hose. She patted the soil firmly and wiped her muddy fingers on the grass. Larkspur bloomed beyond the primroses, snapdragons and lupines were backed by tall delphiniums, with hollyhocks rising against the wall.

"A bit of old England!" came a man's voice. "Interviewed in the garden of her charming Hollywood home, Jill Croydon said, simply, 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ——'"

She turned, pushing the big straw hat back on her head and lifting an imaginary lorgnette. "My deah boy, you should have seen it last week!" she murmured, and let the lorgnette drop. Her eyes were the same intense blue as the larkspur, bright and clear as a young girl's. "It does look a bit like a blooming calendar, doesn't it?"

Larry O'Connor held out his hand to help her rise. "You look marvelous, Jill—rested and relaxed."

He was a tall young man, and she had to tilt back her head to look up at his face. "Do you come as a friend or did the studio send you?" she asked.

"I always come as a friend," he answered. "Though I'm a little crossed with a carrier pigeon today."

"Fly away, then!" she told him. "I am not going to start another picture until September, and Seligman knows it."

"He knows it," Larry agreed. "You're going to join Hugh in Rome and spend the whole summer in Europe. I just have something for you to be thinking about."

"So have I," she retorted, walking toward the flagged terrace. "D'you want tea or a drink?" Her hair could not possibly be that gold, naturally, thought Larry, but it was very lovely. He knew how old she was; forty-three was certainly middle-aged.

"Tea," he replied. Then, "What would you think about The Jill Croydon Story? They're going over big, these biographical pictures. I've been digging in our files about you and putting the pieces together."

One of Jill Croydon's best-loved qualities in the studios was that she was not temperamental. She did not throw her weight around, her hundred and five pounds of charm and vivacity. Larry O'Connor had never heard her speak so sharply as she spoke now.

"I am not interested," she said.

"London in 1913. Still hansom cabs and some gaslight. In a cheap theatrical rooming house a child is born ——"

"No!" she said. She shrugged. "In the first place, I'm too old to play a newborn baby and not nearly old enough to play myself. And in the second place, I'm supposed to be a comedienne."

"The tiny tot is a year old when Germany invades Belgium," he continued, undiscouraged. "Her father, Harry Croydon, puts aside his clogs to wear his country's uniform." He was hamming it, but suddenly he became serious. "Feet!" he said. "Harry Croydon's feet in patent-leather pumps, cutting pigeon wings. His feet in boots tramping the mud of Flanders Fields —— He was killed at the Somme, wasn't he?"

Avery

"Battle of Waterloo," she said. "Are you trying to make me feel a hundred years old, Larry?"

"Darling, it's because you arrived at the top when you were so young that the story is so terrific. World War One. Background stuff. It's a Long Way to Tipperary. The 'twenties. There isn't a young person alive today, including me, who wouldn't cash in all his chips to have been young then. You were fourteen when the Prince of Wales was beating a mean drum in London night clubs. Then your romance with Hugh—offstage, onstage. Jill Croydon and Hugh Saintsbury."

A maid had wheeled a tea wagon through the French doors. "Cream or lemon?" asked Jill.

"Of course, it was pure genius of you to have twins on the day England declared war on Germany a second time," he went on. "Can't you see the pattern? First Harry Croydon; then Hugh ——"

"Stop me if you've heard this one," she murmured dryly. "Let me have some privacy, please, Larry."

"You have nothing to conceal," he retorted. "You and Hugh entertaining troops in Europe and Africa and the Pacific. Then Korea. The plane crash."

She was not listening. "Seligman's as sold on this as I am," he added.

Jill Croydon lifted her head with a jerk. Her eyes were blazing. "Unsell him, then," she said. "The next time you get a bright idea about me, I wish you'd consult me first!"

Larry O'Connor was startled. He had known Jill for three years. She and her actor-producer husband had done a lot for him in Hollywood, both in furthering his career and in sharing their delightfully normal and happy home life with him. He was nine years older than their twin sons, a sort of big brother in the household. What had he said to offend her?

"I'm going East this summer," he changed the subject uncomfortably. "Lou Baxter has offered me a job (Continued on Page 73)

strated by Edwin Georgi

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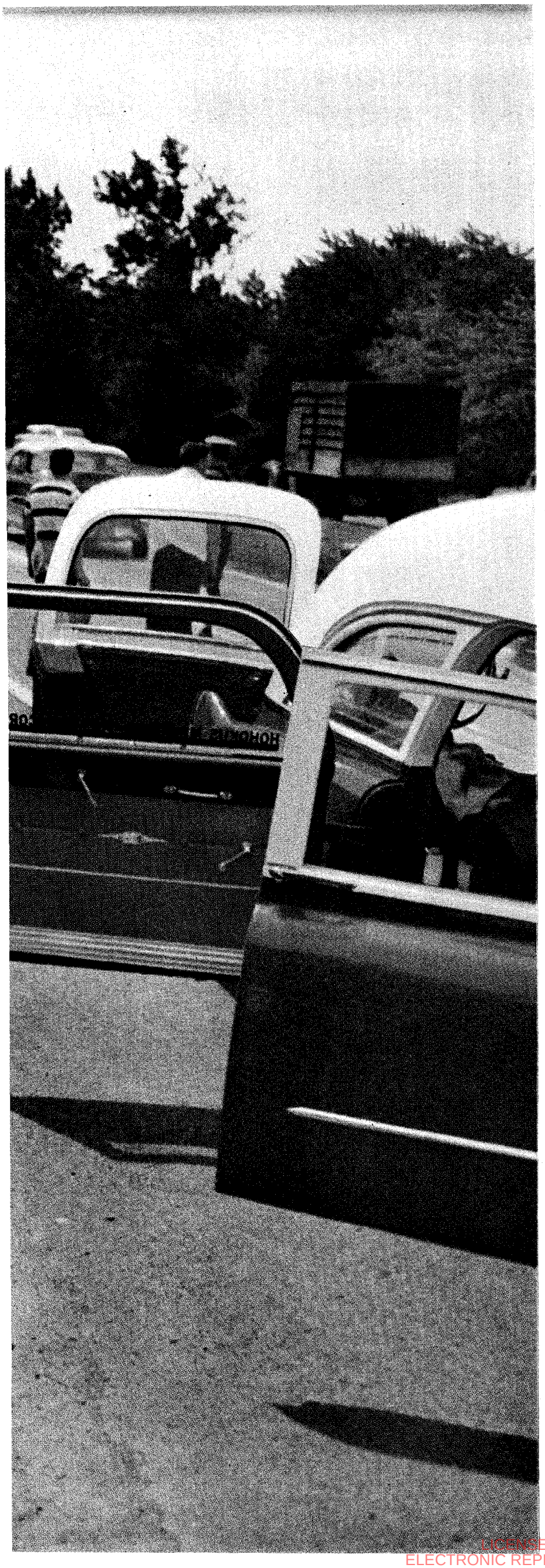

The Face of AMERICA

End of a Picnic

One day recently, Alexander Harvey, with his wife, parents and three children, drove out of New York City. The family was headed for a picnic at a New Jersey lake, but never arrived. At 11:20 A.M., on Route 17—known to North Jersey cops as "Butcher's Boulevard"—the outing ended abruptly. Harvey recalls that a car cut in front of him and forced him into the guard rail. His father was thrown forward so hard that his head punched a hole in the windshield. Patrolman Robert Re, of the Hohokus police, arrived an instant after the crash and radioed for the Hohokus Memorial Volunteer Ambulance Corps. In the scene at left, Harvey (in T shirt, standing at the door of the police car, rear) is reassuring his dazed wife and kids while his injured parents are attended to. Shortly after 11:30, the Harveys were delivered to the Valley Hospital in nearby Ridgewood. Fortunately, none suffered permanent injuries, and even the elder Mr. Harvey escaped anything worse than lacerations and concussion. But they added to the appalling totals on our automobile casualty list, which came to 1,350,000 injured and 37,800 dead last year—and are on the rise again in 1956. ● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella.

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PASSPORT TO DARKNESS

By BRIAN CLEEVE

Somewhere ahead
death awaited her—unless
I helped her escape.

We were lying a quarter mile offshore when I heard the police sirens. A long, throaty scream like that of a bullock that sees the knife, and a yellow finger of spotlight stabbing through the gray scarf of fog still tangled among the derricks and coal chutes of the docks. A motorboat coughed and snarled into life, hung still for long enough to let someone clamber down an iron ladder from the dockside, and then came racing out toward us, white bone in its teeth, white splinters of foam flung behind it.

"Maybe that's why the old man has been waiting," said Marius. "It's not like him to let a bit of fog keep him from a bonus."

The police launch came in a long curve to starboard, and we heaved a ladder over the side for the man standing in the bows to catch hold of. But instead of coming on up, he leaned aside to help someone else. A girl. She looked up as she took his hand, and if ever I saw despair in a girl's eyes, it was then. Big, dark eyes like smears of charcoal, dark as her hair, and her face white as death.

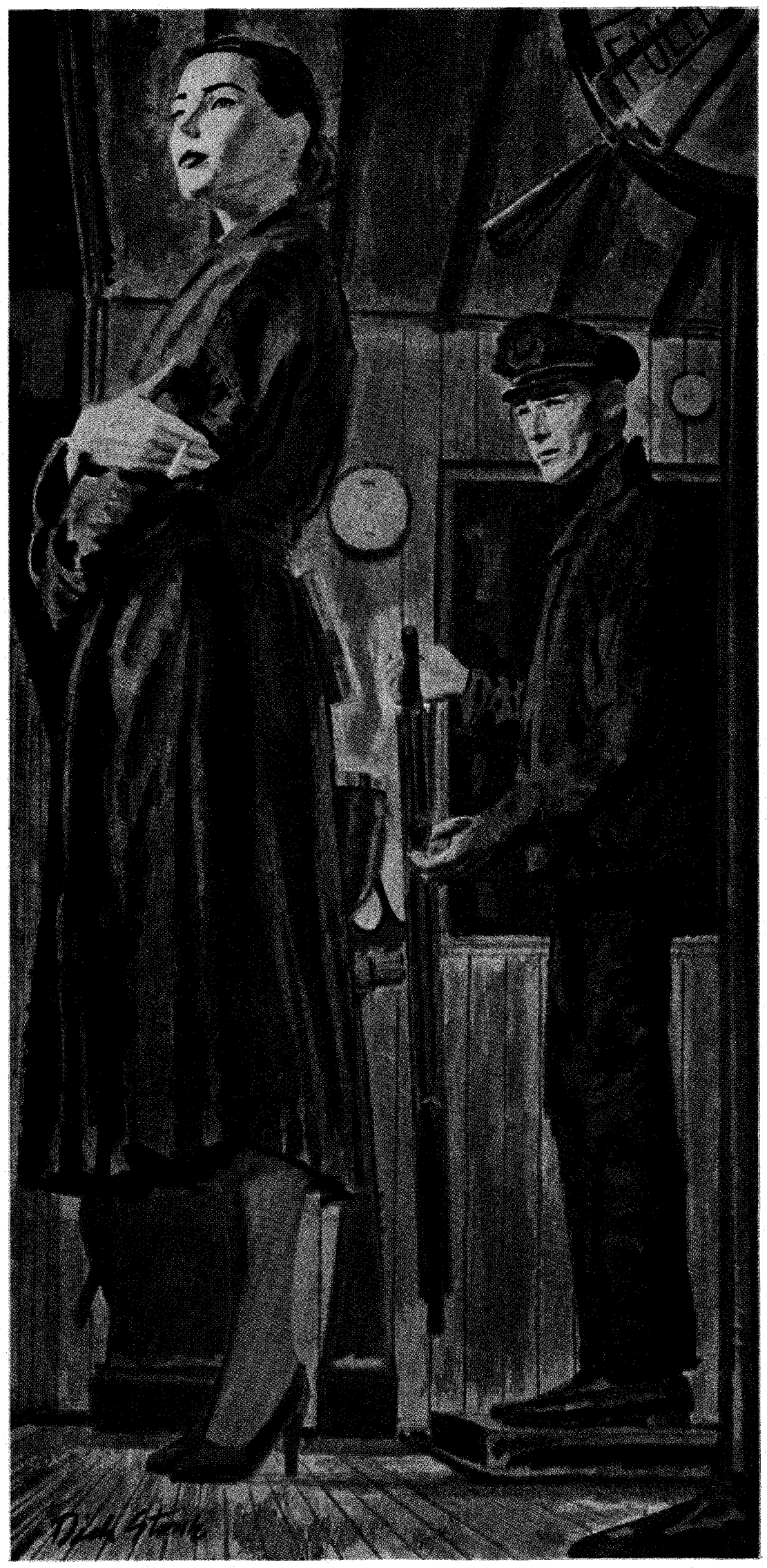
She came over the rail lightly, and tried to smile at me, lifting her head and walking across the deck the way a princess might go to execution.

"Yum, yum," said Marius, and although we'd been together for three years I could have thrown him over the side.

"Shut up," I said, and he grinned his crooked, apologetic grin and gave me a cigarette.

"What do you think she's done?"

"Deportee," said Marius. "It's written all over her." It was too. You see them in every port. No papers. Nothing. Three months for illicit entry. Then (Continued on Page 105)



She came up onto the bridge whenever I was there, maybe just to stand staring at the sea, maybe to talk.

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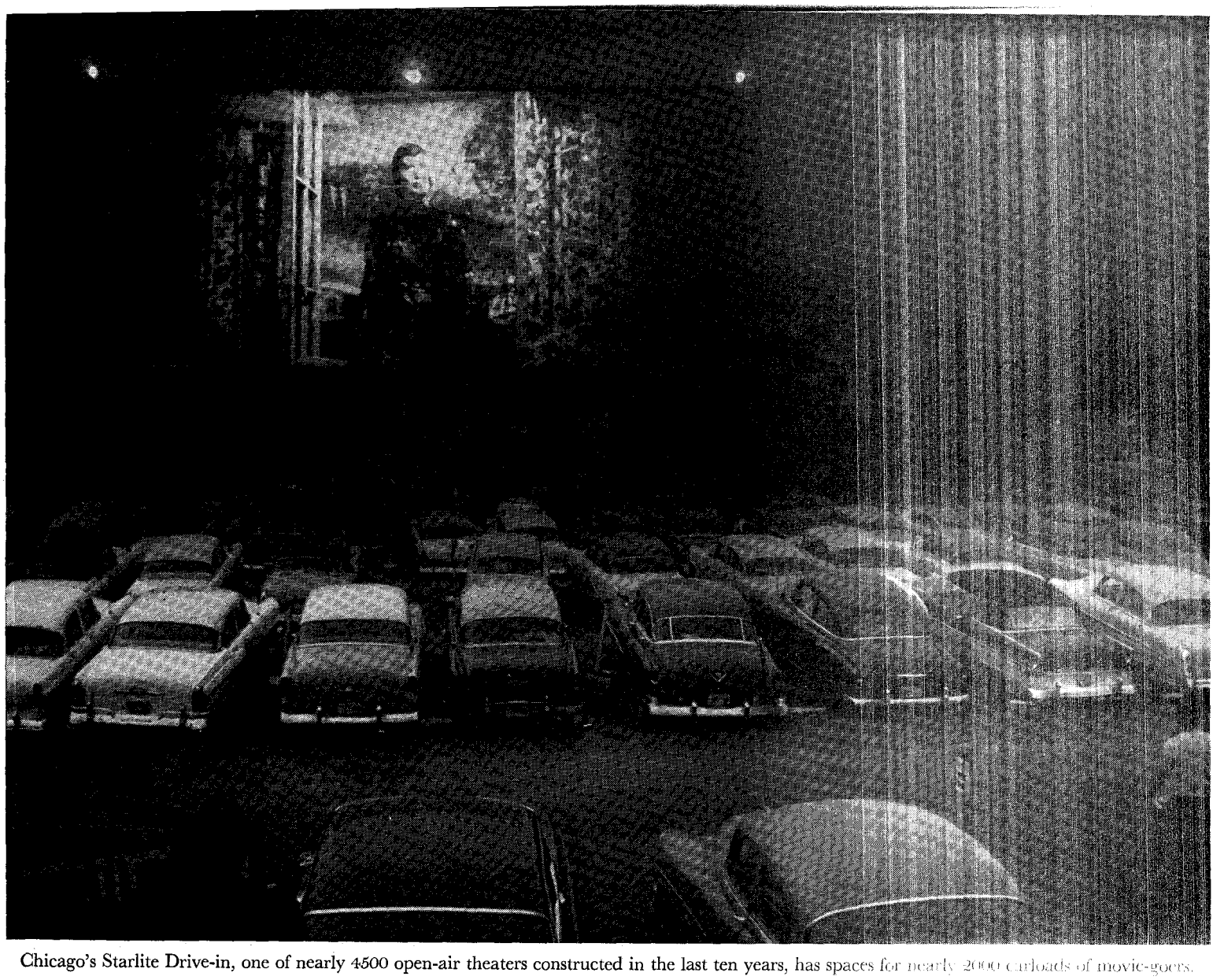


Chicago's Starlite Drive-in, one of nearly 4500 open-air theaters constructed in the last ten years, has spaces for nearly 2000 carloads of movie-goers.

Big Boom in Outdoor Movies

In spite of TV, "ozone theaters" are having their biggest year ever, with chicken dinners, rock-and-roll music, and other lures for the whole family.

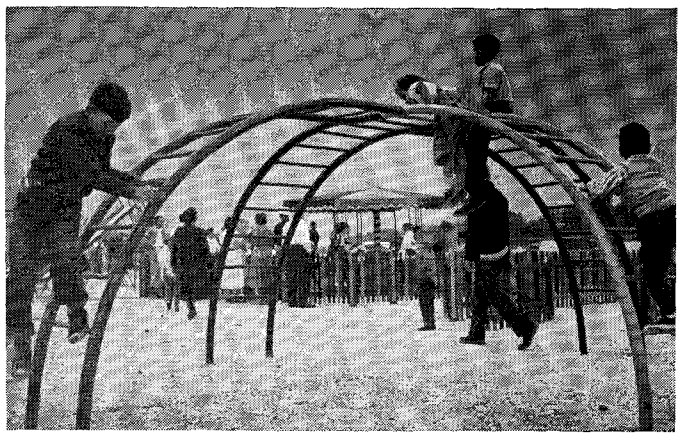
By Frank J. Taylor

In the up-or-down show business, the hot box-office bonanza nowadays is a Cinderella stepchild of the motion-picture industry known in Hollywood's vernacular as "the ozoners." Until recently, this stepchild was haughtily ignored by movie tycoons; now Cinderella is being welcomed into the cinema fold with open arms. This change of heart is justified; the once-despised orphan now brings home almost one fourth of Hollywood's income, sufficient to be the difference between profit and loss.

As might be suspected, an "ozoner" is one of those weird-looking open-air drive-in movies which stud the landscape outside American and Canadian cities, a phenomenon of the motor age found nowhere else on earth. In an ozoner, the customers bring their own seats, those of the family car. The management obligingly provides a parking spot in front of the lofty screen, plus plenty of fresh air, hot dogs, pizza pies, pop and popcorn, along with jumbo screen stars two or four stories high. Anybody who wearies of the evening's drama can stretch out and go to sleep. About half of the patrons, knowing they are going to sack it before the show is over, come in their pajamas.

"Stand by the exit gate and peek into the cars as they leave a drive-in movie," suggested stocky, exuberant Robert L. Lippert, dean of open-air cinema enterprisers, whose chain of twenty-three ozoners stretches from Southern Oregon to the California-Mexico border. "You'll get an eye-opener," continued Lippert. "In nine out of ten cars you'll see young children asleep on the back seat and on the floor. That's why the ozoners are going over big. The drive-in (Continued on Page 100)

When it's time for a change, parents may pick up fresh diapers for their offspring at the refreshment stand.



This playland at the Timonium, Md., drive-in helps keep the youngsters amused until the movie starts.

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For years the author has fought the racketeers in organized labor. Five months ago he got his reward: a shower of acid which destroyed his sight. Here's what has happened since then, to Riesel and the man who blinded him.

The Night That Changed My Life

By VICTOR RIESEL

On the morning of April fourth, I arose, fumbled for my clothes, grabbed some coffee, thumbed through the morning papers, and rushed downtown to write my daily column.

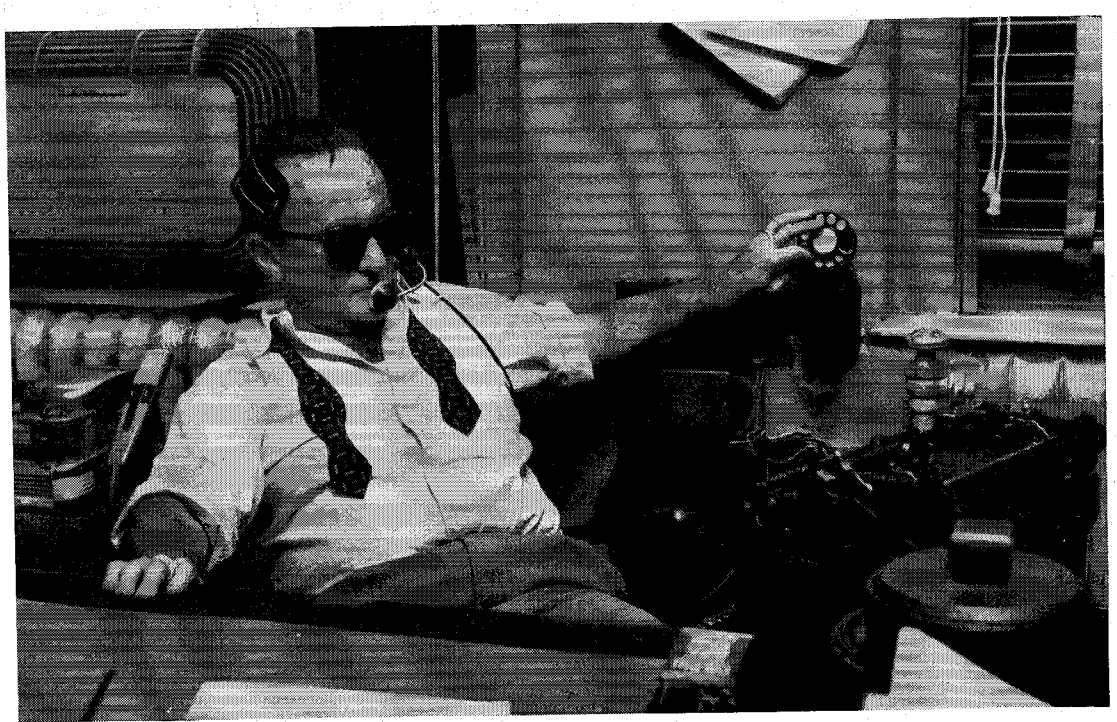
Seven weeks later, on the morning of May twenty-eighth, I went through the same motions—fumbling for my clothes, gulping coffee, rushing off to write my column. But there was one gap in my routine: I did not read the morning papers. I couldn't. I was blind.

I lost my eyesight because a dapper thug dashed concentrated sulphuric acid into my eyes and over my face, as I was entering my parked car in mid-Manhattan.

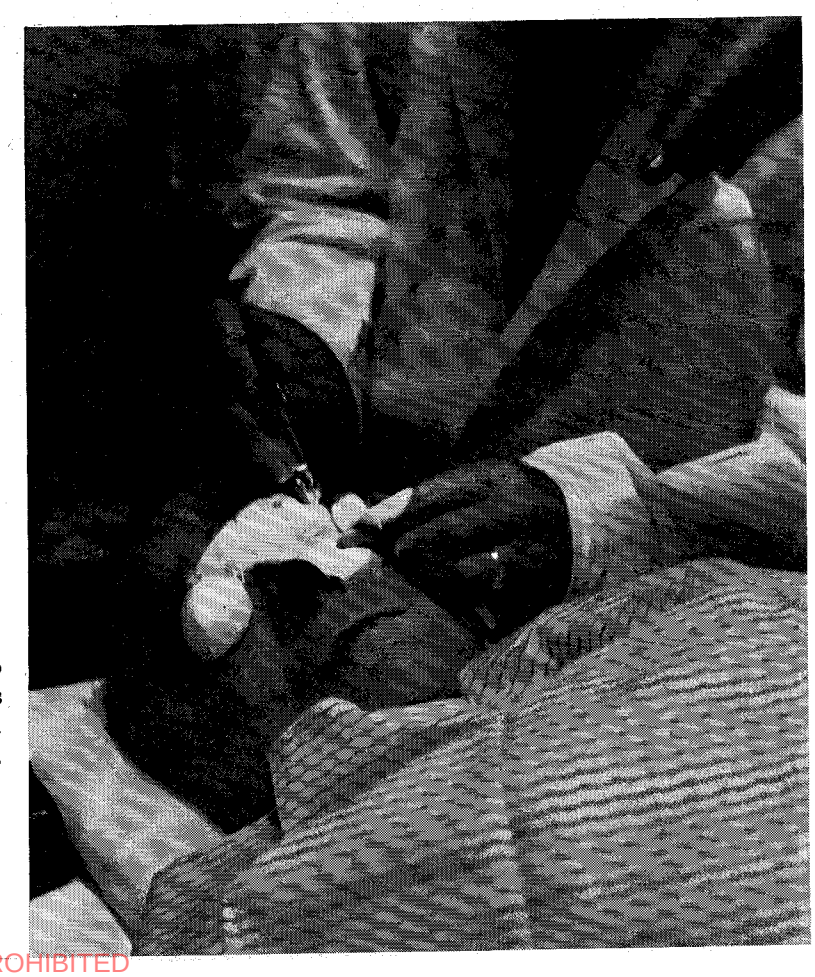
I can still see this goon in my mind's eye, and to me he represents all the corruption that I have been fighting as a newspaperman. It has been a long fight, dating back to the early '30's, when my labor background won me a job on a New York paper. Soon I was writing exposés of the racketeers, gunmen and communist agents who infested organized labor. I made dangerous enemies. But I went on, and in 1943 I launched my daily column, Inside Labor, now published in 298 newspapers. And I've never let up on the mobs.

The acid-throwing caught me off guard. It came in the early-morning hours of April fifth, after I had finished a lengthy radio broadcast of news, comment and interviews. Before I went off the air at two A.M., I had assailed a steel-fisted dictatorship which ran a Long Island local of the Operating Engineers Union as though it were one man's personal property, which it was—and still is.

When I left the microphone and headed for my car, I was accompanied by a staff assistant, and by a close friend. I was parked near 47th



Despite the loss of his sight, the author continues to write and cover the news as he always has. "There's a battle to win," he says. "I hope it's won—as I've won my personal struggle."



Riesel's acid-seared eyes are still treated regularly to heal the burn and ease the pain. For three weeks following his attack, the columnist could see. Then he went permanently blind.

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New York detectives quiz Riesel shortly after the acid-throwing incident. Seated at left: Vic's assistant, Betty Nevins, who was with him when the attack took place.

Street and Lexington Avenue. We decided to drive across town to the Broadway restaurant of my old friend, Leo Lindy. Our decision was sudden, and it was not made within anyone's hearing. We made up our minds inside the car; it is obvious now that we were fingered, and followed.

At Lindy's, we spent half an hour eating and "shmoozing" with the waiters who dropped over to our table. It was about 2:40 by the rimless clock over Lindy's revolving door when I paid our check and went out.

My friend, who lives nearby, decided to walk home. As he went north on Broadway, I strolled south, with my assistant. At 51st Street we turned west and approached my parked car.

Halfway up the street a fellow idled in the fire-escape doorway of the Mark Hellinger Theater. I paid him no heed. After all, I had parked there for years. Every so often some down-and-outer lounged there and ambled up for a handout. The chap moved forward slowly as we approached the car. I noticed him coming toward me, and reached into my pocket for a quarter.

It occurred to me just then that he did not look like an ordinary panhandler. He was five feet ten, give an inch or so either way, and slim. He seemed to be in his early twenties. He had very thick jet-black hair. He was sharp-featured, pale and clean-shaven. He wore an expensive-looking, two-tone woolen sport jacket.

Suddenly he called softly, "Hey." I turned to face him and saw his arm move back and then forward, like the motion of a pitcher in a softball game. (Continued on Page 97)

Six weeks later Riesel—then feeling "a wild hatred" in his heart—was publicly interviewed for the first time.

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Illustrated by Walter Skor

As the sheriff locked Botts in a cell, Botts asked him to look at the clock on the City Hall.

Botts' Perfect Alibi

What did the master salesman plan to prove by getting himself thrown in jail?

By William Hazlett Upson

ALEXANDER BOTTS
BARBAY HOTEL
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
JULY 9, 1956

BILL HANSON, OUR DEALER AT CHIPMAN CENTER, VERMONT, HAS SENT A TELEGRAM COMPLAINING THAT A SALESMAN FOR THE GOLIATH TRACTOR COMPANY IS TRYING TO STEAL AN ORDER FROM HIM BY MAKING FALSE AND OUTRAGEOUS CHARGES AGAINST THE EARTHWORM COMPANY. BILL WANTS US TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, AND HE IS SO EXCITED I WOULD SUGGEST YOU GO TO SEE HIM IMMEDIATELY. TRY TO CALM HIM DOWN AND HELP HIM OUT.

GILBERT HENDERSON,
PRESIDENT, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
INTERDEPARTMENTAL COMMUNICATION

To: GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

From: ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
CHIPMAN INN,
CHIPMAN CENTER, VERMONT

Date: Tuesday, July 10, 1956

I flew up to Vermont this morning and called on Bill Hanson at once. You were right when you said Bill is excited. Before we had finished shaking hands, he launched forth on a bitter denunciation of a Goliath tractor salesman by the name of Louis Lorchers. According to Bill, this character—whom he referred to as Loud-Mouth Louie—is a sneak and a scoundrel, with a moral character as foul as the sludge in the crankcase of one of his own wretchedly constructed Goliath tractors.

As I am an expert in handling men who are emotionally upset, I let Bill yell and holler for five or ten minutes. Then I spoke up in my usual calm and well-modulated tones.

"I have never met this Louie Lorchers," I said, "but I know him by reputation. Several years ago he was representing the Goliath Tractor Company (Continued on Page 121)

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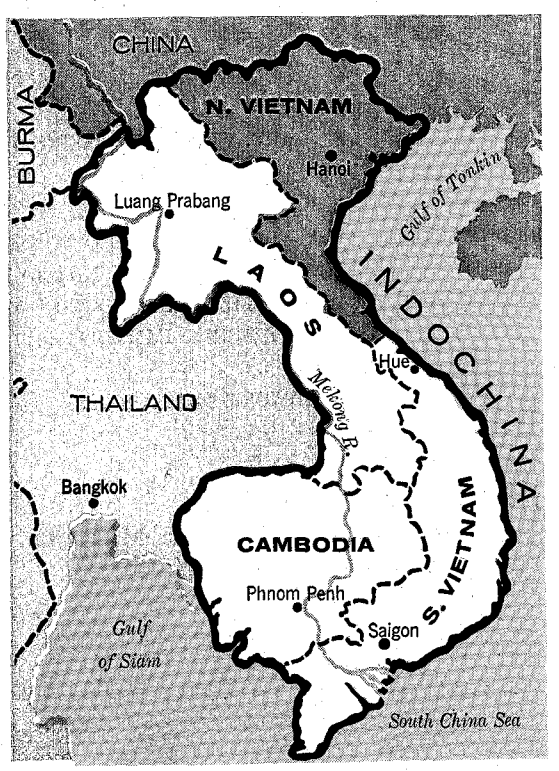
Bright Spot in Asia

Two years ago, South Vietnam seemed ripe for picking by the Reds. Here a Post editor reveals how—with a large assist from the U. S.—this plucky new nation has managed to stay free.

At break of day, farmers who fled Red-ruled North Vietnam start out to work on the new lands where they have been resettled in the free South.



South Vietnam is one of four new nations carved out of what was formerly French Indochina.

By Demaree Bess

SAIGON, SOUTH VIETNAM.

One of the ablest American correspondents in the Far East recently made a whirlwind tour of a dozen Asian countries, ranging from Pakistan to Korea. He sent his newspaper a series of hard-hitting reports about numerous places where American foreign policy had bogged down. After the series was completed, one of his editors plaintively inquired, "Isn't there any place out there where Americans are getting something for their money?"

Well, I have been visiting one Southeast Asian area, known for almost a century as French Indochina, where Americans are at least getting a lot of excitement for their money. Since Washington began to take a really serious interest in this region six years ago, Americans have been mixed up in revolutionary upheavals. The climax came this summer, when French Indochina suddenly ceased to be either French or Indochina. French soldiers and officials were given their walking papers by American-supported Asiatic anticommunists. (Continued on Page 127)

Right: President Ngo Dinh Diem. He stopped the southbound communist drive in its tracks.

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"Go on up there and pop out like you always do, you big bum!" yelled the man with the hula-dancer shirt.

Baseball Wife

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

What can a girl do when the fans start calling her husband a bum?

Petey Hagan paced the length of the apartment for the hundredth time. He was doing this instead of eating his breakfast. His young face, bony and leather-brown under a mop of hair, had the apprehensive expression of a man walking in the midst of a swarm of bees. He ended the last lap staring out the window; from there he said, "I might as well go on out. I'd do as much good helping you with the dishes, but Cap expects me. Batting practice!"

His wife, Jill, behind the table in the dining nook, went on pretending to finish her coffee. "I know, darling," she said in a careful voice.

"He's trying to find somebody to play right field," Peter said. "Somebody besides me, I mean. Maybe he's going to try that infielder he just brought up from Minneapolis. Wilkins. He can't throw home from second base, much less right field, but probably Cap wants to see if he can hit. He hit great in Minneapolis, but that doesn't say he can hit big-league pitching. Well, neither can I any more. Cap's getting desperate."

"What's so desperate about a batting practice?" Jill said. "Cap's always calling those."

"Not in September," Petey said. He brooded in silence, his shoulders hunched. He said, "'Come on, Petey! Over the fence, Petey!' I hear it in my sleep. 'Come on, Petey.' As if I didn't know. The way they sounded yesterday when Kalmar was on third and we needed one run to win and I fouled out to the catcher, anybody would have thought I did it on purpose." He said a few violent words that Jill had never heard him use before. "I better get going," he said.

Jill stood up then. A small, thin girl in green-checked pajamas, with a pointed face and green eyes which looked enormous through her glasses. She ran and put both her arms around Petey as far as they would go.

She said, "Petey, I've got a hunch. I saw you hitting a home run; in my sleep I saw you."

"Last time you had that hunch, kitten," Petey said, "Cap benched me. I'd still be there if Estrada could have moved faster than a glacier."

"That was only a little hunch," Jill said, but her words lacked conviction; she'd forgotten about using the hunch business before. "This one is top voltage. You know it and I know it; we'll put power behind it. We'll think you're going to get a home run today."

"Good psychology, only I've been doing it quite a long time already," Petey said absently, stroking her hair (Continued on Page 60)

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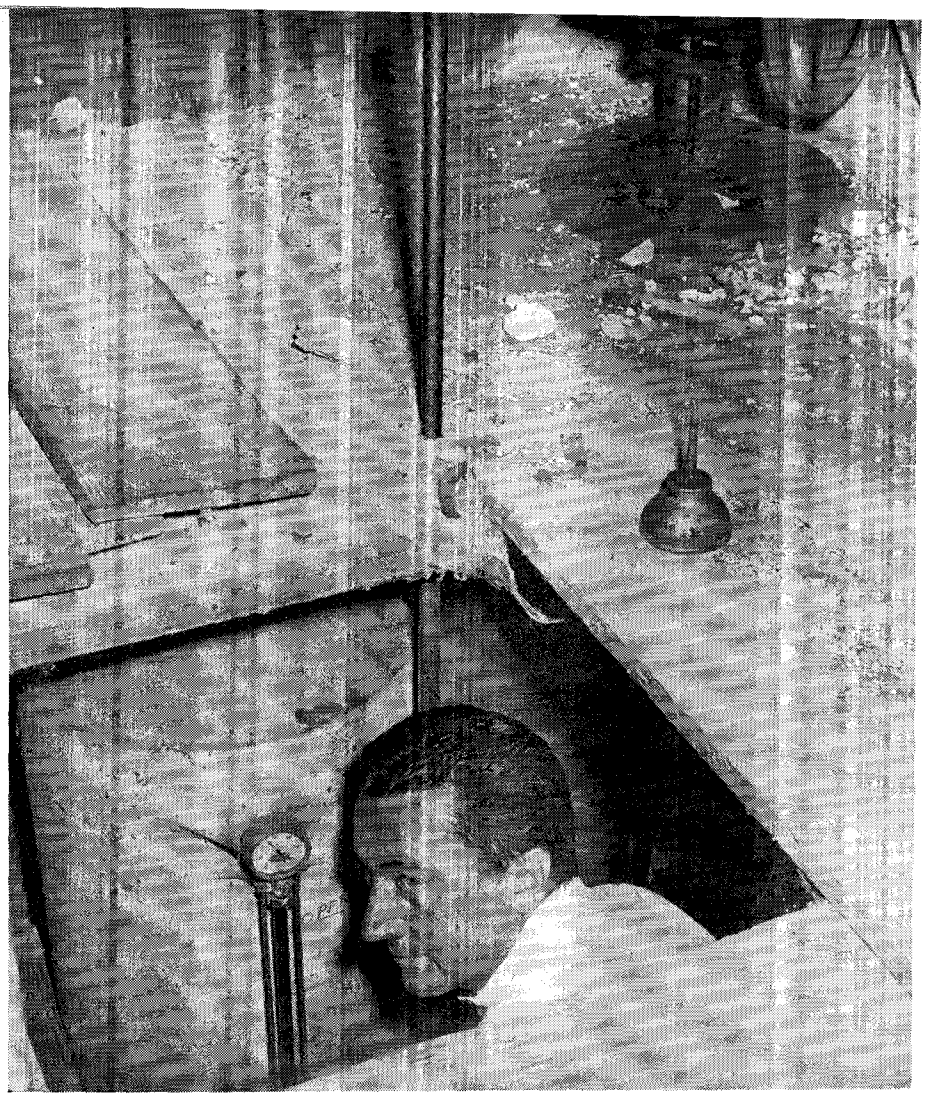


A columnist-turned-plumber wrestles with the "damnpump," which, when it's in the mood, supplies the house with running water.

Why Do I Keep the Damned Place?

A celebrated columnist admits that his country "estate" is run-down, disorderly and has a peculiar smell. But he likes it that way.

By STEWART ALSOP

Just before the Second World War ended, I took an Army friend of mine to the hospital to see my first-born. When the nurse brought the baby up to the viewing window, I looked proudly at my friend, and saw on his face an expression of agonized embarrassment. All new babies are hideous, of course, but this one was especially crimson and crinkly and lopsided-looking, and my friend had never seen a new baby before.

He is an honest fellow, and the conventional congratulatory platitudes stuck in his throat. "Gee," he said finally, shuffling his feet unhappily, "maybe you can exchange it for another one."

When friends first see my country place, Polecat Park, their faces often betray much the same expression of pained embarrassment. "My God," they are obviously thinking to themselves, "what can one say?"

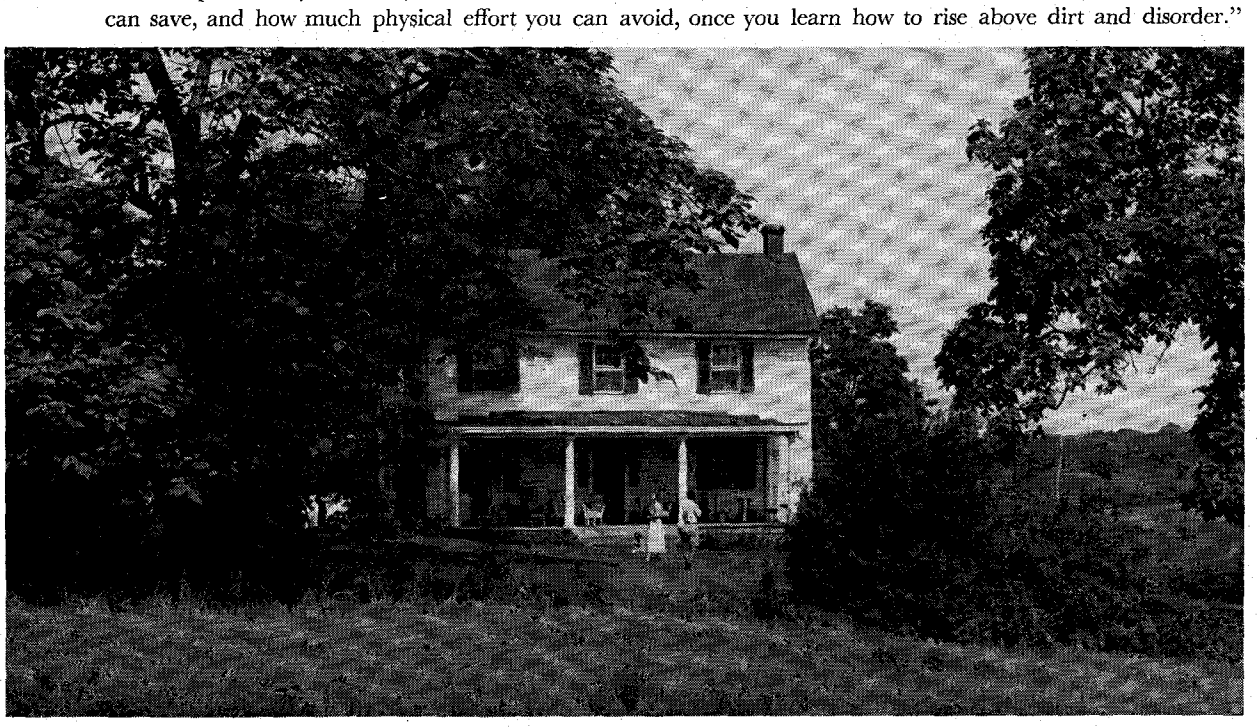
A good many well-heeled Washingtonians have handsome places in the country, and visitors to Polecat Park tend to conjure up mental images of broad green acres and white-coated servants passing frosty glasses beneath the stately pillars of the old manse. The contrast between image and reality is a visible shock to them.

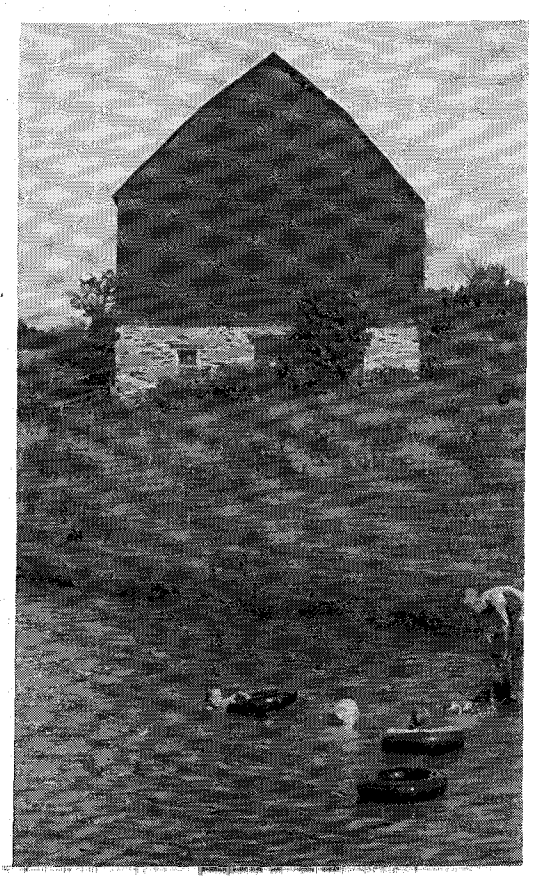
After negotiating the ruts in the mud road, visitors park their cars in the space beside the dump behind the kitchen door. When they get out of their cars and survey the oddly shaped termite feast which is the house, the weedy fields, the mud-bottomed pond in which they are expected to swim, and the strangely dishevveled view, they find it difficult to utter the minimum polite remark—"Nice place you have here." Usually they maintain a numb silence. But one visitor, another honest fellow, was more outspoken. After a good look around, he asked simply, "Why in hell do you keep the damned place?"

I have often asked myself the same question.

Polecat Park is in Maryland, about thirty miles north of Washington, D. C. The house

The Alsops' century-old Maryland farmhouse. "It is remarkable," confides the owner, "how much money you can save, and how much physical effort you can avoid, once you learn how to rise above dirt and disorder."





Photographs by Larry Keighley

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was built around 1850, and the farm's 160 acres must once have maintained its owners in reasonable freedom from want. But time and the technological revolution in agriculture have left their mark. When I bought Polecat Park, as an occasional refuge from city living, its fields were pretty well corned out, and the house had become what sociologists call a "rural slum dwelling."

Polecat Park is still, or so my friends assure me, a rural slum. And yet I have come to love the place, rather as a man may fall in love with a cantankerous and ugly woman, to the bewilderment of his acquaintances. This article is an attempt to explain, at least to my own satisfaction, my irrational passion for Polecat Park.

The whippoorwill, I think, plays some part in the explanation. Every evening at dusk, from early spring on, the whippoorwill opens up. My wife, Tish, who is English by birth, dislikes the ugly little bird. She points out that its voice is tuneless, its vocabulary limited.

But I like the whippoorwill. When I hear it for the first time in the spring, I know the winter is really over, and I'm happy. In the country, the unending miracle of the changing seasons delights your senses, with a special delight you can never find in the city. And, as the hair recedes, and the stomach muscles weaken, and the years creep on, the miracle of the seasons becomes one of the last great pleasures of life, almost in itself a sufficient reason for being.

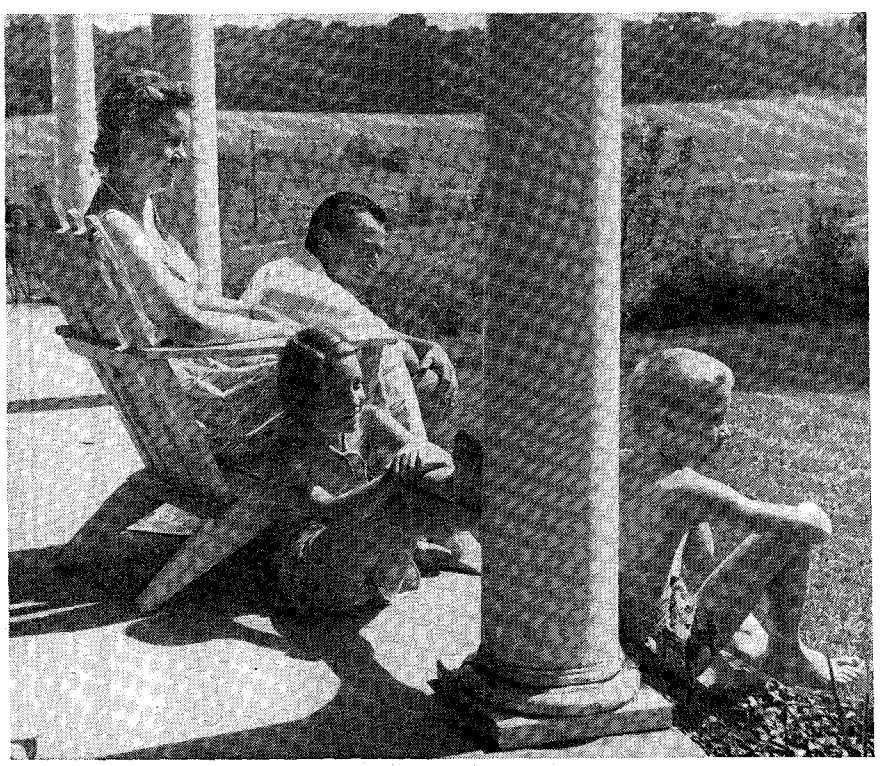
But the whippoorwill is only part of the explanation. One of the more intellectual of my friends, who has conceived a certain affection for Polecat Park, says that its peculiar attraction lies in what the French call "*nostalgie de la boue*"—nostalgia for the mud. He explains that life at Polecat Park is a kind of reversion to childhood. The place, he says with wounding candor, is so ugly and ill-kempt that you have absolutely nothing to live up to, and you feel as though you were back in your sandbox, happily making mud pies.

There is a lot in what he says. For it is really remarkable to rediscover the joys of squalor, the pleasures of (Continued on Page 78)

The author attacks tall grass around his unkempt retreat. As a rule, he leaves such chores to house guests or children.

The ol' swimming hole is a great attraction for the children. And, adds Alsop, "I'm sort of ashamed of the amount of time I spend fishing here."

Some of the Alsops—Tish, Stewart, Elizabeth and Ian—survey their rural Maryland domain. "We have rediscovered the joys of squalor, the pleasures of being grubby."



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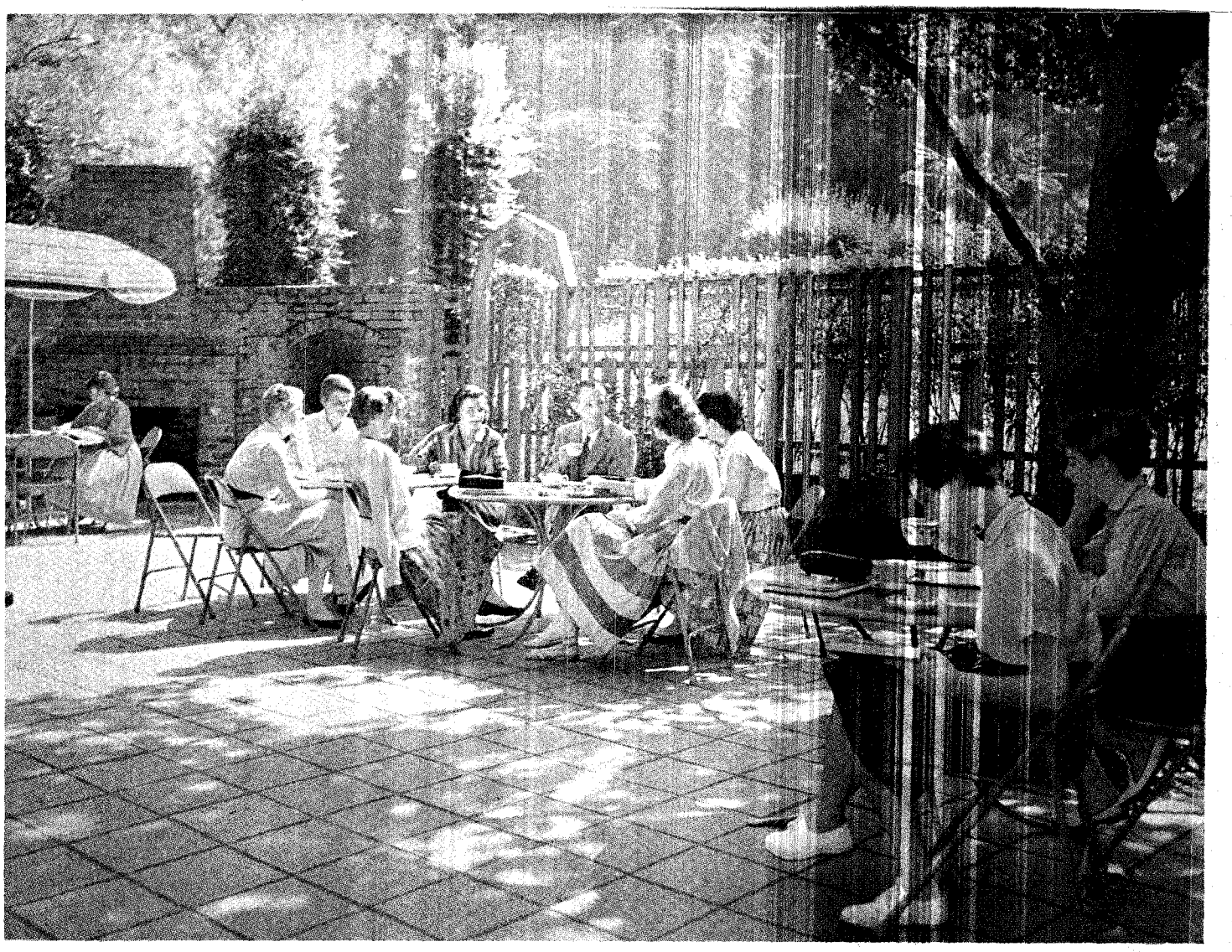

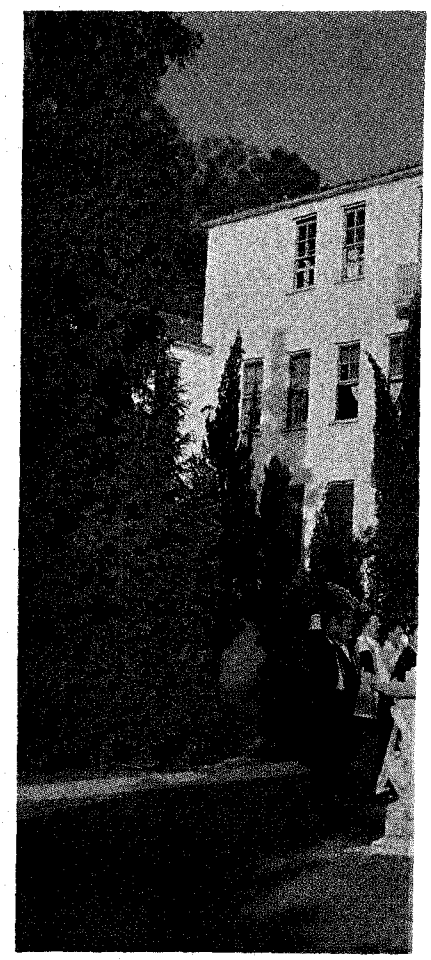

Most classes are small and informal. Above, economics teacher Richard Jay leads a sociological discussion at the campus "tea patio."

These College Girls Can Cook

California's fashionable Mills College is all in favor of the classics, but allows that it doesn't do a girl any harm to learn something "practical" as well.

By John Wesley Noble

A class called Design in Home, which prepares girls for do-it-yourself households.

Jazz pianist Dave Brubeck guest-conducts a contemporary-music class taught by composer Leon Kirshner (left). Brubeck took his graduate work at Mills.

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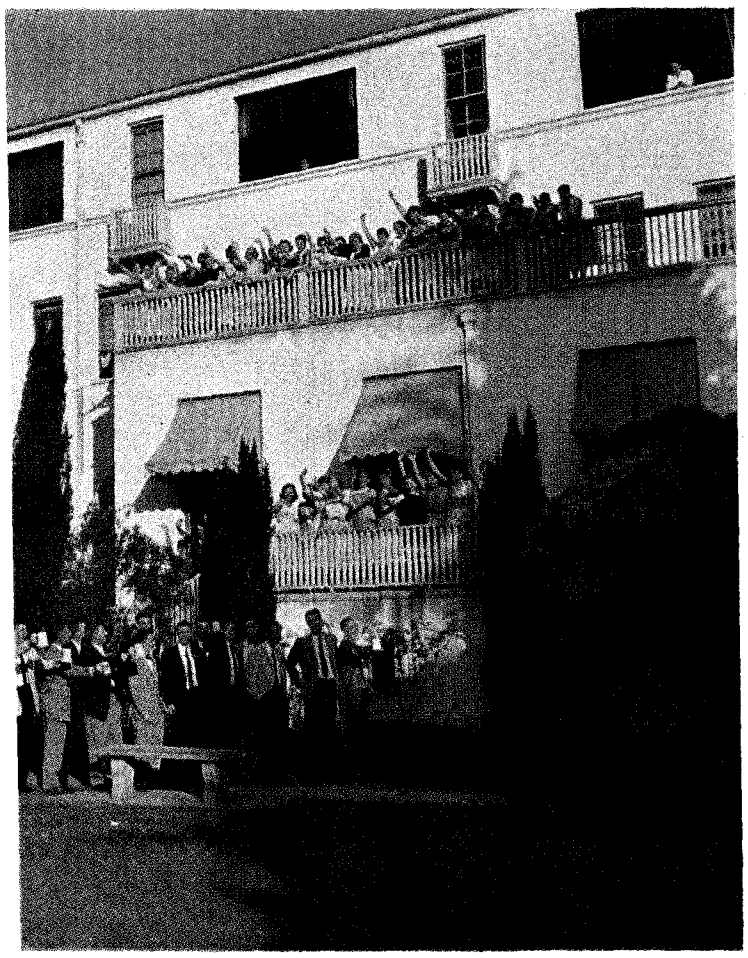
Photographs by Gene Lester



The touring Dartmouth Glee Club serenades a Mills dormitory.

Dorm party. Ann Hunt (fourth from left) shows the suit she made from material she wove in class.

Mills College, a fine old feminine institution on the eastern hills of San Francisco Bay, has, over the years, acquired a singular outlook among traditional women's schools. It respects the well-stocked mind as a small, independent, liberal-arts college must, and dispenses culture with a scholarly zeal. But it also endorses the heretical stand that culture of itself may not, in the long run, be a girl's best friend.

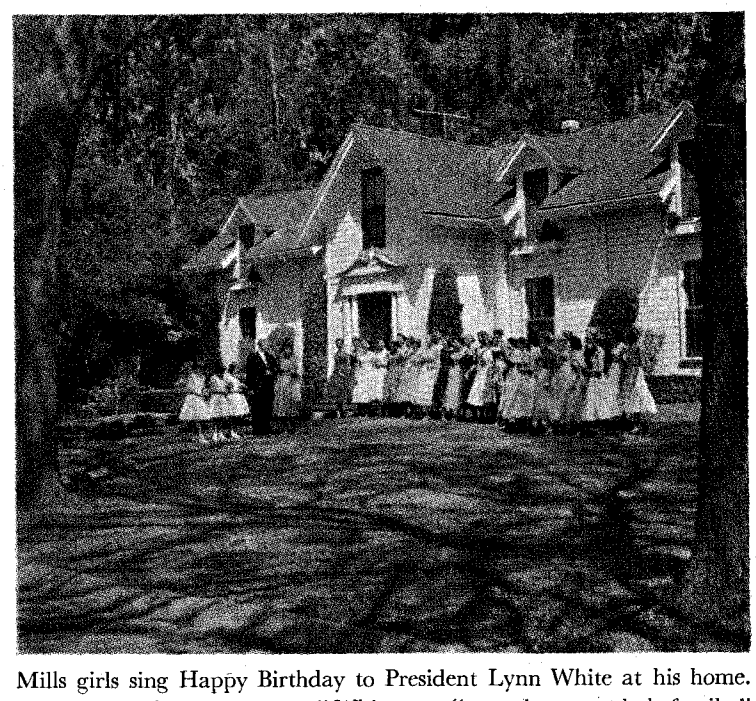
She may someday wish that she knew how to probate a will, organize a political campaign or cook a leg of lamb. Mills sees no reason why she shouldn't learn these skills right along with the arts. Indeed it provides the facilities and urges its 567 girls to use them. And it does so although fully aware that sedate sister academies sniff at mixing cake batter with the classics.

For them Dr. Lynn T. White, Jr., the college's genial young president, has a simple rebuttal. "We are trying," he says, "to prepare our girls for constructive life in the atomic age, as Mills did their great-grandmothers for the rigorous life of the frontier. A history major's elective in secretarial studies may be a meal ticket at a time when all of us will be wondering about meals."

There is, perhaps, a wistful note in this. Doctor White, a medieval historian by training, feels more at ease with terms like "spiritual oxygen" than with meal tickets. But these are drastic times in private education. Pure culture is not so salable as it was in gentler days. Small colleges, to survive, must offer programs attuned to current needs, trying in the process not to sacrifice scholastic quality.

Mills, fortunately, has had a realistic attitude toward new curriculums since the day in 1852 when it opened seminary doors to daughters of the Gold Rush. It was one of the first schools west of the Rockies to install a home-economics department; most traditional girls' schools still do not (Continued on Page 118)

The Daisy Ring is a springtime tradition at Mills. Here Marcia Belsher announces her engagement by walking through the ring. If you're already married, you have to back through.



Mills girls sing Happy Birthday to President Lynn White at his home. "When you educate a woman," White says, "you educate a whole family."

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The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

If Ted Balfour wasn't guilty, what was this weapon doing in his room?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Ted Balfour had been tried and convicted of manslaughter. After the trial, Perry Mason received a call from Ted's uncle, Guthrie Balfour, who was in Mexico. Guthrie insisted that his nephew had been framed. Guthrie said he could not leave Mexico. He asked Mason to see his wife, Dorla, to discuss means of clearing Ted.

Earlier, Mason had sat in on Ted's trial at the request of Marilyn Keith. Marilyn wanted Mason's opinion of the case. She refused to say why, and asked the lawyer not to reveal that she had hired him.

At the trial, Mason learned that Ted was accused of the hit-and-run killing of a man later identified as Jackson Eagan. Ted testified that the night of the accident he had attended a party at which he was given a loaded drink. He passed out. When he became conscious he was in his car. A young woman, whom Ted did not name, was at the wheel. Ted then passed out again. The next thing he remembered, he was home in bed.

Myrtle Anne Haley had testified that she had witnessed Ted in the hit-and-run accident. Mason was sure she was lying. There was sufficient evidence to convict Ted, however. He received a suspended sentence.

The day after Ted's conviction, Dorla Balfour told Mason why the family was so anxious to fight the verdict. Ted's other uncle, Addison Balfour, headed an industrial empire to which Ted was heir. Dorla was sure that Addison would disinherit Ted if the manslaughter charge was allowed to stand.

Dorla asked Mason to replace Mortimer Dean Howland as Ted's attorney. Mason's job would be to check the evidence and prove to Addison that Ted wasn't really involved in the accident.

"And now I must go see Ted," concluded Dorla, rising with supple grace. "You'll hear from me," she promised, and walked out.

III

By one-forty-five Mrs. Balfour was back in Mason's office.

"I've seen Ted," she said.

Mason nodded.

"It's just as I surmised. Ted was given a loaded drink. He passed out. I don't know who had it in for him or why, but I can tell you one thing."

"What?"

"He wasn't the one who was driving his car," she asserted. "A young woman drove him home—a cute trick with dark chestnut hair, a nice figure, good legs and a very sympathetic shoulder. I think I can find out who she was by checking the list of party guests. It was a party given by Florence Ingle."

"How do you know about the girl?" Mason asked.

"A friend of mine saw her getting in Ted's car. Ted was sick. He tried to drive and couldn't make it. He was lolling all over the seat. This cute little babe saw his trouble and slid in the car, pushed Ted away from the wheel and she started driving. If anyone hit a pedestrian it was this girl. She was driving."

"At what time was this?" Mason asked.

"Sometime between ten and eleven."

"And after Ted got home what happened?" Mason asked.

"Now as to that," she said, "you'll have to find the young woman who was driving and ask her. There were no servants in the house. Guthrie and I had taken the train. Before that there'd been a farewell party at Florence Ingle's. I'd told all of our servants to take the night off. There was no one at our house."

"Ted was in his bedroom the next morning?" Mason asked.

"Apparently he was. He told me he became conscious at four-thirty-five in the morning. Someone had taken him upstairs, undressed him and put him to bed."

"Or he undressed himself and put himself to bed," Mason said.

"He was in no condition to do that."

"Any idea who this girl was?" Mason asked.

"Not yet. Ted either doesn't know or won't tell. Apparently, she was some trollop from the wrong side of the tracks."

Mason's frown showed annoyance.

"All right, all right," she said. "I'm out of order. I'm not a snob. Remember, Mr. Mason, I came from the wrong side of the tracks myself, and I made it, but I'm just telling you it's a long, hard climb. And also remember, Mr. Mason, you're working for me."

"The hell I am," Mason said. "You're paying the bill, but I'm working for my client."

"Now don't get stuffy," she said, flashing her teeth in a mollifying smile. "I had Ted write a check covering Howland's fees in full, and I explained to Mr. Howland that as far as Mr. Guthrie Balfour and I were concerned, we preferred to have all further legal matters in connection with the case handled by Mr. Perry Mason."

"And what did Howland say then?" Mason asked her.

"Howland threw back his head, laughed and said, 'If it's a fair question, Mrs. Balfour, when did you get back from Mexico?' and I told him that I didn't know whether it was a fair question or not, but there was no secret about it and I got back from Mexico on a plane which arrived half an hour past midnight, and then he laughed again and said that if I had arrived twenty-four hours sooner he felt certain he wouldn't have had the opportunity to represent Ted as long as he did."

"He was a little put out about it?" Mason asked.

"On the contrary, he was in rare good humor. He said that he had completed his representation of Ted Balfour, that the case was closed, and that if Mr. Mason knew as much

The police concentrated on Ted Balfour, trying to get an admission from him.

Illustrated by James Bingham

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Perry Mason smelled the barrel of the automatic thoughtfully. "Well?" Dorla Balfour asked. "This could be it," Mason replied.

about the case as he did, Mason would realize the over-all strategy had been brilliant."

"Did he say in what respect?"

"No, but he gave me a letter for you."

"Indeed," Mason said.

She unfolded the letter and extended it across the desk. The letter was addressed to Perry Mason and read:

My dear counselor: I now begin to see a great light. I trust your time in court was well spent, but don't worry. There are no hard feelings. You take on from here and more power to you. I consider myself completely relieved of all responsibilities in the case of the People versus Ted Balfour, and I am satisfied not only with the compensation I have received but with the outcome of my strategy. From here on, the Balfour family is all yours. They consider me a little crude and I consider them highly unappreciative in all ways except insofar as financial appreciation is concerned. I can assure you that those matters have been completely taken care of, so consider yourself free to gild the lily or paint the rose in any way you may see fit, remembering only that it's advisable to take the temperature of the water before you start rocking the boat.

With all good wishes,

MORTIMER DEAN HOWLAND

"A very interesting letter," Mason said, handing it to Mrs. Balfour.

"Isn't it?" she remarked dryly after having read it. She returned it to Perry Mason.

"Now, what do you want me to do?" Mason asked.

"The first thing I want you to do," she said, "is to go and see Addison Balfour. He's in bed. He'll never get out of bed. You'll have to go to him."

Mason turned to Della Street. "Ring up Addison Balfour's secretary," he said, "and see if I can have an appointment for three o'clock."

Some two years earlier, when the doctors had told Addison Balfour that he had better "take it easy for a while," the manufacturing magnate had moved his private office into his residence. Later on, when the doctors had told him frankly that he had but six months to live, at the outside, Addison Balfour had moved his office into his bedroom.

Despite the sentence of death which had been pronounced upon him, he continued the same old irascible, unpredictable fighter. Disease had ravaged his body, but the belligerency of the man's mind remained unimpaired.

Mason gave his name to the servant who answered the door.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Mason. You are to go right up. Mr. Balfour is expecting you. The stairs to the left, please."

Mason climbed the wide flight of oak stairs, walked down the second floor toward a sign which said OFFICE, and entered through an open door, from behind which came the sound of pounding typewriters.

Two stenographers were busily engaged in hammering keyboards. A telephone operator sat at the back of a room, supervising a switchboard.

At a desk facing the door sat Marilyn Keith.

"Good afternoon," Mason said calmly and impersonally as though he had never before seen her. "I am Mr. Mason. I have an appointment with Mr. Addison Balfour."

"Just a moment, Mr. Mason. I'll tell Mr. Balfour you're here."

She glided from the room through an open doorway, and in a moment returned.

"Mr. Balfour will see you now, Mr. Mason."

She ushered Mason through the open door, along a vestibule, then swung open a heavy oaken door which moved on well-oiled hinges.

The man who was propped up in bed might have been made of colorless wax. But the set of his jaw, the thin, determined line of his mouth showed the spirit of an indomitable fighter.

Balfour's voice was not strong. "Come in, Mr. Mason," he said in a monotone, as though he lacked the physical strength to put any faintest expression in his words. "Sit down here by the bed. What's all this about Ted's getting convicted?"

Mason said, "The attorney who was representing your nephew appeared to think that the interests of expediency would best be served by making a deal with the district attorney's office."

"Who the devil wants to serve the interests of expediency?" Balfour asked in his colorless, expressionless voice.

"Apparently your nephew's attorney thought that would be best under the circumstances."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"Find out."

"I intend to."

"Come back when you find out."

"Very well," Mason said, getting up.

"Wait a minute. Don't go yet. I want to tell you something. Lean closer. Listen. Don't interrupt."

Mason leaned forward, his ear a few inches from the thin lips. (Continued on Page 112)

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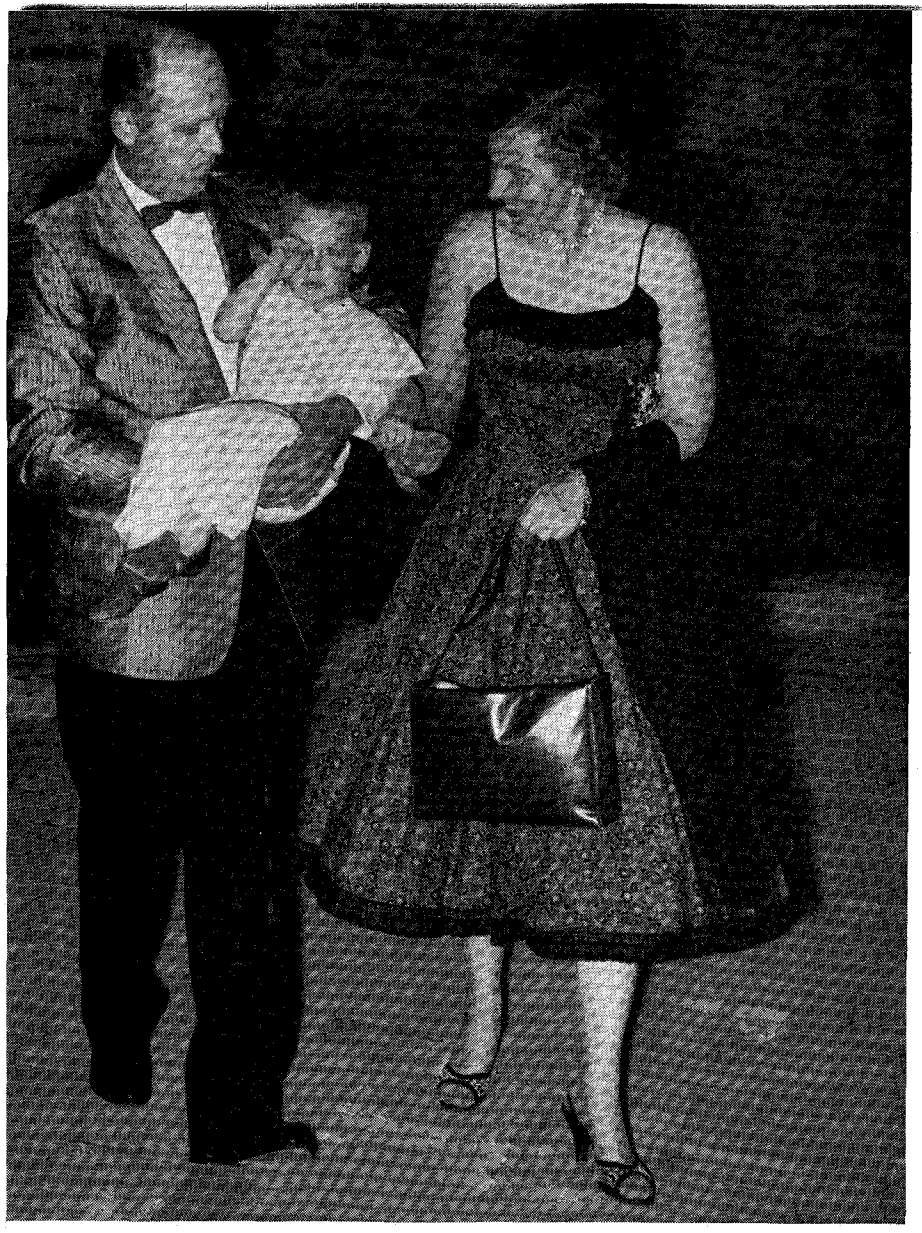

After the ball is over: Mr. and Mrs. William Green check their son at the club nursery, spend a gay evening dancing, then bail him out for the sleepy trip home.

By CRAIG THOMPSON

Mother Goose Joins the Country Club

Clubs and resorts across the nation are going into the baby-sitting business so that young moms and pops can have a chance to play in peace.

While their parents shoot a leisurely round, three of Ridglea's younger set enjoy the country club's air-conditioned, carefully supervised playroom.

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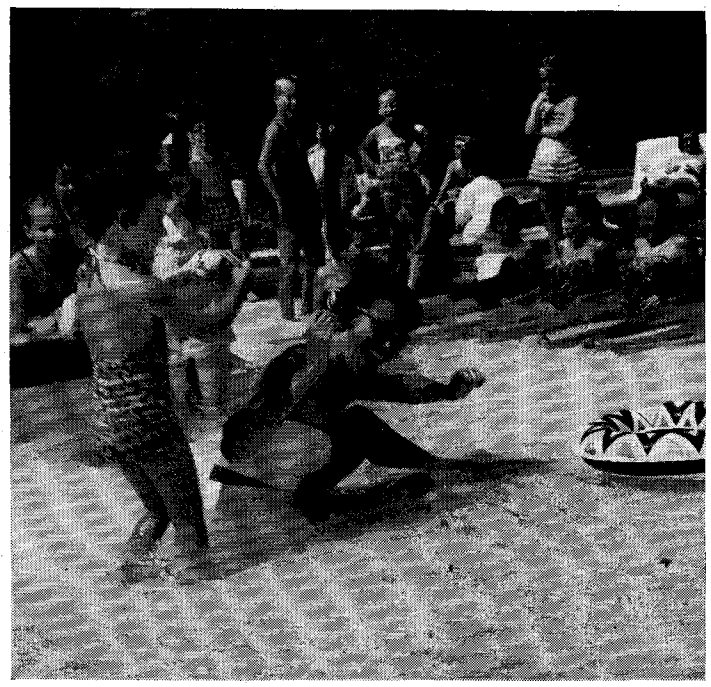
There once was a time—not very long ago—when country clubs and the armed-services officers' clubs were male sanctuaries where the presence of women was usually tolerated only at the Saturday-night dance or an occasional midweek tea. Now, they are putting in fancy nurseries or baby-sitting departments, complete with separate quarters, Mother Goose murals, trained supervisors and bottle warmers.

To some knowledgeable observers like genial, earnest Frank C. Rabold, house-committee chairman at the magnificently vernal Saucon Valley Club, near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, this innovation is simply one more milestone in the restless progress of woman suffrage. To others, such as H. S. (Hank) Green, managing director of the sparklingly new Ridglea Country Club, of Fort Worth, Texas, it is a matter of hardheaded business management which aims at making the club more attractive to a wider spread of members. But beneath this divergence of approach they agree that their clubs are attempting to deal, in different ways, with a big shift in the pattern of American life—and a very significant one.

The change is due to four factors, the basic one being that more middle-income couples are having more children than ever before. Contradictory as it may seem, however, the women who are bearing and raising bigger families are determined to avoid becoming the house-bound drudges their mothers and grandmothers frequently were. This gets continuously harder to do in an increasingly servantless economy. Finally, in all the national hullabaloo over juvenile delinquency, more fathers are convincing themselves that a wayward child is the natural offspring of parental neglect, and are conscientiously trying to do something about it.



Three-year-old Lindsay Huffman gives mother a dunking in Saucon Valley's wading pool.

Golf lessons for juniors at the Saucon Valley (Bethlehem, Pa.) Club, which recently added a special six-hole course as part of a $200,000 program to improve facilities for small fry.

A picnic area and (rear) a club building for youngsters are new attractions at Saucon Valley. Now many members here don't go away on vacations. They go to the club instead.

As a result of the interplay of these forces and attitudes there has arisen an unprecedented demand for facilities where the family can play together as a unit or, alternatively, where children from the crawling stage to college age can be left to divert themselves under safe supervision. What now begins to emerge is the working mother's crèche and the settlement-house teen group raised to the country-club level. But the clubs are not the only ones to feel the change. Hotels, particularly of the resort type, are also undergoing some costly rearrangements of their services.

It was only natural that a sociological shift as general as this one has become should take place almost imperceptibly, and be recognized only when it could no longer be ignored. At Saucon Valley, a conservative institution nationally known for its championship golf course, recognition came in 1950. As house-committee chairman Rabold puts it, "We suddenly realized that our facilities properly to handle the family were completely inadequate. Children were overrunning the place, taking over the terraces, sitting on furniture with wet bathing suits, and so on." In that year Saucon Valley determined to take steps.

As always, the first problem was money. By seeking voluntary contributions to retire one mortgage and then promptly replacing it with a bigger one, by putting a $150-per-head bite on active members, and by other means the club got together a $200,000 fund. With this, it developed an additional six-hole golf course for youngsters and family groups which it proposes to maintain without charging greens fees. Free golf and tennis lessons for youngsters were instituted. Then it built a field house which, in effect, constitutes a separate club building for young people and is available with food service for birthday parties, teen dances and other such uses. Next it installed a play area that provides sandboxes, swings, slides, and so forth, for the very (Continued on Page 69)

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Post Scripts

Oh, No!

You're already
Past help.
By the time
That you yelp,
"They can't DO
This to me!"
Doggone it,
They've done it.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Wilbur on the Farm

The morning mail brought a letter from my brother, Edward, inviting Wilbur and me to spend several days on his farm.

"Do you want to add anything to my letter of acceptance?" I asked Wilbur.

"Yes. Tell him we can't come."

"You don't want to go?"

"I'm a city boy."

"True. But deep within you is a longing for the country. Are you familiar with the lines:

"*Now for the summer holiday,*
Good-by, good-by to every care,
Our city fifty miles away,
A sense ——"

"No," said Wilbur. "I am not familiar with those lines, nor, if it's all the same to you ——"

"—— *A sense of freedom everywhere*," I concluded. "These lines, Wilbur, poignantly express man's yearning for the country. Don't you ever have a feeling of yearning for the country?"

"I get an occasional shooting pain that I've never been able to identify," said Wilbur. "That may be it."

"Uncle Ed speaks jokingly here about you, Wilbur," I said, referring to the letter. He says, 'I calculate the boy is old enough now to do a man's work and I'm a little behindhand on my weeding.'"

"Amusing," nodded Wilbur.

"'Also it's getting tarnation hard for me to get up at four o'clock, and I don't doubt the boy won't mind milking a few cows afore breakfast.'"

"He's got the wrong boy," said Wilbur.

"Uncle Ed goes on: 'We are planning to have fried chicken every meal. Ma has been busy making bread, cherry tarts, apple pies and cookies. Hope the boy likes peach ice cream, as ma has churned up four gallons of it.'"

"He's got the right boy," said Wilbur. "What time does our train leave?"

I didn't see much of Wilbur on our first day at the farm, as I was helping Ed mend the barn door.

"Well, Wilbur," I said, as I was preparing for bed that evening, "what have you been doing?"

"I've been looking for the bathroom," said Wilbur. "There doesn't seem to be any."

"I mean, what have you been doing all day?"

"Weeding onions," groaned Wilbur. . . . "Which is my bed?"

"Right there."

"What's that noise?"

"An owl."

"And the other noise?"

"Tree toads."

"Not a tiger, eh? . . . Set the alarm clock for four o'clock, will you? And recite that poem again. I need reassurance."

"Certainly," I said:

"*Now for the summer holiday,*
Good-by, good-by to every care ——"

"Good night," said Wilbur.

JOHN BAILEY

Day Breaks, But I Don't

An autumn morning's made of pearls,
A thing of beauty which unfurls
And makes the watcher want to cheer,
I hear.

An autumn dawn is like a kiss,
Quickly given, sweet with bliss,
A happy prelude to the day,
They say.

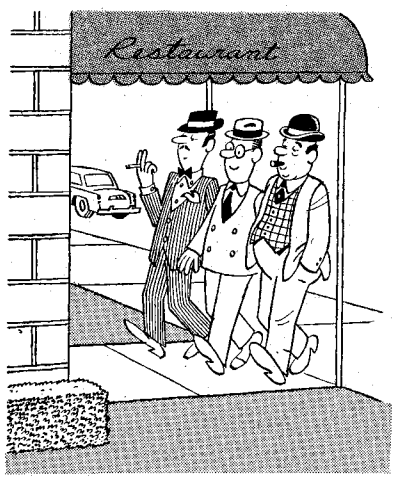
Someday I probably will see
An autumn A.M. if there be
No way that I can stay instead
In bed.

DICK EMMONS

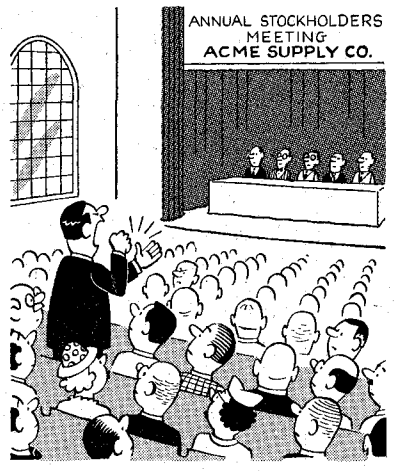
GUESS WHO

By BILL HARRISON

. . . won't get her picture taken



. . . will get stuck with the check



. . . owns one share of stock

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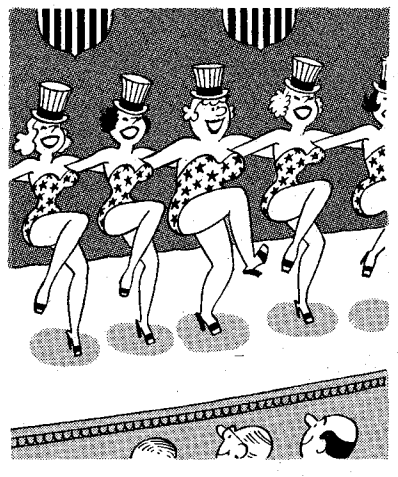
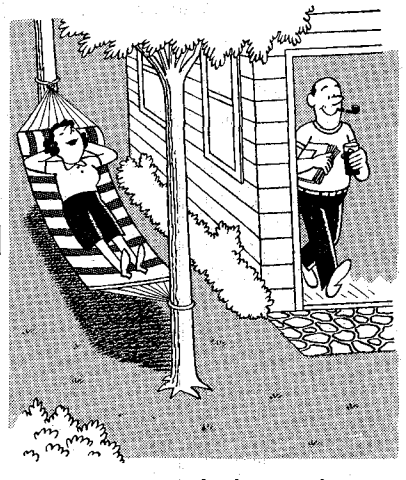


. . . is the producer's daughter



. . . put up the hammock

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How "eating with the eye" seems to make food taste better

...the story behind Campbell Color

If vegetables that look this good make you a little hungry, you've begun to get an idea of what we're talking about.

The fact is that food which appeals to the eye is more likely to taste good to the tongue. That's why food which *looks* appetizing starts the digestive juices flowing.

This is the reason we take so much trouble with the appearance of the good things that go into foods from Campbell's Kitchens. Our plant scientists actually spend years in cross-breeding varieties of a vegetable to develop an attractive color. And our quality control people must make sure all the vegetables we use come up to Campbell's color standards.

So the color you see when you open a can of Campbell's Vegetable Soup doesn't happen just by accident. The vegetables are *grown* that way. And Campbell's cooking guards the color in order to spark your appetite.

We hope that you remember this story the next time you see the bright-colored vegetables in a bowl of Campbell's Soup. It's a good example of the pains we take to live up to this Campbell maxim:

"*To make the best, begin with the best —then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products*

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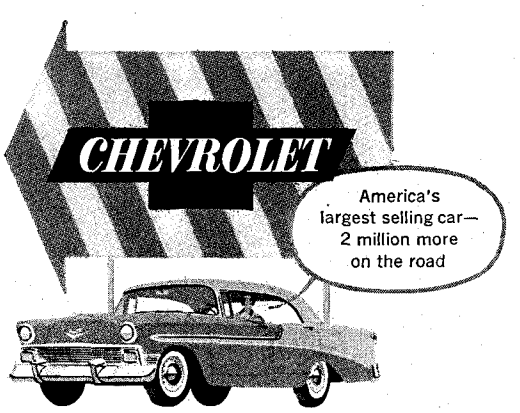
MORE PEOPLE NAMED JONES*

OWN CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

(Are you keeping up with the Joneses?)

*Of course we haven't actually counted all the Joneses. But it seems a safe guess. Because this year—as they have year after year—more people are buying Chevrolets. And 2 million more people drive Chevrolets than any other car. Maybe you ought to stop by your Chevrolet dealer's and see why this is so. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



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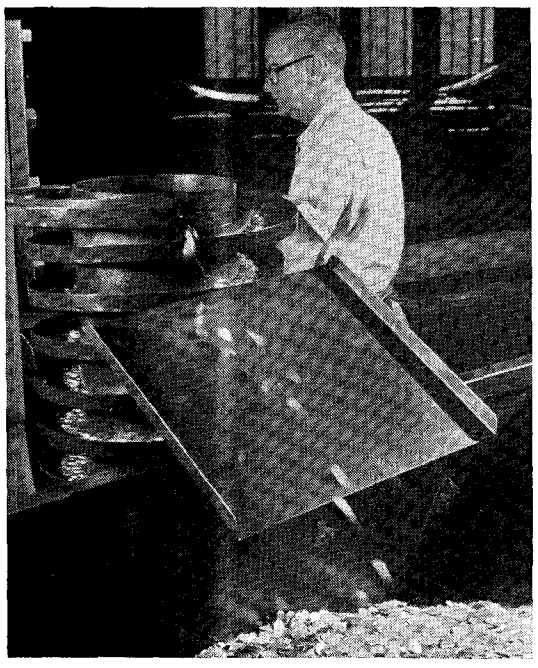
A load of new nickels arrives at Philadelphia's Federal Reserve Bank. The Mint makes these nickels for less than a cent apiece.



Silver blanks, later to be pressed into dimes, pile up at the Philadelphia Mint.

MONEY by the TON

By NEIL M. CLARK

Some fascinating side lights on the place where Uncle Sam makes his hard cash.

Joseph Gaworski examines 50-cent "proof" coins—perfect pieces sold at a premium to collectors.

Of all the many and wonderful products manufactured in the United States, the one item you'd think would have almost automatic customer acceptance is money. The Bureau of the Mint, which makes all our hard money—the Bureau of Engraving and Printing makes the folding kind—enjoys a monopoly that the Government is at some pains to maintain; and practically everybody likes the stuff. But I learned from William H. Brett, Director of the Mint, and Dr. F. Leland Howard, assistant director, that few businessmen have to keep more closely attuned to market conditions and customer whims than they do.

First of all, the demand for their wares rises and falls as does the demand for any manufactured product. In 1932, for instance, the mint made only 19,000,000 new coins; everybody was broke. In 1945, on the other hand, factories were going full blast on war work, people were spending money hand over fist, and the mint turned out a whopping 2,646,000,000 coins.

But not only does total demand rise and fall, local peculiarities develop in different places at different times, and production and shipment have to be adjusted accordingly. Baltimore, for example, is known at the mint as a nickel town; its citizens never seem to have enough five-cent pieces. Why this is, nobody knows. New York, on the other hand, is a half-dollar town. Yet the mint almost never has to ship half dollars to New York. Apparently New Yorkers gather them in from all over the country in normal trade, and have plenty to spare if others need them. Texas, during certain crop seasons, uses an unbelievable number of small coins, probably because migrant field workers demand their pay every time they finish a row.

A calamity, sudden boom, holiday—almost anything that happens—can change our money habits temporarily and perhaps even permanently. Hurricane Diane caused a shortage of pennies in Pennsylvania, not because of losses but because a one-cent cigarette tax was imposed as a flood-relief measure, and cigarette machines had to (Continued on Page 82)

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Are you really the woman you think you are?

Do you ever wonder what you're like to other people? You're so close to you, it's difficult to know. The truth is, only a most unusual woman has anything but the vaguest idea what sort of person she really *is*.

Oh, it's perfectly normal for you to assume that you're quite nice, lovable and good-natured . . . someone other people enjoy being with . . . because that's what you intend to be.

But, unfortunately, we're not often judged by our intentions.

Why not think this over . . .

Right now is as good a time as any to do some serious thinking about *you.*

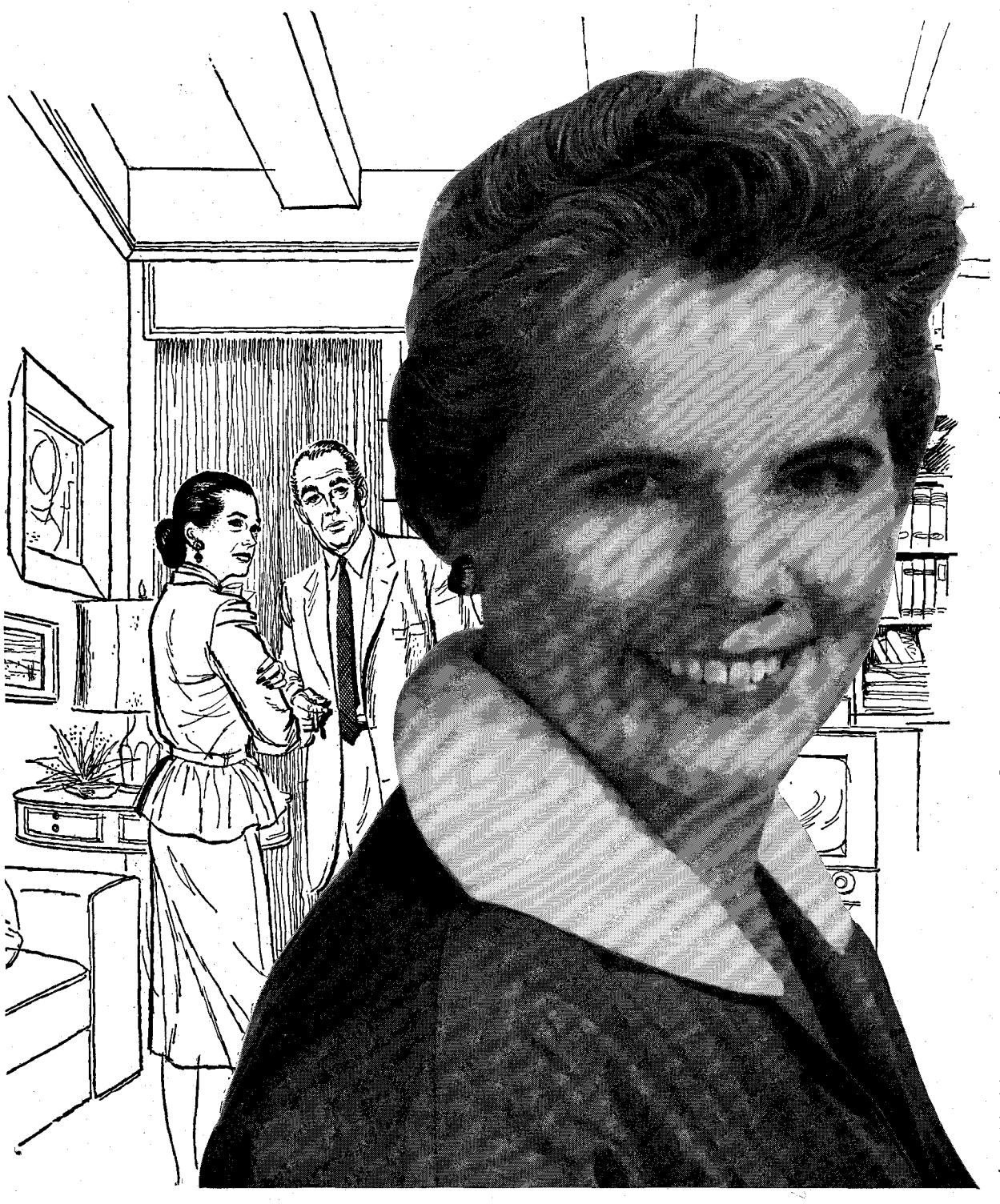
Have you become more difficult to live with over the years? Shorter-tempered . . . sharper-tongued?

Are you worn out much of the time, disturbed for no good reason, sometimes close to tears?

Do you have days—too many of them—when little things get on your nerves?

If you do, you may blame the fact that you're "not getting any younger". . . that you "have too much to do" or "not enough to occupy your mind." You may blame the children . . . or even the weather! Chances are you tell yourself. "Everybody has a bad day now and then." And—if it's only now and then—you may say, quite honestly, "I'm not myself today."

But, if those dreary days are more than occasional, *then that tired, irritable, upset person is becoming the REAL YOU.*



If day after day you're nervous and on edge . . . if night after night you toss and turn for hours . . . or lie tense, haunted by doubts and fears, you may be *headed for trouble.*

And the root of that trouble may be in a long-time habit you may think is above suspicion. Maybe you're the victim of a habit that's grown on you . . . the habit of depending on caffein in coffee or tea for quick artificial steadying.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is the caffein in coffee or tea.

The use of this stimulant, cup after cup, day after day, week after week, may help make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with.

However, if caffein is a habit with you, there's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a *bad* habit with a *good* one.

You switch from drinks containing caffein to a wonderful, hot beverage—*Instant Postum.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night because there isn't a single grain, speck or fleck of caffein in it.

New! Tastes like coffee

Now available for the first time is a new, delicious Instant Postum—Imitation Coffee Flavor.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes so full-bodied, so satisfying.

You make Postum instantly, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and famous regular Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for many years.

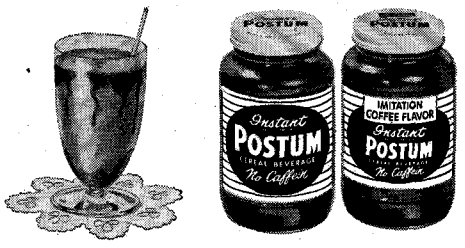
You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this satisfying, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—*for less than a cent a cup.* Both are so low-priced, compared with ground, instant or decaffeinated coffees. Cup for cup, Postum costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your life . . . give you zest to renew friendships . . . make *every* day so very worth while!

Don't let another day go by without giving this caffein-free beverage a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation.



Frostiest, most refreshing drink you'll taste all summer! It's the Postum milk shake—made with cold milk and Instant Postum. See easy directions on jars. You'll enjoy iced Instant Postum, too—and Instant Postum is always delicious hot. Have some today—*any* way!

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Reservation for Murder

The killer offered to make a trade—and this was Cassidy's answer.

By THOMAS WALSH

Ever so carefully, Francis Janisek helped Cousin Josef to a chair. "Excellency," he murmured. "Please. You must not exert yourself." And all the time Janisek kept his fingers crossed. Would his fraud really come off?

Janisek had invented a scheme to steal $293,000 from Bishop Paul Hruba. The money had been raised by newspaper owner Theodore Victor as a tribute to the clergyman, who had recently escaped from the communists.

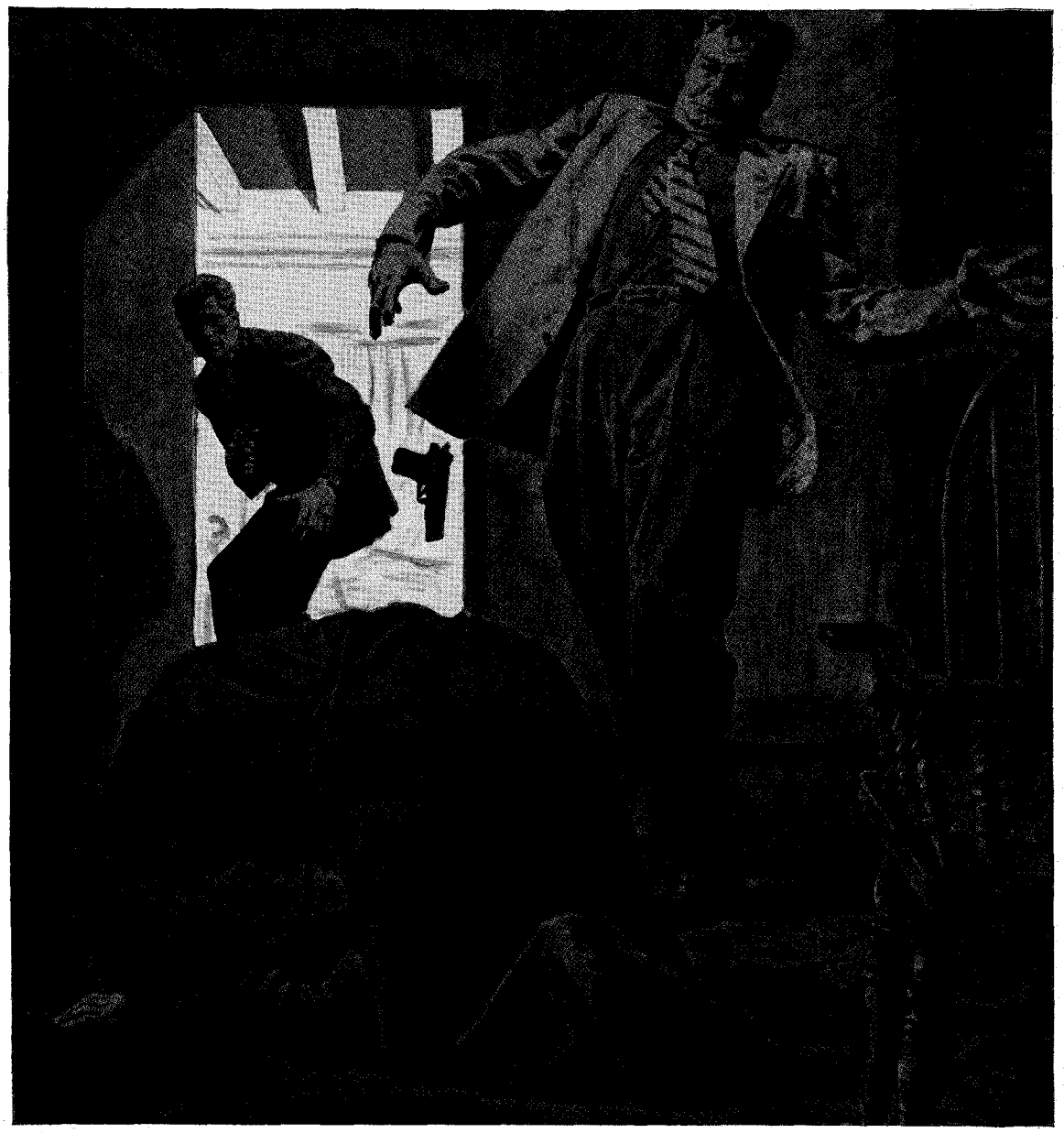
Josef, the bishop's look-alike cousin, was the key man in the plan. Janisek intended to capture the bishop, and then use Josef, a spineless alcoholic, as a pawn to grab the money. Colonel Tedescu, the bishop's aide, helped Janisek work the first part of his plan. He gave the bishop a strong sedative and then imprisoned him in his own hotel room.

Janisek and Tedescu were forced to make Josef play the role of the bishop before they intended to, when Theodore Victor asked to see the clergyman. Victor brought along Edward Lascoulie, who had once served as ambassador to the bishop's homeland. At one point, Josef almost gave the show away, but despite this slip, the two visitors accepted him as the bishop without question.

Meanwhile, Ray Cassidy, a hotel detective, was looking for Janisek. Cassidy's partner, Charlie Mueller, had been killed by Emil Novak, a henchman of Janisek. Cassidy had seen Janisek with Novak, so the swindler was under suspicion.

Cassidy narrowed his search to the twenty-second floor of the hotel, the floor on which the bishop's suite was located. He even checked the bishop's suite, but Janisek ducked into another room just in time.

After the bishop's guests left, Janisek began congratulating himself on carrying everything out so well. Tedescu interrupted him with some disturbing news. The sedative had worn off the bishop. "He seems just like himself again!" said Tedescu.



Janisek collapsed forward over the slight figure in the black cassock.

CONCLUSION

So the supreme moment sputtered and faded out—vanished instantly—and Mr. Janisek, who had been bubbling around like a small boy, nodding happily at Tedescu, and altogether unable to keep still, understood at once, and with rather a sick emptiness taking over in him, that if one climax had been handled just now in 2234, another—the last and the most difficult too—was about to begin.

"I could hear him muttering to himself while they were still in the room!" Tedescu went on hurriedly. "Can you imagine it, Janisek? How I felt then! If he got up—if he had insisted on coming out here —— He must have heard them. 'Who is it?' he asked, as soon as he had turned the lamp on. 'Friends of mine,' I told him, when I could speak; 'some people who ——' He lay back again for a moment, but then he got up, and now he is in the bathroom washing himself. What shall we do? How can we handle him in here, Janisek?"

"He has got up?" Mr. Janisek repeated, standing motionless now, but darting his eyes over at the bedroom doorway. "He has actually dressed himself?"

"Just the cassock," Tedescu whispered back. "He is hungry, Janisek. He informed me that he would like some tea and toast now, if it is available at this hour. I must call down."

"Of course!" Mr. Janisek shot back passionately. "That is what we will worry about now. Tea and toast!" He made a savagely inarticulate gesture with his clenched hands. Here again was an evidence of bitter and spiteful malignancy directed straight at Francis Janisek. Why couldn't the old man have slept on for ten minutes or so? No disturbance, then; just the pillow over his face. While this way —— "He appears to suspect nothing?"

"He has even forgotten accusing me!" Tedescu whispered. "He was very friendly to me, just the same as ever in there. I do not understand it at all! But —— How did you manage to face up to Theodore Victor and the other one? You were perhaps anxious a little bit?"

"Then you did not hear the imbecile?" Mr. Janisek demanded breathlessly. "How he protested to them? How he absolutely refused to obey me at the

(Continued on Page 89)

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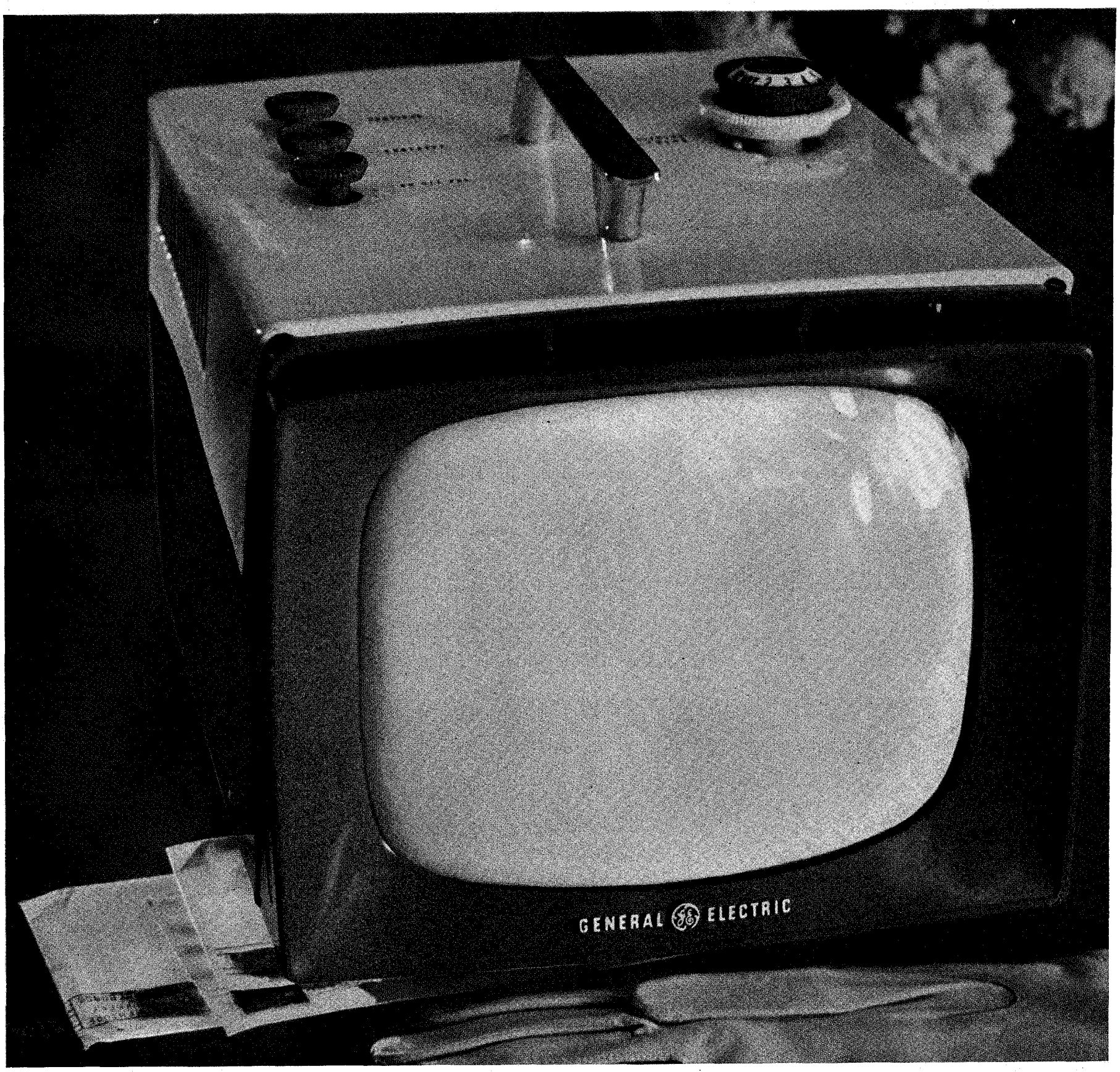

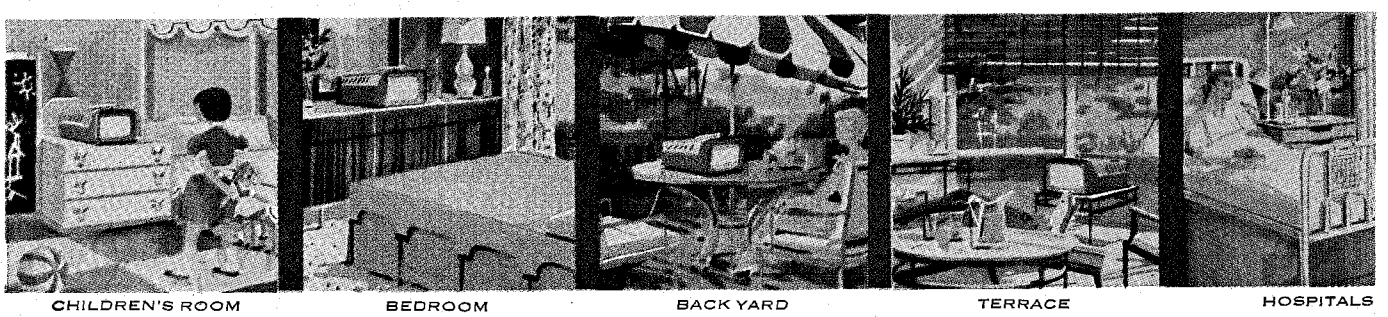

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notic

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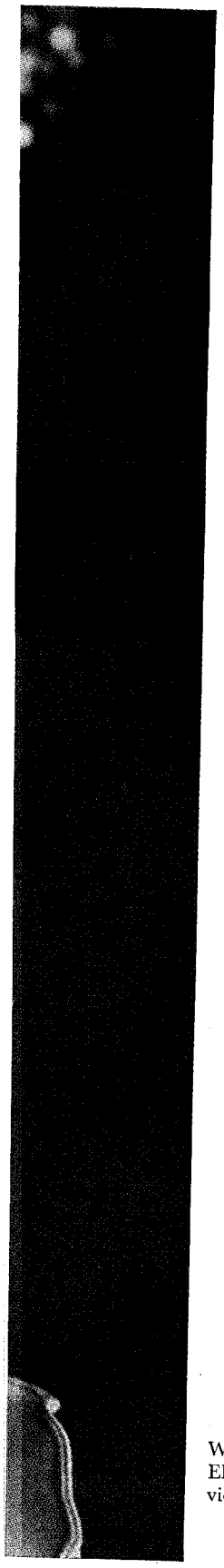


FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC, naturally THE NEWEST IDEA IN PORTABLE TELEVISION

A portable that weighs under 13 pounds (less than a portable typewriter) brings in as sharp a picture as a console...costs as little as $99.95*

FROM THE LEADER in portable television comes the most *portable* portable of them all—the *new* General Electric *Personal*.

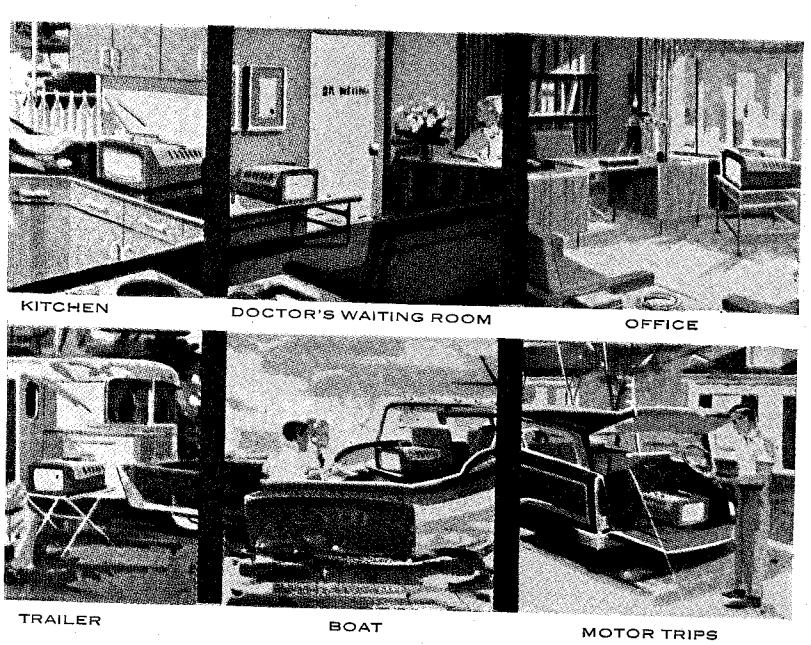
It's the world's lightest (under 13 pounds, actually weighs less than a portable typewriter). And it takes up so little space that you can use it on your office desk or kitchen counter or bedroom night stand. Performance? This portable pulls in as tight and sharp a picture as a console. Price? As irresistibly low as $99.95.*

Just think of the places you can use this newest General Electric television idea. We've indicated several possibilities in the pictures below, and you'll probably think of lots more. *Now* you can be where you want to be and still not miss your favorite programs. Just plug in your General Electric portable and have television where you want it.

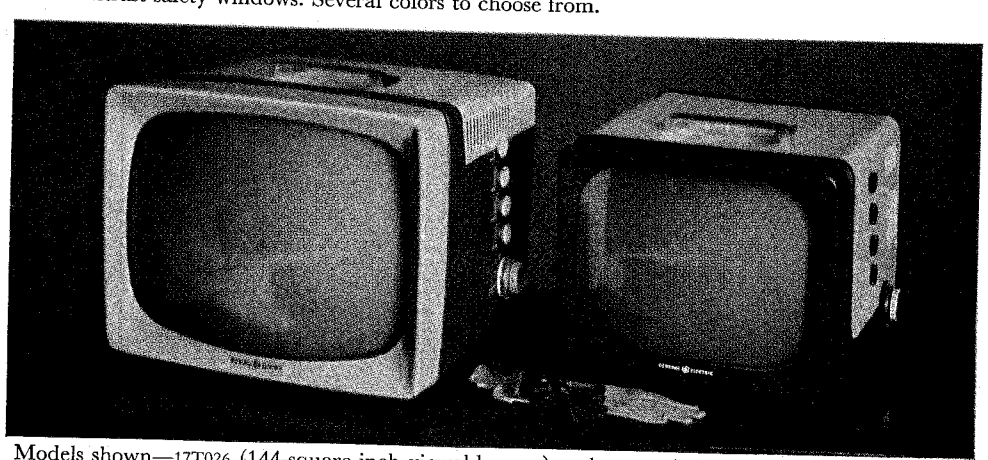
This handy, handsome General Electric comes in a rugged aluminum cabinet—in two happy color combinations: Bermuda Brown and Ivory or Peacock Blue and Ivory, in slow-baked, no-chip enamel.

The *Personal* is just one of a full line of General Electric portables that you can see at your General Electric dealer's store right now. (His name's in the Yellow Pages.) Chances are, you'll want to start your Christmas shopping right away. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse 8, N. Y.

World's most compact portable: The General Electric Personal, with 40 square inches of viewable area. *Model* 9T002.



BIG-SCREEN PORTABLE—32 pounds, COMPANION PORTABLE—26 pounds. Both perform like consoles, thanks to aluminized picture tubes, dark-contrast safety windows. Several colors to choose from.



Models shown—17T026 (144-square-inch viewable area) and 14T017 (95-square-inch viewable area)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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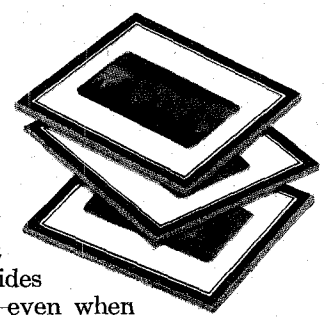
This color slide camera makes you an expert—*easily!*



argus C-4 $84.50

Most dealers offer budget terms . . .
as little as $8.45 down

The Argus C-4 has an extremely fast f:2.8 Cintar lens that gives your color slides amazing sharpness, delicate shadings—even when they're taken in dim light.

Its lens-coupled rangefinder-viewfinder lets you compose and focus through one window—so easy to do, even if you wear glasses. Then just line up Color-matic settings and take your picture.

A super-accurate shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second lets you "freeze" motion for thrilling action shots. And you get so many other luxury features: full-range flash synchronization, double exposure prevention, Color-matic settings; many more.

You can't miss having fun—or taking beautiful color slides that you project life-size—with the Argus C-4. Your nearby Argus dealer has the C-4 and other fine Argus color-slide cameras from $32.50. See him today—and be an expert tomorrow!

Clip-on light meter, shown above clipped to the camera, frees your hands and gives you the instant, accurate settings you need for perfectly-exposed pictures. Model L-44: only $17.50 including case.

argus®

Argus Cameras, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan.
WORLD'S NO. 1 NAME IN COLOR-SLIDE EQUIPMENT

I Fought All the Way

(Continued from Page 25)

Colman's Church in Brockton, Massachusetts, by Rev. Leroy V. Cooney. It was quite an affair. We sent out 650 invitations, but about 800 showed up. People who had started following me in boxing came in from all parts of New England. Afterward we all went to Cappy's, a restaurant about three miles from my home. I was really duded up. I had on one of those fancy wing collars and a coat with tails, and striped pants, and a tie like you see the Englishmen wear at the races.

It was the first time Weill was in Brockton. Charley Goldman, who trained me, was with him. It was a real big thing for our guests. Everybody kept singling out Weill during the party because they had read so much in the sports columns about this big-time New York manager, and finally somebody yelled, "We want a speech!"

First little Charley Goldman made a real nice talk about how easy I was to handle. He told Barbara I'd make a good husband because I was such an easy-going kind of guy who did what he was told. Then Weill says, "I want to make a speech," and he grabbed a glass of Italian wine and he said, "I want to make a toast."

In front of all those people, he says, "Remember, Barbara, Rocky's boxing future comes first. This marriage has to play second fiddle because he'll have to pay strict attention to me. I don't want you to be bossy and you got to understand we got a big job to do. So, Barbara, honey, here's a toast to you: Rocky will be the next champion. I promise you."

Al made good his promise to Barbara, and Barbara made good her promise to him. She wasn't bossy and I wasn't much of a husband and father, but I became the champ. When I knocked out Archie Moore in nine rounds last fall, it was my sixth successful defense of the title. When I announced my retirement last April twenty-seventh, I was the only champion in the history of boxing never to lose a fight in his whole professional career. My record's clean—forty-nine fights, forty-nine wins.

My reputation's clean too. I never did a wrong thing in boxing, although a few wrong things were done to me, about which I'll tell you later. Boxing's been good to me. I have my own ranch home in the outskirts of Brockton, and my mother and father and all the kids, who are grown up now, are set up pretty good. I was able to retire my father from the shoe factories in which he worked forty-six years. I was able to send my folks on a vacation to the old country in Italy, where they used to live, and they've gone on trips with Barbara and me.

I know people all over the world now. I met President Eisenhower and Cardinal Spellman, and I'm buddy-buddy with all kinds of celebrities. I've even learned what fork to use at fancy dinners, and I've educated myself in other ways as I went along.

I came from poor people, and I know the value of a dollar. There were enough bad examples to remind me not to blow my dough. And I never was hurt fighting. I got knocked down only twice in my career. But it was a rough buck in the ring. I only have to see the trouble Joe Louis is in now, with his income-tax debt and heart trouble, too, to know that I did the smart thing to get out when I did and in the shape I'm in.

I've made enough money so that I'm just sitting back waiting to see how things develop before I jump into new work. I've had a dozen jobs offered to me that will pay me a good income. I took one job helping out with the publicity at the Raynham Park dog track because my friend, Russ Murray, owns the place. I'll take some more jobs because I'm not thinking that retirement means sitting around and getting fat.

Last June first I got a letter from Buff Donelli, the football coach at Boston U. He wrote: "Retirement is not a normal thing. Don't think in terms of retirement. Think in terms of a new vocation."

That's what I'm doing. In the meantime, I've still got income coming in from the Moore fight, which was spread over several years. That fight earned better than $1,000,000 at the gate and from theater TV and the movies. Our end was 40 per cent. Of course, expenses and the manager's cut take a big bite out of this, and income taxes take still more. Even so, with the Moore payoff added to what I'd already made, you can see I'm pretty well off. If I never got anything more than the income from my capital, which is invested real good, I'd still have enough to live conservatively for the rest of my life.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're playing Guy Lombardo!
The wheel has come full circle!"

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A lot of people doubt this. They're still saying I'll come back. They say I announced my retirement because I'd run through all the fighters who could draw a big gate with me, and that, after a new champion is crowned, I'll come back and challenge him.

I can understand why people would think like that. After all, when I retired in April, I'd kayoed Moore, and Floyd Patterson wasn't considered ready for a title fight. So why wouldn't I come back if I could fight one or the other and pick up maybe $250,000 more without getting hurt?

Well, it's not going to be that way. My successor will have nothing to worry about from me. I've hung up my gloves and I'm not getting into a ring again, except maybe to take a bow. I've got a lot of wonderful memories and I'm not going to spoil them.

The best I could get out of fighting again is more money. What good is money when I'm worried about whether my little girl's eyes can be straightened and she won't be cross-eyed? What good's another bankbook or another stock when my wife has a glandular condition which almost choked her to death one night last spring? What good are all the headlines in the papers—and I admit I got a bang out of reading them—when I'm scared that my own back is so bad I may be kind of a cripple for the rest of my life?

Let's take the back trouble first. After I went to the Brockton Hospital in July and it got out that I had a ruptured spinal disk, there were rumors that that's why I retired. Well, that's wrong, too, and I'll tell you how wrong. I've had a ruptured disk in my back ever since August, 1949.

I first felt that terrible backache and got so stiff that I had to fight out of a crouch just before I knocked out Pete Louthis in three rounds in New Bedford, Massachusetts, the sixteenth of that month. That night I could hardly get through the ropes into the ring. Allie Colombo, my closest buddy, who was with me my entire career, had to stretch the lower rope almost down to the canvas and hold the middle rope as high as he could get it.

Allie and me thought it was just a muscle strain or something that would go away with heat treatment and massage, but it didn't. It kept getting worse. In the meantime Weill booked me for two more fights. I kayoed Tommy DiGiorgio in four and beat Ted Lowry in ten. Then I just had to go to see a specialist.

Only four people in the whole world knew about it. Aside from me and Allie, there was just Al Norling, the health director at the Brockton Y.M.C.A., where I'd been taking heat, and Dr. Thomas B. Quigley, of Boston. Weill, who thought he knew everything about me, will learn about this old trouble here.

While I'm at it, I'll throw Al another surprise. I've had an arthritic right elbow ever since 1951, just before the Joe Louis fight. I knocked out Louis in eight rounds with an arm I couldn't straighten out. Dr. Gardner G. Bassett, of Brockton, examined me then and found calcium deposits in the joint. My right arm's still shorter than my left. It's crooked at the elbow, and nobody ever knew it except me, Allie and the doc who took the X rays. When they were X-raying my back at Brockton Hospital in July, they took more X rays of the elbow, too, and found that the condition still exists.

Even my wife never knew about these things until after I went in the hospital. Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg, who helped me write this story of my life, tried to pump her for background on my ailments, and she couldn't tell them anything. Then they wrote to Doctor Quigley, who sent them my medical report, which showed that he'd examined me twice—on October 17, 1949, and November 9, 1949—and taken X rays and diagnosed my trouble as a slipped disk.

My second visit to Doctor Quigley was a funny one. I felt a little better, but the back still was bad. He talked about a back brace for me and about certain exercises. Then I told him that two days before, I'd knocked out Joe Domonic in two rounds in Providence.

"In that case," the doc says, "exercises obviously would be silly, and a brace is out of the question."

The doc told me I could keep on doing what I was doing, but warned me nobody could tell about the future. He said maybe the pain would disappear or maybe it would get worse. He said that maybe it would be necessary to have an operation if it did get real bad, but even if I had to get cut open I could box again six months after an operation.

To me, that was terrible, and right away I decided I was just going to forget about the pain. I was really just getting started in boxing. In 1948, a year after I got out of the Army and got serious about making boxing a career, I lied about my age. I gave myself a year the best of it. I said I was born in 1924. Actually it was 1923. By the time of the back trouble I was almost twenty-six. I couldn't afford a layoff. I was old enough as it was.

So I kept my back trouble a secret. Later on, after I was the champ and I'd get a pain, I'd say to myself, "Gee, I hope it isn't that same thing again."

By the time it did come back almost six years later, I had had twenty-six more fights, won the title, defended it six times, and retired, and was in Bermuda with my family enjoying myself.

Barbara and me were kidding around in the ocean. I picked her up on my shoulders and felt a pain. My back stiffened a little, but I didn't think too much about it. Back in Brockton about a week later, I lifted Mary Anne, threw her up in the air and caught her. I thought I'd been stabbed. The next day I couldn't straighten up. I went to the hospital and Dr. Nathaniel Gould, an orthopedic specialist, diagnosed the trouble. He called in Dr. William H. Sweet, a neurosurgeon from Massachusetts General Hospital, who confirmed the diagnosis.

Laying there in the hospital I had lots of time to think. It was like another time one night last spring when Barbara and me were vacationing in South America. That's the night I definitely made up my mind to retire, but it was growing in me for a long time before that.

I never said to myself, "You'll have two more fights or one more fight and then quit." When I went into a fight, the bout was the only thing I thought about. I was lucky that way. I could push everything else out of my mind. At least, I could until the training for the Don Cockell fight in California in May, 1955, and the training for the Moore fight four months later.

I had no feeling at all for the Cockell fight. My nose had been cut bad in the second Ezzard Charles fight, and we had to give it a test in action. Weill was careful that way. He looked out for my interests. He looked out for his own, too, and Cockell served two purposes. He didn't figure to be tough. Also Jimmy Murray, the promoter in San Francisco, was a friend of Al's, and Al always liked for me to do favors for his friends.

I put Cockell away in fifty-four seconds of the ninth round. Even though I never hit a man so often in my life, I had no enthusiasm for it. The Moore fight should have been (*Continued on Page 57*)

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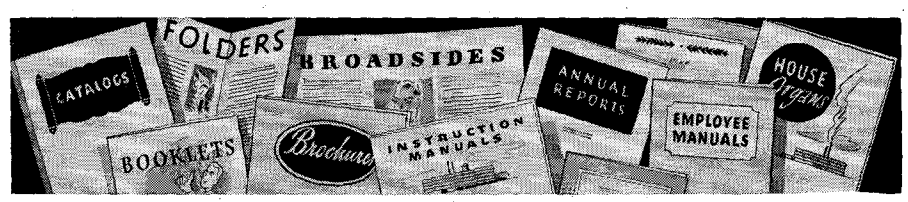

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YOU PRE-LOAD WITH RINSE CONDITIONER WHEN YOU LOAD THE WASHER
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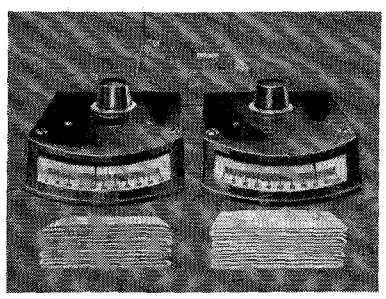

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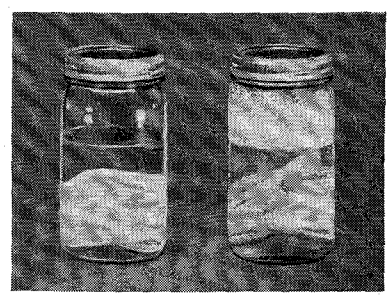

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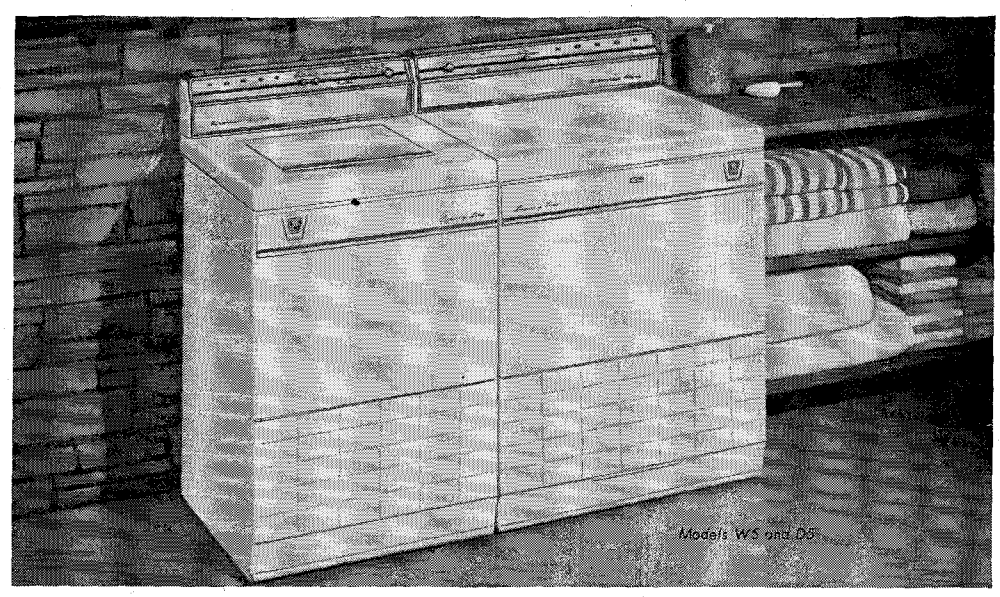

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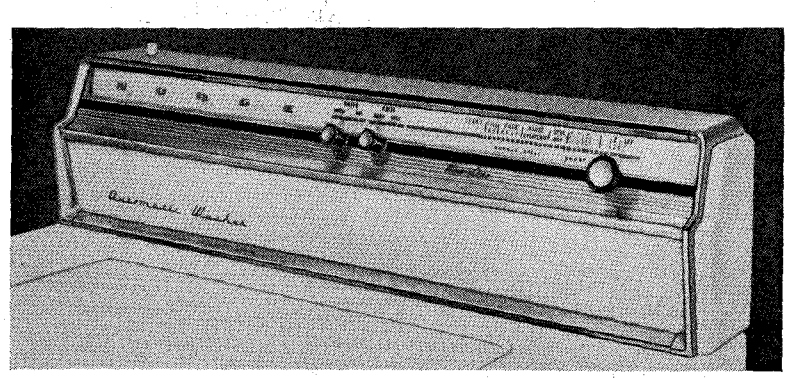

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(*Continued from Page 55*) different. This was the guy who had been chasing me and getting all the publicity. The gate was being built up on the idea that he was the old master.

I knew that some people still had their doubts about me. Joe Louis, they said, was an old man when I got to him. Jersey Joe Walcott put up such a great battle when I knocked him out for the title that he got most of the credit—and he deserved a lot of it. The second time I beat him they said I had no opposition. When Ezzard Charles went fifteen with me in our first fight, he kept me from hitting him a solid punch. The second time he cut my nose so badly that even I knew I'd have to knock him out quickly, or the ref maybe would stop the fight because of my bleeding.

With the Moore fight coming up, I felt I could prove something, but I wasn't getting the kick out of it that I should have. Allie Colombo and Charley Goldman sensed it in training. I'd always worked like a mule before, but this time if I thought I only needed two rounds of boxing in a day, that's all I'd take.

One day Allie and me were taking a walk on the country roads near my Grossinger training camp, and I said to him, "What do you think about retirement, Allie?"

"This is the biggest fight you ever had," Allie said. "You shouldn't be thinking about things like that now. Retirement needs a lot of thought, and this isn't the time to be thinking about it."

I really put the idea out of my mind, but somehow the day of the fight it came out in the newspapers about that conversation. In my dressing room that night after I beat Archie, the reporters started throwing questions at me about retirement.

"Yeah," I started to say, "my mother, father and wife would like to see me stop fighting."

But then Weill hustled me right into the shower room. "What's this about retirement?" he asked.

I says, "Al, I've been thinking about it."

"I can't make you fight if you don't want to," he says, "but don't tell these guys. Let them think you're going to fight some more. There's plenty of dough can be made while you're still the champ. Once you retire, there's no money for you."

Later that night I went to my suite in the Concourse Plaza Hotel near the Yankee Stadium. I had a mouse over and under my left eye and a cut in the lid, but I wasn't thinking about that. I was all mixed up. Usually after a fight you start unwinding. You get kind of limp. The work and excitement's over, and you begin to feel the exhaustion. Usually there's guys around who don't let you get down. They liven things up and you catch their pep.

I was sitting in the kitchen of the suite, resting my head in my hand, when pop walked in. My father was always a great one for making me proud of my wins. He was a sickly man who never made better than seventy-five dollars a week in his best days, but when I started fighting, it was like a whole new world opened up for him. He became a big man in Brockton. In the training camps he did a lot of little jobs for me, and he felt important. He was a great help. After every fight he was usually the happiest man at the celebration, but this time pop looked terrible. His face was pale. He looked terrible tired.

"Pop," I said, "what's the matter with you? You look worried."

"I'm all right," he said. "I'm all right now."

I pulled out a kitchen chair for him. "Gee, you don't look it, pop. Sit down and rest."

Pop couldn't sit down. He walked out into the living room and I watched how nervous he was. He kept walking back and forth. One of the fellows in there told him to rest, and I heard pop say, "This is my son. He fight a toughest man. Toughest like Walcott. This is not an easy life my boy has."

Just then Al Weill came into the kitchen and shut the glass door. He started giving me hell for talking about retirement. "Tell them it's just talk," he said. "Tell them they're putting words into your mouth. You can retire if you want to, but don't say it. You don't have to say it for a year. We'll say we'll fight the best man."

"Yeah, Al," I said, "I'll tell them it's just talk," and all the time I was watching my father walking back and forth. I'd never realized how tough it was on him, seeing me in the ring.

The next day I went to a meeting in Al's office in the Shelton Hotel with Allie and Father Paul McKenzie, a priest from Carbondale, Pennsylvania, who started visiting me at training camps and became my friend. He knew my whole family.

At the meeting, Weill was talking about an exhibition tour he planned right away for Italy without my wife going along. Later I talked to Father Paul about it.

"You just got through with a big fight," he said to me. "I think you should spend more time with your family. It's all right for you to make money while you're fighting, but your family's more important. As a matter of fact, I think you should give some thought to retirement."

The same day I called Weill and went back to his office. "I've been thinking," I said. "I don't want to go on tour. I'm going to stick around home as much as I can. Call everything off."

Weill acted like he couldn't understand me. He says, "Are you sure? Take a couple of weeks off and have a little fun, and you'll change your mind. While you're still hot we can pick up some quick dough. You can make some TV shows around here, any one you want. It's a shame to waste this kind of money."

"Look," I told him, "I'm going to go home and spend the time with the wife and kid. I've been so busy I've missed them."

So I left, went back to Brockton and stuck around for two or three weeks. Al kept calling me, wanting to know what about the tour. In the meantime Barbara and me started making plans to go to South America. When we had the plans set, I called Weill.

He said, "All right, if that's what you want to do. I got connections down there, and I'll make some arrangements. We'll pick up all your expenses and maybe make a few dollars out of it too."

I said, "Al, that's the one thing Barbara doesn't want. She wants me to be with her. She wants this to be a pleasure trip. Why does it always have to be business? I'm going on this trip. I'll see you when we get back."

We landed at Trinidad and then at Venezuela, and there were big receptions for us at both the airports. Then we went to São Paulo, Brazil. We stayed there for ten days. I really enjoyed myself down there. Then we went over to Rio and stayed at the Excelsior Hotel, right on Copacabana Beach. We expected to be gone two months or so, but I cut the trip short to about six weeks because of some things that happened.

In São Paulo, I think it was, we were night-clubbing and taking these little cruises on boats, and we met up with a lot of nice couples we got very friendly with. You know how it is with people when they get enjoying each other's company. Husbands and wives would tell about the places they'd been and the

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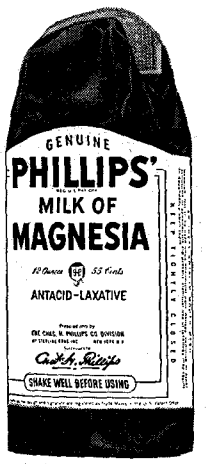

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things they'd seen and done with each other. All of a sudden I realized I never really had any kind of family life. Everything I had done had to do with boxing. Everything Barbara had done she had to do herself, or with some of her girl friends she'd take along, or with an army of fight guys with us.

Barbara's been to Mexico three times, to Florida a couple of times, and out on the Coast and up to Canada. But except for one time after the Cockell fight when I went to Acapulco with her, we'd never been like these other people.

Well, Barbara told some of these people about one of her trips without me to Acapulco, and I was ashamed and embarrassed. She was seldom allowed near my training camps, and I was in training for my first Ezzard Charles fight in 1954 when she made that trip. She was pregnant and she had a miscarriage down there, and I didn't even learn about it until after the fight. She had a real bad time, but she kept writing to me that she was having a fine time. It wasn't until later that I found out all about it from the friends who had been with her.

Well, these people we met up with in Brazil couldn't understand the funny kind of life we led. Barbara tried to explain to them that it was necessary for a fellow who wanted to be a good fighter, but I could see she was embarrassed by it. She said that even after a fellow's a champion, he still owes a lot to the public and the fight fans, and one lady said, "Barbara, I wonder if you've ever considered that your husband also owes a lot to you and your daughter?"

That hit me like a roundhouse right on the chin. I kept hearing those other wives saying they wouldn't live this kind of life for all the money and fame in the world, and when we got back to our hotel that night, I said to Barbara, "Honey, is it that bad?" And she said to me, "Really, it's no fun, you know, Rock. I get that from a lot of people."

She wasn't complaining. From the beginning she never complained, not even on our honeymoon down in Miami Beach. The second or third day down there I got up real early. Barbara woke up, too, and asked me where I was going at seven in the morning.

"I got to see Jack," I said. He was Jack Werst, a diamond dealer from Dayton, Ohio, who was kind of our host on our honeymoon, and has become one of my best friends and advisers since then.

I went out, but I didn't go to see Jack. I actually went and did roadwork. When I got back, Barbara didn't say anything. The next day I told her I had to see another guy. I went over to this empty tract of land near a golf range and did roadwork again. Without my knowing it, Barbara got dressed and followed me out. She drove around in this convertible we'd hired and finally spotted me. She didn't call me or wave or anything. When I got back to the hotel she told me she saw me.

"If you want to do roadwork on our honeymoon," she said, "you don't have to use a phony excuse. That's your job. I understand it."

Now, on our South American trip, I was beginning to understand a lot I didn't know before. In Rio one night we were both asleep when I heard this funny noise and woke up. Barbara was rolling around like she was in pain or having a bad dream. She was groaning, sort of, and her breathing was so hoarse and scary that I woke her.

"I can't breathe," she said. "Open the window."

The windows were open as far as they could go. I moved her bed over to the window. I didn't know what else I could do. I wanted to call a doctor, but she said not to bother, that it would pass.

I felt her head and she was warm. She told me to feel the lump in her neck, under her chin. There was a knot there like a golf ball.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I've had it before," she said, "four or five times, but never as bad as this." Then she told me it was a gland condition.

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" I said. "Why didn't you see a doctor?"

"I've seen doctors," Barbara said, "but I didn't want to bother you with it. You're always so busy, Rock. You're training for a fight or you're fighting or you're on tour. The doctors say I'll have to go to the hospital to have it taken care of, and I don't want to go without you being around all the time. I'm afraid, Rock. I'm afraid I may have cancer or something."

That really frightened me, but I knew the poor kid was more scared than I was. "When we get back," I said, "we'll get the best doctors, specialists, and I'll be with you as long as you want me to."

After a while this thing got a little better and Barbara got back to sleep. I tried to sleep, too, but I couldn't. I laid there and watched it getting light, and all the time I kept thinking about Barbara and Mary Anne and my family.

I got a chill thinking about one afternoon on the hill at Grossinger's when I started training for my title defense against LaStarza in 1953, and my mother said she'd like to have a little talk with me.

"Sure, mom," I said, "I got ten minutes."

"Ten minutes is no good," she said, sad, but real annoyed. "Sometimes I think you not *figlio mio* no more. You not my son. You only the champ."

"Mom," I said, trying to explain, "I'm so busy all the time. I got so many things on my mind."

"Sure," she said. "What things? The last couple years I know nothing about you. The family never see you. You always run here. Run there. Your sister, Concetta, have a baby, you no see it 'til it's old, four months maybe. You don't see your sister Betty's baby for two months. Your old friend Snap get married, you don't come to the wedding. Your own baby is born, you not with your wife. Your own baby you don't see 'til she's old, seven days. Mary Anne growing up and you missing it. When there's going to be the end?"

My God, I said to myself, laying there that night in Rio, I got to make up my mind. Even mom's getting sore at me. Even Mary Anne doesn't know me. Maybe I cried a little right there, because I thought of coming home after one of my fights. I tried to take the kid from Barbara's hands and Mary Anne started to cry and wouldn't come to me, and she tried to hide.

Another time I saw a picture of the baby in the paper and one of her eyes looked funny, but I thought it was only the sunlight on the picture that made it look that way. But I came home from one trip, and the baby came out after watching television, and the eye was turning inwards, like it was crossed a little. I mentioned it to Barbara. She said other people had mentioned it. I said, "Why didn't you tell me about it?" And she said, "When do you have time to listen?"

All of that stuff hit me all of a sudden. I never before tried to figure these things out. I said to myself, "Rock, what are you looking for? What have you got to gain, going on like this?" I wanted to have a little money and a little influence and the things that go with it, and I had them. My wife had furs and jewelry, but she didn't have me and I didn't have her. I said to myself, "Rock, where the hell are you going to stop before you go overboard?"

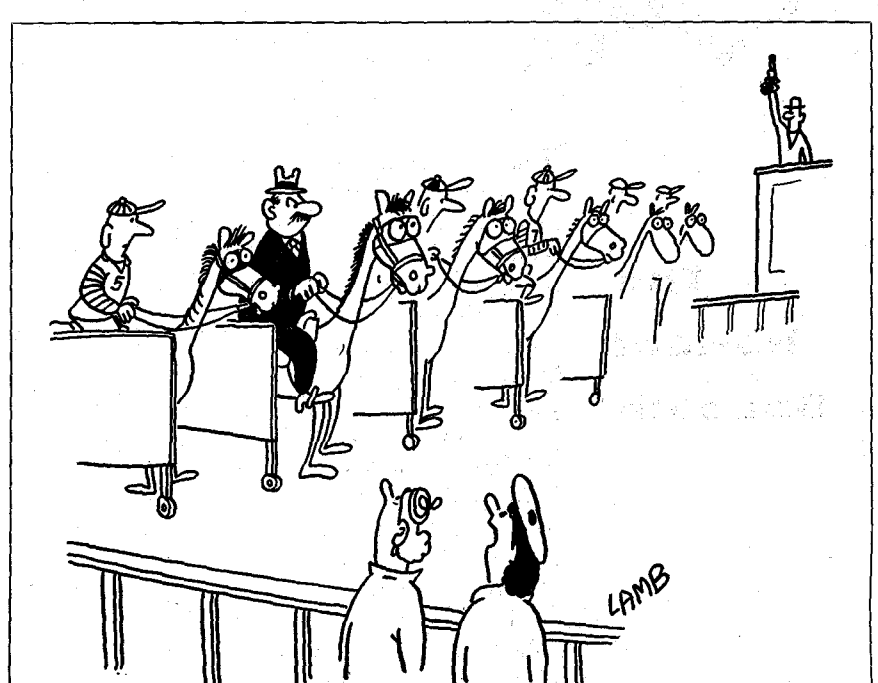
That was it, I guess. Right away I felt relieved. When Barbara woke up, I told her we were cutting our trip short. We were flying back to the States as soon as I could get plane reservations. Maybe she knew then what I had in mind. But she didn't ask me. About anything big she never pressed me.

When we landed at Idlewild in New York I sent her right on to Boston, and told her to find out about doctors for herself and the baby. I had a commitment to meet Weill in Macon, Georgia, in a few days. "Maybe I'll have some good news for you in about two weeks," I said, "after I see Al."

I went to Atlanta, Georgia, and spent the night with some friends. The next night I met Al in Macon. Al seemed in a happy mood, like maybe there couldn't be anything on my mind. He wanted to talk about my trip. I told him about Barbara getting sick and how I found out how this thing was bothering her.

"Al," I said, "I think I've had my last fight."

Editors' Note—This is the first of six articles. The second will appear next week.



"George is pretty disgusted—he hasn't picked a winner in a month!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Baseball Wife (Continued from Page 37)

with a huge, brown young paw. His eyes were fastened on something on the rug; from his expression, it might have been a coiled rattlesnake instead of the sports page of a morning paper with the headline: BONUS BABY GOES HITLESS AGAIN AS SOX LOSE SIXTH IN A ROW. "You'd think a man in a batting slump didn't have any more chance to come out of it than if he was in his coffin. Right now I'm letting them down and costing us the pennant, and they don't seem to—to have any hope I'll do different."

"Honey," Jill said desperately, "you spoiled them. You're their baby. Bonus or otherwise. Take that home run in the fourteenth inning off Ford and home runs in nine straight games and the longest string of ——"

"That joker, McMonicle," Petey said. "In the dugout yesterday he was kidding on the level. 'Another bonus baby up the spout,' he says. 'I told them to wait until the pitchers found out what you can't hit before they start spending the Series dough,' he says. Cap shut him up then, and now this morning Cap's apologizing for me in print. Red Smith's got it in his column that Cap says maybe he brought me along too fast."

Jill's throat hurt so no words came; she tilted back her head and showed him a small, pointed face as young as a kitten's, with very bright eyes and a few freckles on the white skin. Petey took such a hold on her then that she could hardly breathe. He kissed her, and Jill's mind was a whirligig of joy at being kissed by Petey as if he loved her so much, because the fact that he loved her—Petey, who could have had any girl in high school or college—always had been and still was a miracle, and trying to kiss back so he'd know she loved him even more, and all the time trying, at some other level that never stopped any more, to figure out what she was going to say when he stopped kissing her. What would be a mistake and what wouldn't. Whether to baby him or try something like kicking him in the shins. Cry or scold or kid him or what? What to get a man out of a batting slump which, with radio and television, was now upsetting the whole city and state and even the nation. Petey was as touchy as a teething baby.

He stopped kissing her and she felt his mind beginning to turn over again: *Come on, Petey*, and she said quickly, "Sports writers have to write something; for months they've been writing you are the greatest natural ballplayer since Ty Cobb, so now people want to read about you; so now they write about you not hitting like Ty Cobb."

"They must want to shoot me," Petey said, "but, except for that McMonicle, all the fellows treat me—just great. Gillie told me yesterday he and Dorothy are expecting another baby; they've got four, they were kind of hoping for the Series dough. And Zimmerman and Marcias and Whitman—they've been trying so long and this is their last chance ever to play in a World Series. Way I'm going, I'm apt to beat us out of it ——" His voice broke badly.

"They wouldn't be close enough to any pennant to worry about not winning it, if it wasn't for you," Jill said.

"That's no help," Petey said.

Jill put her hands around his face, trying to comfort him. "It can change in a split second," she said. "You'll swing and it'll go over the fence like it used to."

"It did that in reverse," Petey said. "One second, I'd swing and hit anything anybody could throw; and the next I swing, and all of a sudden—nothing."

"Why?" Jill said, a little shrill.

"I don' know why," Petey said helplessly, hopelessly. "I can't even seem to remember any more how it used to be."

Jill could feel then that to Petey it seemed longer than all the rest of his twenty-two years put together since he'd really hit one. The feel of that despair was coming out of him in waves, filling the room right up to the ceiling. The Boy Wonder. Hitting .397 his first year in the majors. Now they were calling him the $100,000 Flop; the words sent Jill's stomach into a freeze. It froze the eggs she hadn't wanted for breakfast anyhow. She'd eaten them as an example to Petey: *See, darling, what nice eggs; see how Jill's eating her eggs. Now you eat yours, like a good boy.* Now she thought it was just as well Petey hadn't. A batting slump with the team three games behind, and only twenty left to play, and ten of those on the road, could turn eggs into ulcers, even at Petey's age.

"All night," Petey said, not looking at her, "I kept wondering if I should have taken that job with the oil company. Your folks didn't want you to marry a ballplayer. You weren't cut out for this kind of —— It gets rough! On your account, maybe I should have taken that respectable job and ——"

"My account! I can take it."

Petey smiled at her and she began to cry inside, *Oh, Petey.*

He said, "I—you're not the kind of a girl who ought to have to take anything. First time I saw you—that day in old lady Hardenburg's class, when she was being sarcastic to you, remember?—I don' know, I got the idea right then I'd like to take care of you, and here I am putting you through it. All I wanted was everything to be real sure for you."

"As long as I've got you, it is," Jill said.

But it wasn't. Not with Petey's eyes so hurt even when he was smiling. Oh, sure, he swore, like a few minutes ago, and swaggered up there when they could see him, as though he didn't hear a word, and probably in the dugout he gave it back to McMonicle. Petey was tough. But all the time his eyes were hurt and bewildered, like a kid, which he wasn't any more. This was the worst thing that could happen to anybody. Jill knew that now. Seeing somebody you loved humiliated, seeing him hurt, when you couldn't do anything. People ought to be grateful if that wasn't happening to them. They ought to appreciate their blessings.

I can't do anything, Jill thought. *What can I do? . . . I have to. I'm his wife.*

Petey kissed her and went to the door. The papers he stepped over were read by millions of people who all knew by now that her husband hadn't had a hit yesterday. Nor the day before. And only a bunt he beat out the day before that.

Petey said, "I'll be home for dinner if they don't lynch me first."

"You—don't want me to come out?" Jill said.

"Not unless you want to," Petey said; "no use both of us watching some pitcher make a monkey out of me."

"Maybe today ——" Jill said.

"Then you can come out tomorrow," Petey said. "You don't really want to come, do you?"

"I ——" Jill said.

He came back and kissed her again and went out hurriedly; she knew he had all he could do not to bust out crying.

I ought to go, she told herself bitterly. *If I really had faith I'd want to go. He wants me there. I ought to show him I believe in him, if nobody else does. Only I can't stand it any more. Over and over, every time he comes to bat, and it's so public. Papa must be having a fit; he always thought I was so shy. I ought to be there behind Petey, backing him up. I'm his wife. With all he's got now, I'm a burden he's worrying about: whether he should have gone with the oil company when he loves baseball more than if they gave him the oil company. What kind of a wife is that to be?*

She ran to the window so she could see Petey walking to the bus that ran out to the park. A big guy, built for speed and stamina, moving with the grace that had stopped her breath from the first day she'd seen him play in high school. So beautiful. How proud she'd been in college to be Petey Hagan's girl—little Jill Cadwalader, who wore glasses and was president of the Girls' League, but no ball of fire with the boys. Now he was going out there into the lion's den again, and all she could do was cry. Love ought to be different. If you were willing to be burned at the stake for somebody there ought to be a way.

He turned around and waved toward her the way he always did, and she began to shake all over. She hadn't gone back to sleep after his being awake woke her about three, and she felt the icy sweat on his bare shoulders. Her head felt loose inside with fatigue. Look on the bright side! What bright side? Why? Why couldn't Petey hit any more? Why can't people who can hit or write or sing or compose or fly airplanes or tell which way the market's going, up or down, why can't they? They must get disconnected. Yesterday you were a hero and today you're a bum. "The big California bubble Cap Toman was counting on to bat his Sox into the Series seems to have burst." Petey wasn't a bubble. And when they first came up here, Jill had been worried because she thought Petey was getting what papa called the swelled head, with his pictures in the papers all the time, and so many fan letters, and women waiting outside after the games for him, and kids following him in the street.

The ring of the telephone almost made her jump out of her skin. She gazed at it malevolently. Somebody being cheerful. Or sympathetic. Or wanting to give Petey a rabbit's foot. Her world had narrowed to the fact that Petey wasn't hitting.

Petey isn't hitting any more went through her fuzzy brain to the old tune about Annie not living here, and it wasn't the pitchers. They were the same ones; he'd hit everything they could throw before. Dizzy Dean said that last Saturday on TV. He said Petey had hit everything they had to offer. Dizzy knew everything, except why Petey Hagan wasn't hitting.

The phone kept on ringing. If she could only hope it would be somebody wanting to know what she thought about the election, or what program had she been looking at, or even just an invitation to dinner. It would be about Petey.

Over thousands of miles of the United States her father's voice said, "What's going on back there?" and Jill said, "Oh, papa! Nothing!" and her father said, "I know that, but why isn't it? Your mother wants to know if you're going to have a baby."

Jill said, "What difference would that make?" and her father said, "Your mother says sometimes the fathers have morning sickness and dizzy spells."

Jill said, "Well, I'm not," and her father began to shout, "Then why doesn't he snap out of it? You tell him Lefty saw him on TV and he says Petey is doing something different with his left foot. His left foot! He says maybe a shock would bring him out of it." He waited; then he said, "Are you still there?"

Jill was thinking of the way her father had behaved when she told him she was going to quit college without graduating to marry Petey Hagan. Mr. Amos Cadwalader had said, "My dear child, you can't marry a professional ballplayer." That was just after the Sox paid a hundred thousand for Petey Hagan, but before Ligonier wrecked his knee in an exhibition game and Brick Lyons got drafted, and so Petey Hagan started in the regular line-up for the Sox the first day of his first year up, and by July every civilized human being in the United States and the armed forces overseas knew that Petey Hagan was the greatest natural ballplayer since Ty Cobb—even Jill's father, who, up to then, had never so much as heard of Ty Cobb, the greatest ballplayer who ever lived. Now he was yelling at her by long distance from the Pacific Coast, something about Petey's left foot and about a shock might bring him out of it. What shock?

"It takes guts!" Mr. Cadwalader was shouting from San Francisco. "Lefty says Petey looks kind of scared."

And then Jill had had it; she heard herself shrieking, "Papa, please shut up! Petey has too got guts; you and Lefty ought to know if there are eighty thousand or so eyes on you, nobody can act natural!"

And then she hung up because she was sobbing so loud, and she had never spoken to papa like that before, but it was his own fault; he just liked being Petey's father-in-law when Petey was hitting; he didn't care whether the Sox won the pennant or fell into an open manhole.

The knock caught her trying to strangle her sobs. But it was no use pretending to Cap that (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Ellsworth has been resorting to stimulants."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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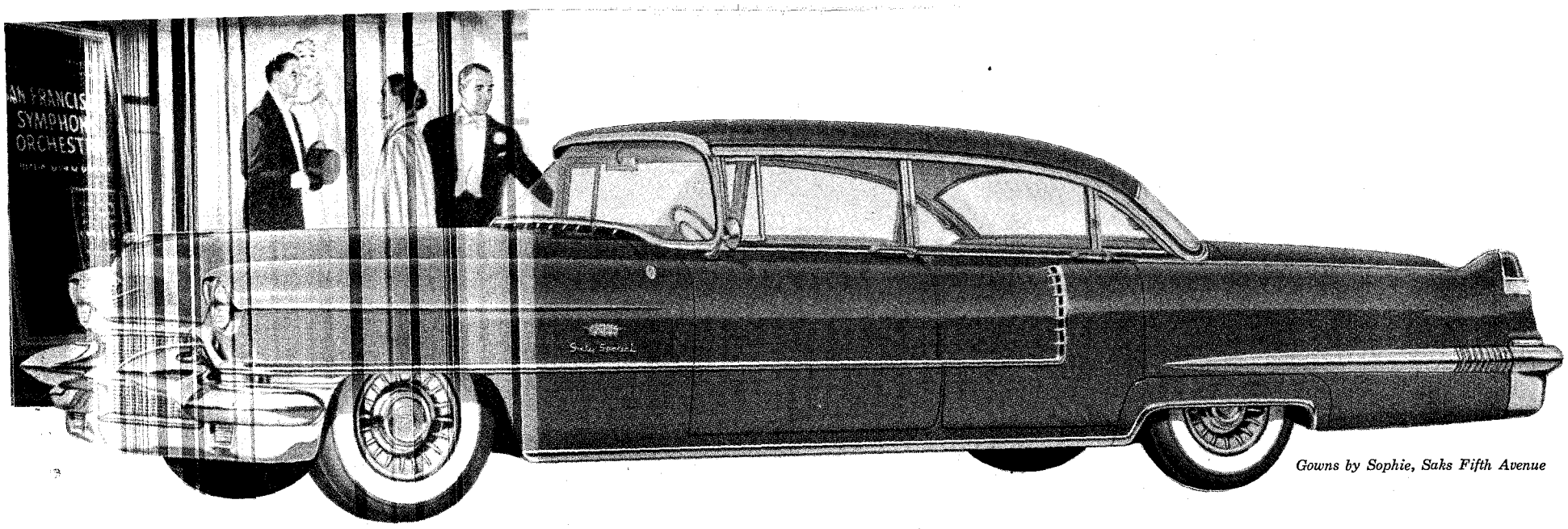

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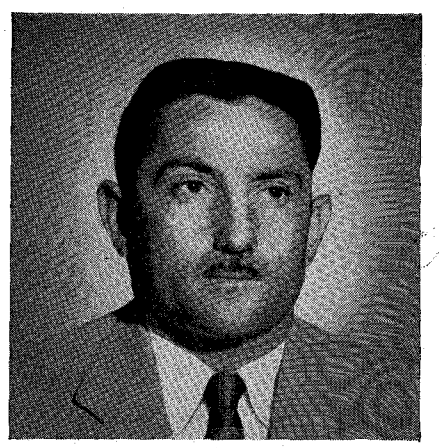

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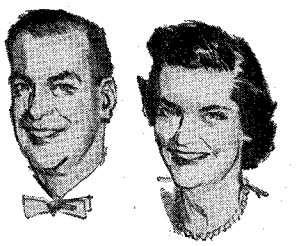
{ How the John M. Coulters found they could afford a home of their own }



"We were renting a 5-room garden apartment in Bayside, Long Island," John M. Coulter says. "We had to park the car on the street. Had no place to work or store things. If our kids made noise, neighbors objected. To top it all, our rent was being raised.

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	Down Payment	Monthly Chg. (Prin. and Int.)	Down Payment *	Monthly Chg. (Prin. and Int.)
$10,000	$900	$49.84	$200	$49.66
$15,000	$2,250	$69.83	$300	$74.49
$20,000	$3,600	$89.82	$400	$99.32

*Payments vary by locality ranging from no down payment at all to 10% of cost of home. Monthly charges also vary accordingly. Ask your builder about terms in your area. *Chart does not include taxes, insurance and legal charges.*

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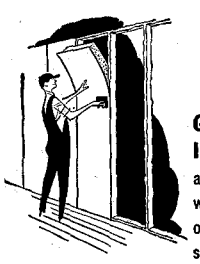

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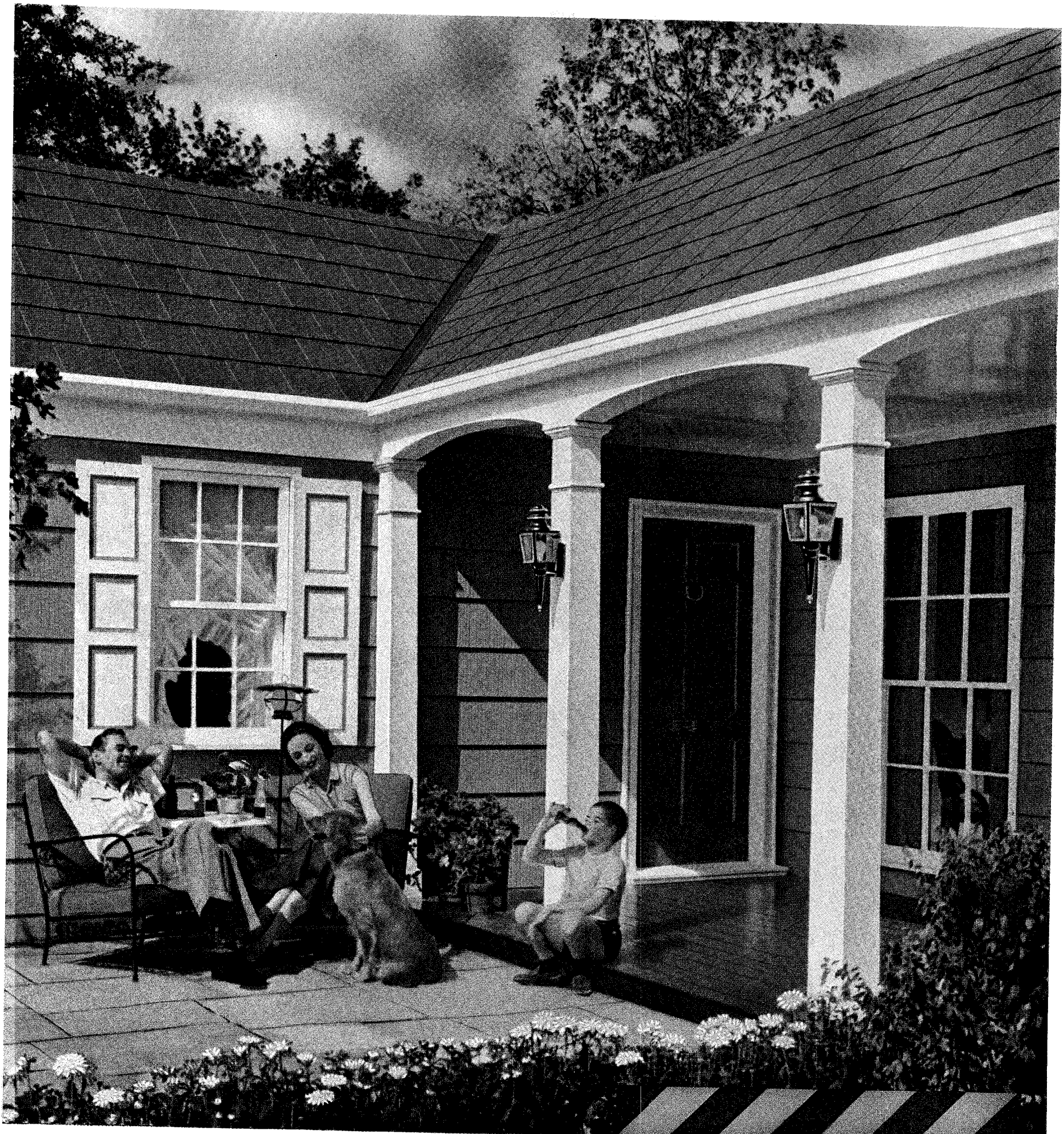

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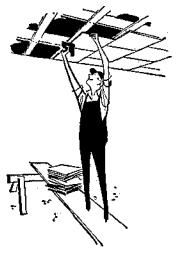

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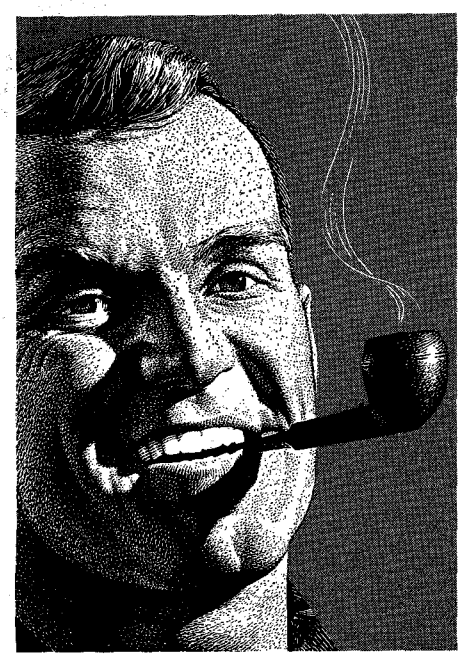

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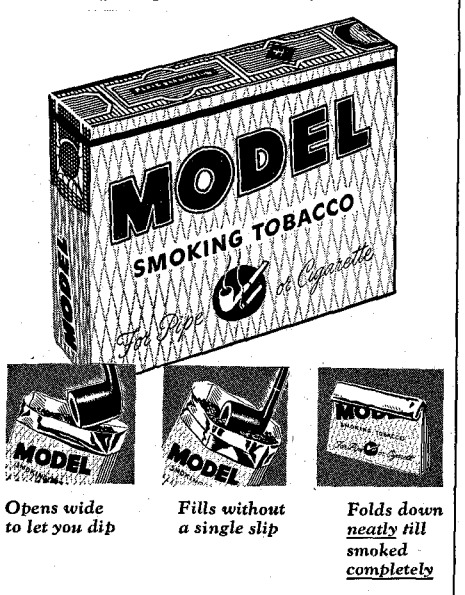

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(*Continued from Page 60*) she hadn't been crying.

Cap was a little fellow, he had very long arms, he'd been a shortstop; he still looked young in spite of more wrinkles than a prune. No use trying not to be embarrassed; after all, he was Petey's boss, the breakfast dishes were still on the table and there she was in her pajamas, and anyhow, when she saw him perched there on a straight chair, like a banty rooster, she felt so sorry for him. Probably Cap cared more about winning the pennant than anybody; he'd been trying for eight years.

"Farronnee's taking the practice till I can get there," Cap said, in a voice that was all worn out with shouting at pitchers and catchers and batters and even outfielders, from the dugout or the third-base coaching box. "I thought me and you ought to have a talk."

"I can tell you now I don't know."

"I have saw hitters in slumps almost since Abner Doubleday decided where to put home plate," Cap said, trying hard to twinkle at her. "Sometimes it's the same thing could happen to a railroad engineer or a air-line pilot or a bank teller. You and Petey—you aren't having trouble, are you? Amongst yourselves, I mean. Fights. Or you being jealous with all them dames out at the games and mash notes and girls hanging around. You aren't sore about that, are you?"

"If I could get him a home run or even a triple," Jill said, "I'd send him out with a blonde; only he wouldn't want to. I'd shave my head and black my teeth ——" A gulp stopped her.

Cap leaned over and offered her a highly scented handkerchief, and while she mopped her face with it, he said, "Two heads are better'n one, they say; I thought maybe I and you —— I know it'd be easier if I could give him a rest, but that feller from Minneapolis can't hit speed, and Estrada'll get killed out there letting a fly ball hit him in the head, and at least Petey's still catching everything that stays in the park. My old lady wondered; she said, when we were first hooked up it was usually the bills. If you and Petey need dough, the club'd be glad to advance you—we'd fix it up ——"

"It's not that," Jill said. "I—I went to see a psychiatrist. Petey wouldn't. He said he might not be able to hit, but he wasn't goofy, so I did. He—talked about occupational fatigue and schizophrenia, and I've done everything he said."

Those days when she'd been all sweetness and light. So cheerful. When she'd tried to get him to make pictures of how he used to do it. Just as well Cap couldn't see her memory of the night she'd tried to get Petey to show her how he'd hit his first home run against Detroit, the one that busted up that five-to-five ball game.

Then she'd ignored hitting—actually she'd ignored baseball. Shows and bridge. Dancing and parties. But she'd come down with the hives because she didn't like that kind of a life, and neither did Petey.

"Cap," Jill said timidly, "could it be —— He's only twenty-two."

"Kaline was only nineteen," Cap said.

"And I suppose Ty Cobb wasn't but ten," Jill said on a high falsetto note. "You're the wizard at handling young ballplayers; you're the one brought up this Ty Cobb business in the first place." An unexpected wrath had dried the tear streaks, and the freckles burned bright. "Why don't you find out what he's doing wrong with his left foot?"

"Nothing wrong with his left foot," Cap said. "I've had doc go over him twice, and a guy up from Johns Hopkins. You don't know if he's worrying about anything—like his folks maybe. It's not his teeth; I had a man look at them too. Maybe he's homesick for California."

"Home is where I am," Jill said. "If maybe just once he could come up without men on bases—just once ——"

"Sometimes there aren't," Cap said. "It's just that you remember the others. It's got me. You're not going to have a baby, are you?"

"If I were," said Jill, flaming crimson, "it'd be my own business."

"Not with his pappy being the greatest natural ballplayer since ——" Cap began. He looked at Jill, he said, "Anyhow, maybe you ought to have one. Maybe that's what's worrying him. How long you been married?"

"A year," Jill said.

"He oughtn't to be worried about that yet," Cap said. "My old lady's making a novena. I guess you're saying your prayers too."

"I guess I am," Jill said.

At twenty minutes to two, Jill couldn't bear it another second.

It's worse imagining, she decided. *I have to see what's going on. I can't just sit around here sweating. No matter what.*

The taxi driver got into a jam on the bridge. So there were three men on base, one out, Hoby Drummond at the plate and Petey Hagan on deck when she got there. She stumbled down the steps, staring at Marcias on third and Stew Wade on second, and little Zimmerman dancing off first, so he'd get away fast if Hoby or Petey Hagen uncorked anything at all.

Jill slipped into her corner seat in the box the Sox kept for players' wives. She felt like a ghost; she wondered if anybody could see her. She felt as if she were talking to herself when she said, "Not in the first inning; Petey can't be going to come up in the first inning, with one out and the bases full." Polly Zimmerman heard her and turned, and Jill said, "He can't. Not to start with."

He did, however.

Polly, who was a big, wise blonde, brought her up to date. "Olds pitching. Usually he's steady as Eddie Lopat, but he's been hog-wild out there today so far. Kalmar flew out to center and Marcias got a single, and then he walked Wade and Zimmy ——" Just then Hoby swung at a slider and missed, and she said, "Looks like he might be settling down now," and then Petey was walking to the plate, swinging two bats and looking as he always did—big and young and dangerous, as though he owned the ball park and didn't care who was pitching.

At this moment the young man in the box next to Jill Hagan called himself to her attention for the first time. He was a pudgy young man, minus coat and tie, his shirt was yellow and the hula dancers and little grass shacks were purple. Right away Mrs. Petey Hagan didn't care for him, and then he opened this big mouth and she began to think in terms of the worst happening to him, like the clawing of the seapuss or a hill of red ants. His voice was an air-raid alarm; he was proud of it; he'd been using it at political rallies and football games and prize fights for years. Even Frankie Farronnee, in the first-base coaching box, swung around and stared.

"Ya bum! Whassa matter you can't hit, ya big bum! Bonus baby, whassa matter you quit, ya yella bum!"

Jill took hold of the seat of her chair with both hands, and Polly's hand fell on her knee. "When you've been around as long as I have," Polly said, "you'll know there's one in every ball park. It's part of the game. Don't let it bother you, sweetie. Petey can't hear him."

"I can," Jill said like a lost kitten.

Then she forgot him. Maybe Lefty could see something wrong with Petey's left foot, but to Jill he looked just the same as always—the wide DiMaggio stance, his hands active on the bat.

The count was two and two now. Olds let go with another slider and Petey Hagan took the swift, powerful, from-the-heels swing, backing it with all the hitting muscles in his shoulders and hips. He got only a piece of it; the ball spun off his bat and lifted, wobbling, the second baseman was under it, calling for it, it was the third out to retire the side.

Petey Hagan threw his bat and started walking toward right field, not looking anywhere at anybody, not even speaking to Frankie in the coaching box. But the foghorn voice pursued him, "Ya bum, whoever said you could hit? You lost your horseshoe, is what I say!" and Jill felt something coiling inside her. She knew why snakes coiled before they struck; she knew now how a girl could commit murder—of course, she could.

But for eight innings nothing happened. Except that the Indians got two runs, and in the seventh Petey Hagan made a catch that saved two more. He also hit a grounder to third and was out by three steps, and flied out to left.

"If I was you I'd give myself up! Cheating a team out of a hundred thousand bucks! Ty Cobb ought to sue you for anybody calling you like him!"

"You really don't know anything at all about baseball, do you?" Jill Hagan said suddenly in a high young voice.

"Take it easy, lady," the young man said. "I know all about baseball since I am four years old in Dee-troit."

"You don't even know how long a ball is in a (*Continued on Page 68*)

"You ought to see the size of the Martinis they serve in there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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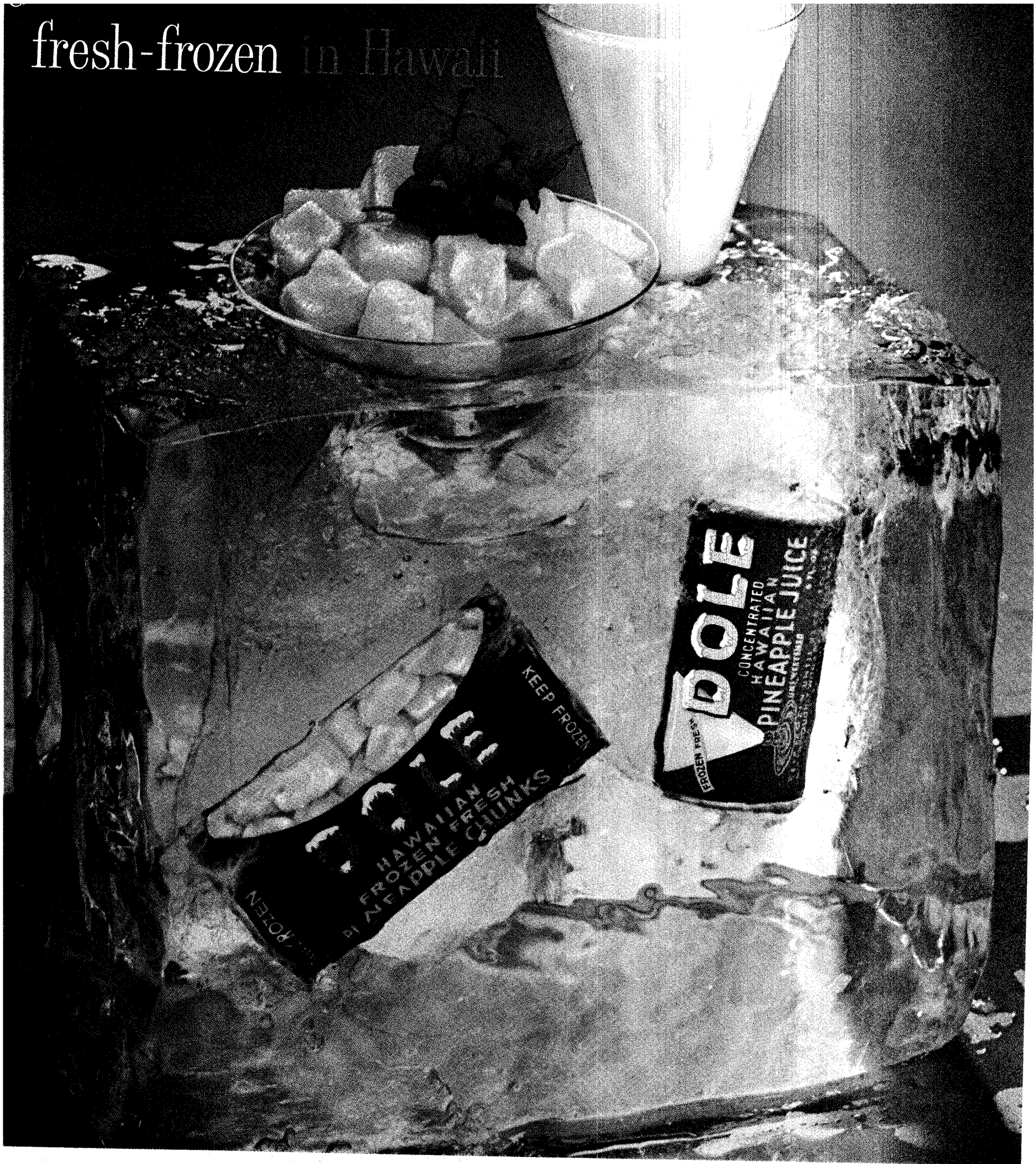
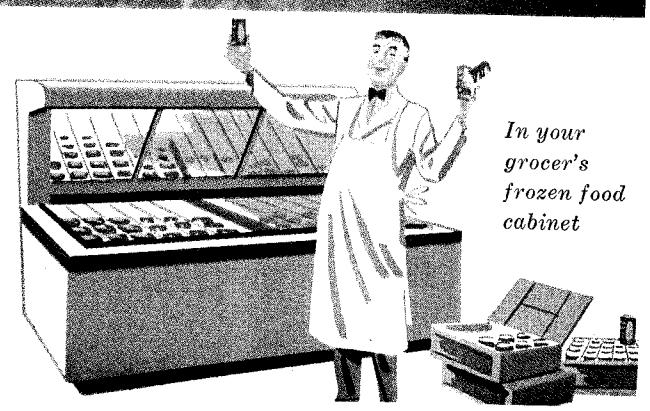


All the rich, ripe, golden goodness of sun-mellowed DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple.

Fresh-frozen Chunks and Juice. Ready to serve.



In your grocer's frozen food cabinet

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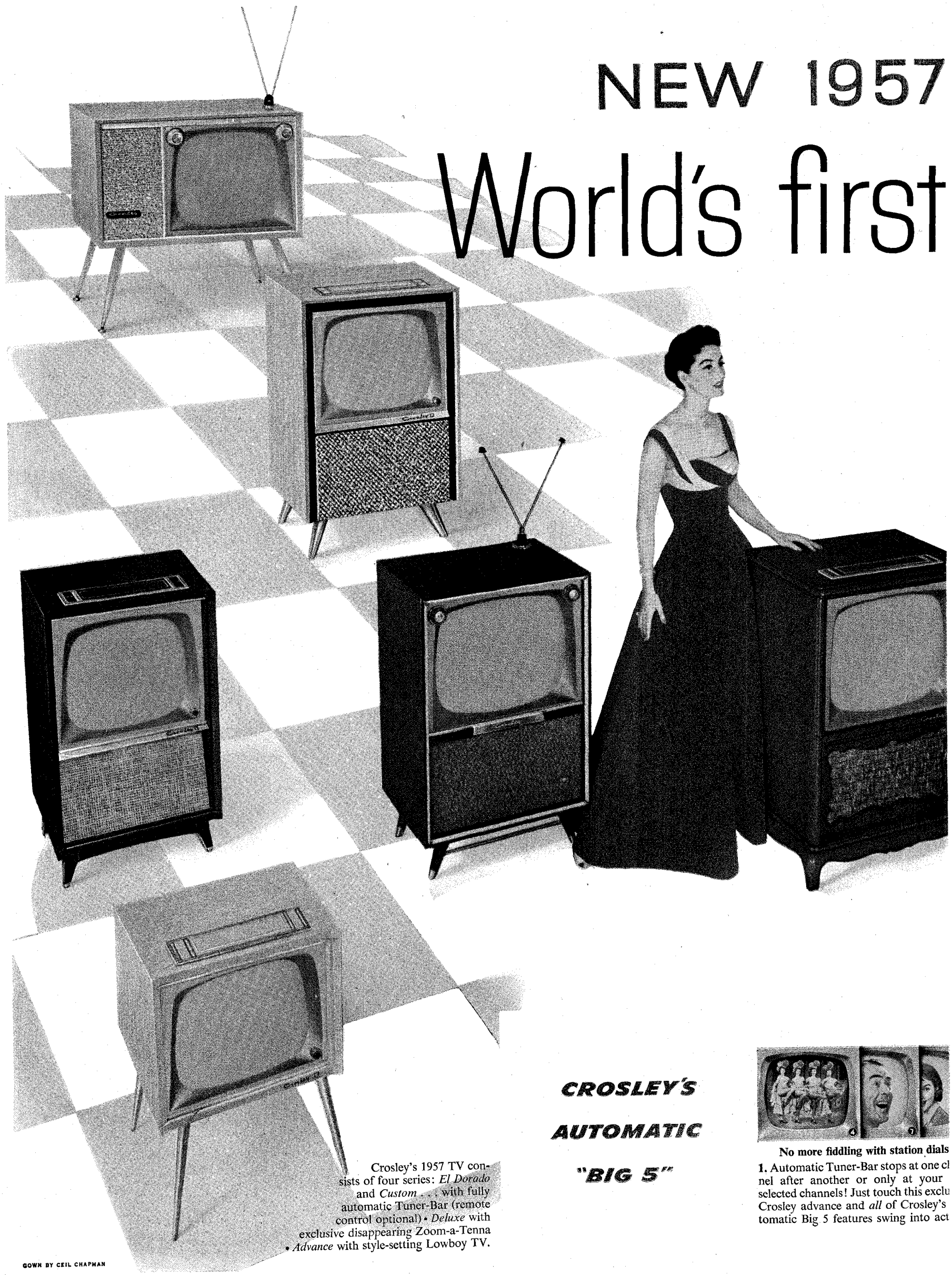
World's first



GOWN BY CEIL CHAPMAN

Crosley's 1957 TV consists of four series: *El Dorado* and *Custom* . . . with fully automatic Tuner-Bar (remote control optional) • *Deluxe* with exclusive disappearing Zoom-a-Tenna • *Advance* with style-setting Lowboy TV.

CROSLEY'S AUTOMATIC "BIG 5"

No more fiddling with station dials

1. Automatic Tuner-Bar stops at one cl
nel after another or only at your
selected channels! Just touch this exclu
Crosley advance and *all* of Crosley's
tomatic Big 5 features swing into act

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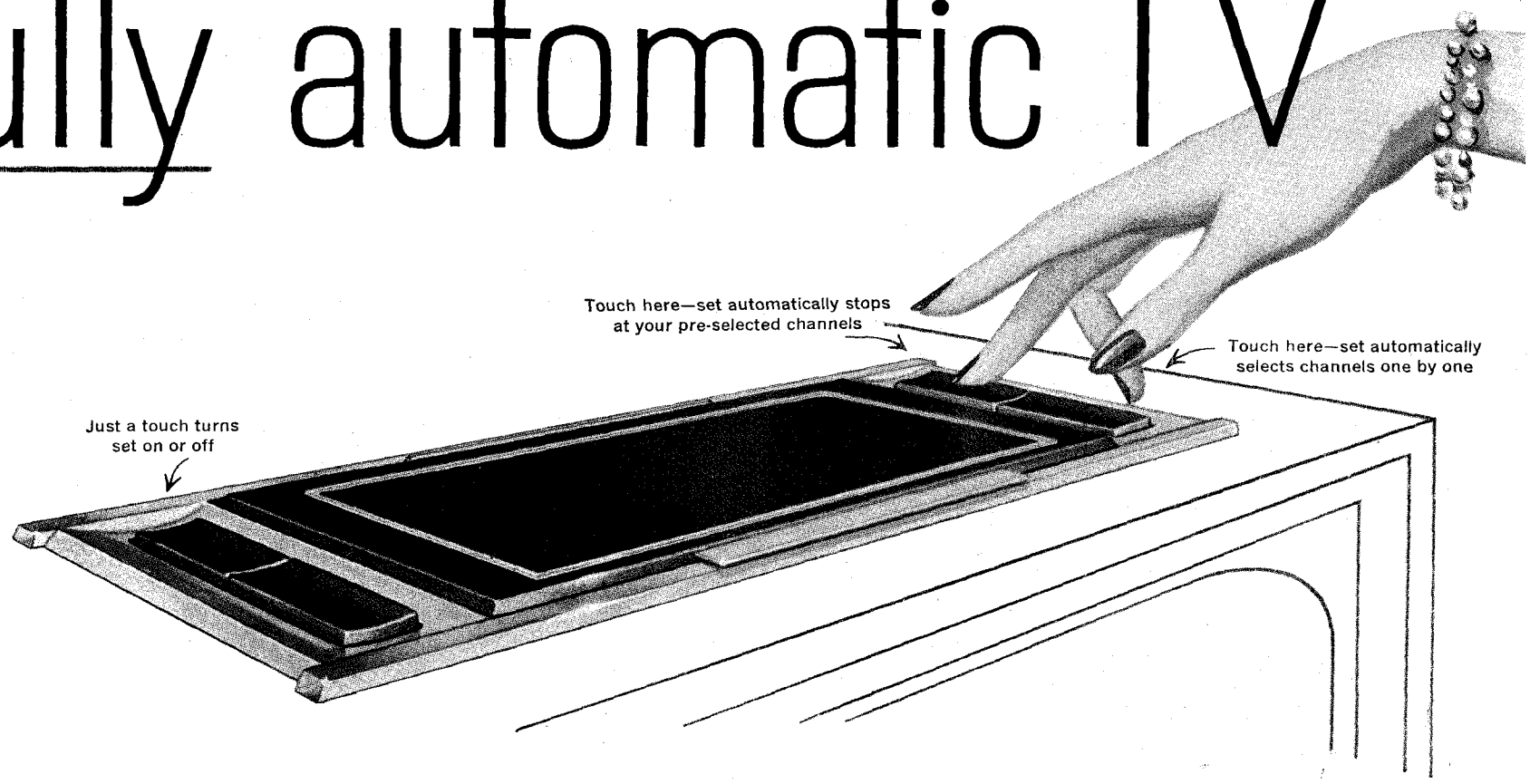
CROSLEY
fully automatic TV


Touch here—set automatically stops at your pre-selected channels
Touch here—set automatically selects channels one by one
Just a touch turns set on or off

New Crosley Automatic Tuner-Bar puts an exclusive combination of 5 electronic wonders at your fingertip

Exciting news . . . important news . . . World's First Fully Automatic TV . . . news that heralds a new era of television entertainment!

Here is the assurance that you will receive TV's most perfect picture . . . and finest sound . . . *automatically adjusted and controlled* from the moment you turn your set on.

Don't confuse this great Crosley electronic advancement with simple automatic channel changing. With Crosley's Automatic Big 5 features you enjoy television's most flexible system of channel selection. In addition, your Crosley automatically controls focus, brightness and contrast, automatically guards against picture distortions, automatically controls volume, automatically protects tube life!

This is fully automatic television. And this is one more example of the progress that has made Crosley

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST . . . RESPECTED FOR THE BEST!

Crosley's new remote control . . . brings automatic TV to your armchair. You can turn set on or off, adjust the volume, change stations—consecutively, or "skip-stop" to only those channels that have been pre-selected.

crosley
TELEVISION

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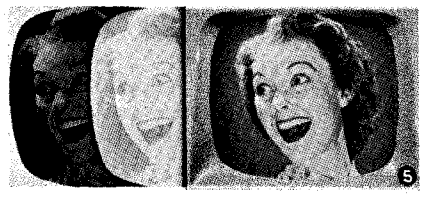
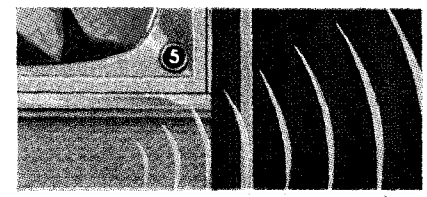


No more fussing with weak, blurry pictures

2. Automatic Picture Monitor adjusts brightness and contrast over 15,000 times a second to give you the clearest picture! In addition, you have automatic pin-point focus at every channel.

No more scrambled pictures

3. Automatic Interference Guard gives protection against picture distortions. Now you have mirror-clear TV without picture flopover, jitter, tear! No interference from trucks, planes, electrical appliances.



No more weak or booming sound

4. Automatic Sound Control adjusts volume from channel to channel. Once you have set the volume at your listening level, just sit back and let new Crosley *fully* automatic TV take over!

No more worry about tube blowout

5. Automatic Tube Protector prevents tubes from receiving the sudden, harmful flood of electrical power each time you turn a set on! Not only protects the picture tube, but *every* tube in the circuit!

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

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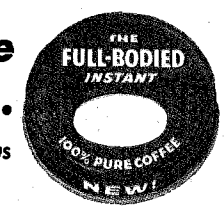
Fresher because it's pressure packed

A remarkable new instant coffee is underneath this lid . . .

Yes, you can now enjoy Chase & Sanborn's famous flavor in this brand-new full-bodied instant!



New Instant Chase & Sanborn

(*Continued from Page 64*) position where it's possible for a batter to hit it, do you?" Jill said.

"It ain't there long enough for that bonus baby to hit it if it is there from now until Christmas," the young man said. "I'm from Dee-troit and we don' like it calling this bum no Ty Cobb, is all."

"Three feet," Jill said, "that's all. It's only two one-hundredths of a second the batter can make up his mind. Why don't you think about things like that and stop all this calling people bums?"

Polly was shaking her head then, "No, no," and making a face at her, and Cap's old lady had turned to look. The young man only laughed, and his laugh was four thousand times more infuriating.

He said, "I like to see a cute little doll like you get mad, only don't be mad at me, sugar. Like I told you, in Dee-troit it makes us sore when folks start comparing some punk's not dry behind his ears yet with Ty Cobb. You go right on rooting for the Sox; they sure need it. I'll bet you five bucks against a li'l' kiss that big bonus bum don't get no hit today."

Polly said, suddenly sharp, "I'd like to boil him in oil, too, but you have to keep quiet. You can't make trouble in the park. Watch it, toots."

"All right," Jill said.

The last of the ninth was coming up now. No use making trouble now. Nothing more could happen. Petey wouldn't be up in the ninth if the Sox went down one, two, three. Jill looked at the pudgy young man; she shut her eyes and prayed, *Please let them go out one, two, three, so Petey won't come up again today. One, two, three, out goes he, that's all I ask.*

One out. Two out. Then Zimmy walked and Hoby Drummond singled. It was the last of the ninth, the score was 2 to 0 against the Sox, there were two out and Zimmerman was on third and Hoby on first, and Petey Hagan was coming out of the dugout. He was looking at Cap, who was trotting in from third base. The stands were perfectly still now, watching. If Cap was going to put in a pinch hitter for Petey Hagan, that would be the final insult. But Cap didn't have a pinch hitter; he'd used Spengel, and Post had a busted finger. Cap waved him to come on.

It converged on Petey Hagan; he walked over to the bat rack in slow motion, as if he had leg irons on; his face was set and his eyes were very wide. Jill could see him right there in front of her, picking up bats, putting them all back but two, a dark one and a light one. Out on the mound, Olds was walking around, taking it easy, and Cap kept on coming. He was going to tell Petey something, give him a pep talk; it wouldn't do any good. He wouldn't hear it.

"Go on up there and pop out like you always do, you big bum!"

I'll kill him, Jill thought. *This time Petey can hear him, so I'll have to kill him with my bare hands.*

"You won't get no hit, you bonus bum baby!"

Jill popped up as if a giant spring had shot her. "Petey!" she shouted in a shrill, clear-carrying, teen-age voice. "Petey!"

Polly Zimmerman was pulling at her with both hands. "Cut it out, you little maniac," Polly was saying, but Jill took three steps forward, a small figure in a yellow pullover, her head bare in the late-afternoon light. Petey could hear her all right, he could see her, only a few feet separated them now. Petey swung back to look at her.

Jill grabbed the railing because her knees had buckled. "For nine innings," she said clearly, "I've had to listen to him calling you a bum."

Things were happening all over the place, like a hurricane. Cap's old lady upset a chair, Polly was making wild gestures, the pudgy young man was shouting and then Petey Hagan started to vault the box railing. Cap and Kalmar and Frankie Farronnee and the first-base umpire were hanging onto him, and Cap was shouting like a machine gun and the head umpire was running in from second.

"Cowardly bum!" Jill shouted, her hair and arms waving in the hurricane. "Don't come up here, Petey! You get a hit! That's all! So I can rub his nose in it! Get a hit and show this guy you're the greatest ballplayer since Ty Cobb! Never mind anything else! He says you can't hit! Just get a hit!"

With that, Jill fetched the young man a shove; he sat down quickly. Cap and Frankie got Petey turned around. The head umpire was making motions, and then, the way things always did in a ball park after a rhubarb, everything calmed down; the game had to go on. Petey was at bat, and everybody could see that the bat was shaking in his hands. Just before Olds got ready to throw, Petey stepped out of the batter's box again and looked over behind first base. When he stepped back in he was quieter.

The young man was still there. "You're going to stay here," Jill kept telling him.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Fishing Line

To anglers galore
It's my steadfast conviction
That truth is much more
Of a stranger than fiction.

By Hal Chadwick

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"You stay right here and watch Petey Hagan knock a ball so far it'll come down in Dee-troit and make Ty Cobb like it."

The first ball was high and inside, where Petey didn't like 'em. The umpire called it a strike. Olds missed the corners with a couple of curves; then he pulled the string and Petey swung and missed.

The pudgy young man was game. Or his brains were addled. "I told you you won't get no hit, you bonus bum!" he shouted.

Jill said, "Louder, so Petey can hear you," and the young man opened his mouth again, but nothing came out of it. Olds rared back and threw one up there, and Petey Hagan clouted it. There was never any question about that one. Everybody in the press box and the grandstand and the bleachers and both dugouts knew the park wouldn't hold that one. It started low and kept climbing. It was the longest run ever hit in the park.

Jill was making faces at the pudgy young man, for which she'd been spanked in the fourth grade; and then, to his astonishment, she kissed him on his cheek.

"I'm the wife of the greatest natural ballplayer since Ty Cobb," Jill yelled in his ear, "and I just love you!"

"I been wanting to ask you," Cap said, on the train going to New York for the first game of the world series, "how you happened to think of it."

"Think of it," Mrs. Petey Hagan said in shocked tones. "You don't think I'd have done a thing like that if I thought of it, do you?"

"Maybe not," Cap said. After a moment, he said, "What'll you do if he ever goes into another one is what I'd like to know."

"Oh," Jill said, "we'll think of something. A wife has to." THE END

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Mother Goose Joins the Country Club

(Continued from Page 45)

young as well as shuffleboard and other games for those larger and older. Finally, the old swimming pool was ripped out and replaced by four new ones—a wading pool for toddlers, a slightly deeper splash for the next in age, an Olympic-sized one for teen-agers and adults, and a diving tank for the experts. To top all this, a semi-isolated, shady, trimly manicured section of the club grounds was equipped with tables and benches and family groups were encouraged to use them for basket-lunch picnics.

"The number of our members who go away on summer vacations," says Rabold, "gets fewer and fewer all the time. They simply use the club instead."

Now, in all this planning and spending, it is noteworthy that Saucon Valley stopped short of the nursery—an omission that was partly due to the fact that no one suggested it. But even if someone had, it is doubtful if the space or the money could have been found. As it was, the costs of making the club more attractive to the family group ran pretty close to $400 per active member, or about the limit of what they could be expected to give gracefully. And it is because of this space and money limitation that most clubs—such as the Wichita Country Club, in Wichita, Kansas, or the Southern Hills Club, in Tulsa, Oklahoma—have generally patterned their family-group innovations along the Saucon Valley lines.

In Tulsa, the development at Southern Hills was sparked by a tragedy in which one teen-aged boy shot and killed another. This led to a good deal of soul searching among a group of Tulsa fathers, who decided that the fault might not be so much the boy's as their own. They then dug out of their pockets a $50,000 fund which they gave the club to launch a teen-age program.

This kind of spontaneity is exceptional. Generally speaking, the provision of more family accommodations at the country clubs has been stymied not only by a lack of money and space but by an additional, less tangible inhibition. To many house committees and club managers, the idea of adding baby-sitting to golf has proved altogether too newfangled for acceptance. Their attitude was summed up by an architect with a national reputation for country-club design. "What are you trying to do?" he exploded. "Drive the men away altogether?"

So it remained for Fort Worth's Ridglea to be the first country club to break through these financial and mental barriers. In some respects this was easier for Ridglea to do than for an older, more fully developed club. Ridglea was being built from scratch, and therefore the four rooms necessary for an adequate nursery merely had to be added to the building plans. As the plans developed, one of these rooms became a walled but roofless outdoor play space; a second became an equally large, brightly decorated, indoor play area; a third was given over to bunks for children aged two to ten; while the fourth provided space for the cribs and bassinets of the prewalking set. All of this was isolated from the rest of the club's activities by the installation of toilets with conveniently miniature facilities and the provision of a separate entrance.

This soft luxury, however, had a flinty economic foundation. Ridglea was not built, as most clubs are, because a group of people had got together and decided they wanted a club. It was, instead, projected as a self-sustaining unit in the development of a suburb which included a subdivision of homes in the $15,000-to-$100,000 class, a quality shopping area and an exceptionally fine hotel. It was the hotel man, "Hank" Green, and the real-

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a woman runs her fingers through your hair, she may be trying to see whether you're dry behind the ears.

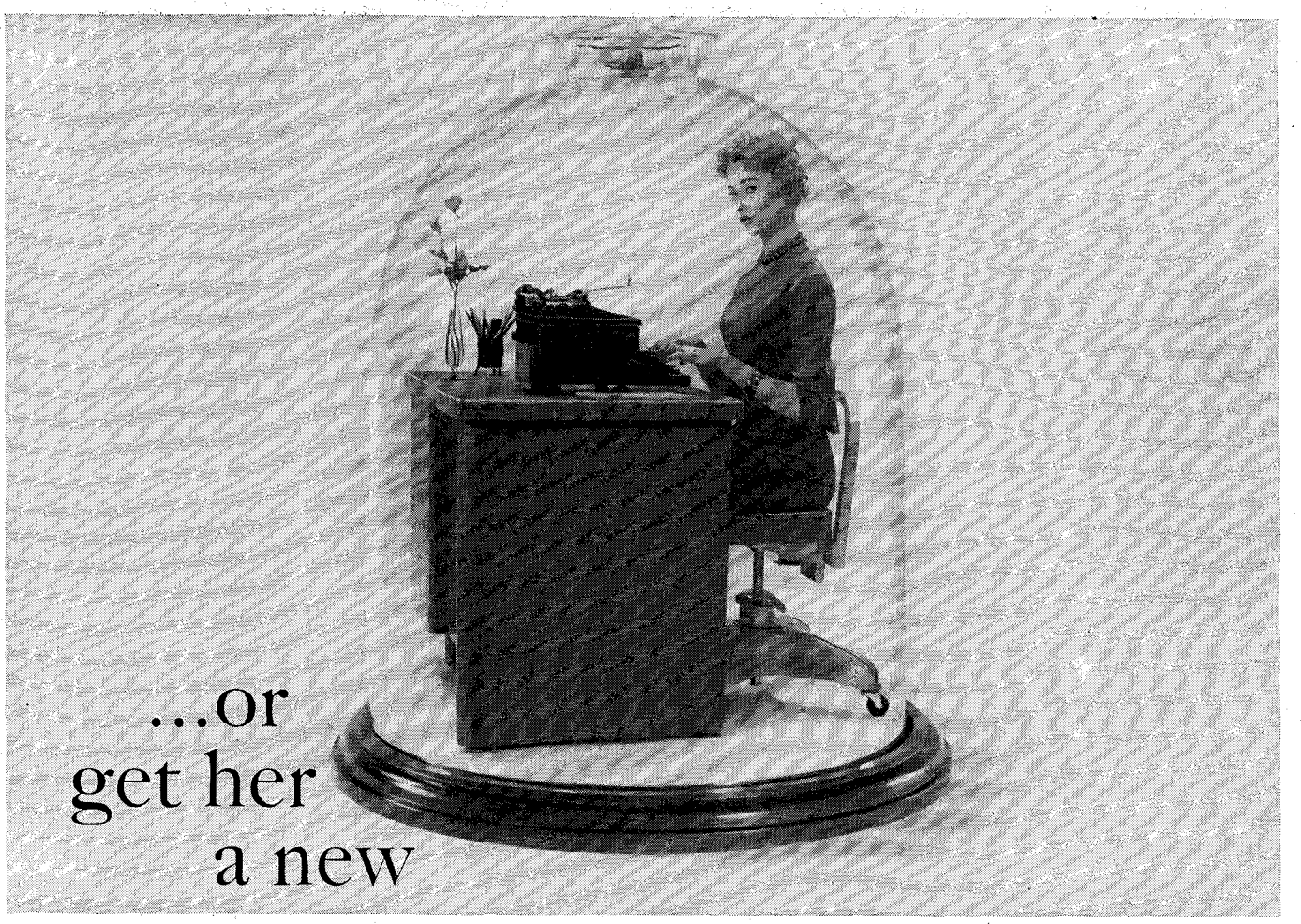
Parents who put their foot down now get attention only from the neighbors in the apartment below.

Any man with lipstick on his forehead is slipping.

The surest device for meeting new people is an auto fender.

The woman who gives you more than half the road is probably on a motorcycle.

One thing punctuality usually gets you is an apology.



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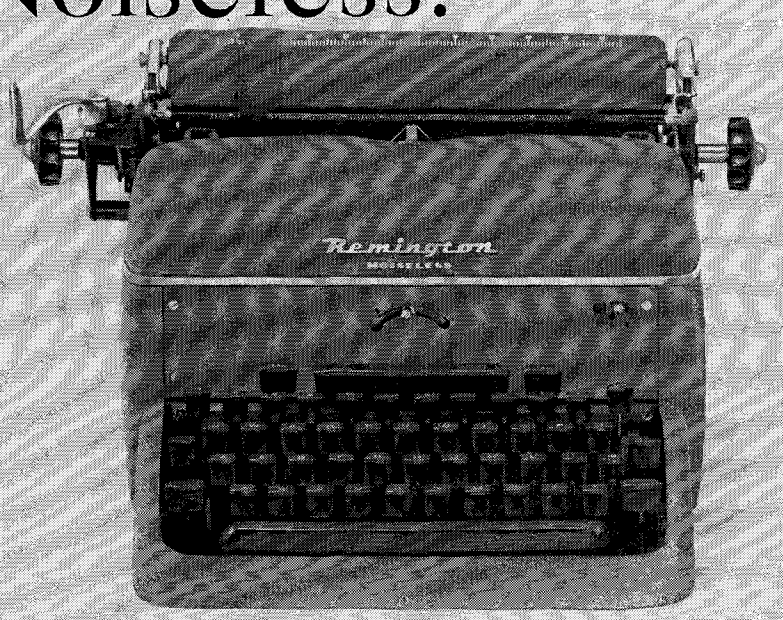

Remington Rand
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estate man, A. C. Luther, who determined to put the country club in the baby-sitting business.

The reasons behind their decision were these: Fort Worth already had two golf clubs with a combined membership of 1600 who represented the bulk of the city's private wealth. It was not likely that many would care to join an additional club. Therefore, if Ridglea was to find the membership to enable it to exist, it must do so among the younger executive group who had not yet joined either of the other clubs. Inquiry revealed that this group wanted and could afford a great deal more social activity, but was prevented from getting it by the frequent unavailability of baby sitters. As a clincher there came the realization that if the country clubs were to continue developing their family programs, then the addition of nurseries was inevitable because the nursery freed more parents for general club activity.

Only experience could prove how thoroughly right the reasoning had been. Somewhat belatedly, with relation to the actual opening of the club, the nursery began functioning early in 1955. It was placed under the supervision of a club committee headed by a physician, Dr. Frank L. Bynum, and staffed by two registered nurses with pediatric training, two assistants with some special education in child care, and a maid. Originally a family rate of ten dollars a month was established, but this subsequently had to be hiked to fifteen dollars in order to bring the nursery income and costs a little more closely in line with each other. For this sum a mother may leave one or more children, of any age up to ten years, from nine A.M. to eight P.M. every day but Monday, when the nursery is closed for cleaning and repairs. For additional fees of 50 cents an hour for one child, 85 cents for two, and $1.10 for three, the children may stay on after eight P.M. until called for. Meals, served at 12:30 and 6:30 P.M., are extra, and cost from forty cents to a dollar each, depending on what is ordered and the age of the child. Members who do not subscribe to the monthly-payment plan are billed at the hourly rates.

With ordinary baby sitters charging from 75 cents to $1.25 an hour in the area, it works out that, even with the added cost of the meals, the club nursery offers a cheaper service. It is also a superior one. Trained nurses can promptly detect and isolate a child that shows signs of sudden illness, and, says Doctor Bynum, in fifteen months of operation there has not been a single case where the transmission of a communicable disease could be traced to the nursery. For the member parents another advantage is that they no longer are kept at home by the lack of a baby sitter when they want to go out.

In the planning stage, Ridglea's nursery was not regarded as a potential profit-making department. Its operating costs, including salaries, laundry, a twice-daily snack of cookies and milk, a reserve fund for replacement of broken or worn-out equipment, and a pro-rata share of general overhead such as debt service, lights, water and maintenance amount to around $1000 per month. The planners merely hoped that it would not become too large a drag on the club's finances. However, as the months passed and the number of mothers using the nursery increased, the gap between costs and income slowly closed. In April, 1956, the fourteenth month of operation, there appeared a tiny but encouraging profit of twenty-seven dollars for the month. The showing for May was even better, and club officials are now beginning to wonder if organized baby-sitting may not, incredibly enough, offer possibilities as a new type of commercial enterprise. For the odd part of it is that only twenty-five of the club families subscribe to the monthly rate. Thus, nearly two thirds of the $1000-per-month intake comes from the parents who use the nursery too infrequently to justify their paying the fifteen-dollar flat rate.

But what is of far more importance to the club is that the nursery now seems to have played a major role in making Ridglea a success. Less than two years ago, when it opened, the club's goal of 1000 resident, active members seemed hopelessly optimistic. Today the roster has been filled, and solely because of Ridglea's appeal to the young executive types with several small children. In a recent routine listing of the names of twenty-one new resident members it was found that four headed families in which the children were grown, two had teen-age offspring, three were childless and the remaining twelve represented a total of twenty-nine children under the age of ten. When projected over the entire membership, the ratio is less, but still high enough to be fantastic. The 1000 members include the fathers of no fewer than 650 kids under ten.

All of which helps to explain why one of the sights of Ridglea, toward the end of a gala night, is the procession of parents—dinner-jacketed fathers and gay young mothers festively swishy in their silks, laces or chiffons—lugging their lumpish, sleepy and blanket-wrapped children toward the motor port while, somewhere in the background, a tired orchestra beats out Good Night, Ladies.

Currently, as far as extensive inquiries have revealed, Ridglea is the only country club that periodically presents such a scene. But if the requests for information concerning its nursery program that it has received from other clubs mean anything, this will not be true much longer. Meanwhile, however the country clubs may go, the idea is already spreading among officers' and noncommissioned officers' clubs at United States military installations around the world.

When and where it all began, and who started it, are questions to which no one seems to know the definitive answers. But the indications are that the year was 1949, the place Fort Sill, the Army's artillery center near Lawton, Oklahoma, and the man Joseph M. Swing, a West Point classmate of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who retired from the Army in 1954 with the rank of lieutenant general and is now the United States Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization. General Swing believes that he encountered the idea somewhere in the Far East, possibly Japan, where he commanded the 11th Airborne Division in the occupation. However, says one of his associates, "it's not profitable to trace Joe's innovations back to some remote source. He's quite capable of thinking them up on his own."

In any case, the documented part of the record is that in the fall of 1949, when General Swing was the commanding officer at Fort Sill, he issued a suggestion, tantamount to an order, that the Fort Sill Officers' Mess, or club, establish a nursery for the benefit of its members, and to emphasize that the purpose was purely social, his suggestion carried this phrase: "It is not considered that the nursery be operated for the convenience of working mothers."

Here again was a reflection of the same set of changing circumstances that was being felt in civilian homes. Young Army wives were having more children. They also were finding it impossible to get household servants or baby sitters with whom they could leave their young. For the military wife this was a rather more serious situation than for her nonservice-connected sisters. On a military post many social functions have something of the aspect of command appearances. When a new general or even a new regimental commander throws a shindig to meet the officers of his outfit, the invitation is not a thing to be lightly declined. The same thing goes for the hen party to which the general's or the colonel's lady may invite the officers' wives. Additionally, now that overseas service is a virtually inescapable part of every officer's career, many wives are giving serious attention to the study of foreign languages, a pursuit that requires freedom for classroom attendance as well as quiet for home study. Others are just as serious in their attention to various post activities such as the ubiquitous thrift shop. What it all adds up to is that, for the service wife, a baby sitter is more a necessity than a convenience. The response to General Swing's nursery call was immediate, large and enthusiastic.

Various post organizations chipped in what they could afford—from $25 to $700—for the initial purchase of equipment, mostly cribs, bassinets, bedding and linen and a few playthings. The nursery was housed in one of the oldest buildings on the post, a low, long stone structure that had once been the fort's headquarters, and to which the old Apache chieftain Geronimo had been brought after his capture in 1886. The Corps of Engineers cleaned it out, freshened it up, and on November 8, 1949, the children were moved in.

Today, though many other Army, Navy and Air Force posts have since established similar facilities, this nursery is said to be the biggest and best in the military establishment. Staffed by fourteen civilian employees, with a monthly payroll of $2200 plus a laundry bill of $300 to $400 per month, it can sleep up to 200 kids of any age between two weeks and ten years. Its monthly rates are $10 for one child, $15 for two, $17.50 for three and $20 for four or more in the same family. Daily rates for nonsubscribers are $1 for one child, $1.50 for two, and $2 for three or more. It is closed on Mondays, and is open from 7:45 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. on other days, except Saturdays and Sundays, when the closing hours are moved up to 1:00 A.M. and 1:30 A.M. respectively. It does not, however, provide meals. At lunch and dinner time the mothers or fathers call for their children and, most frequently, return them an hour later. At Fort Sill it is a common thing to see young officers bringing two or more high-chair-sized offspring into the mess for lunch or dinner, which usually means their mother is ill, away or too busy to feed them.

From the start, the Fort Sill nursery has turned a profit. These profits have been plowed back into more and better equipment, until today its toys, phonographs, pianos, merry-go-rounds, slides, swings, and so forth, including air conditioning, represent a cumulative investment of more than $5000. It also pays for its own maintenance, which can be costly. It takes $1700 worth of expensive, nontoxic, soy-base paint to do a thorough job of redecorating the interior. Ordinary paint won't do. The kids might get sick from chewing on it.

Fort Sill offers some evidence that nurseries are habit forming. Many of the families assigned there arrive without any previous experience with such a facility. Yet, they are quick to avail themselves of the convenience, and seem pretty unanimous in saying that they cannot understand how they could ever get along without one. This is an attitude that some elements of the hotel business have now begun to turn into profits.

Back in 1948 the American Hotel Association, after a survey, warned hotelkeepers that a new day in American travel was dawning. It was, the survey indicated, the era of the family unit, usually including several small children, demanding accommodations that few hotelkeepers ever dreamed of offering, such as cribs, rooms with four beds, baby sitters and the like. Hardly had the warning been issued when the hotel managers began to feel for themselves the impact of the new demand. They saw business slipping away from them while more and more motels offering splash pools and play equipment sprang up by the roads. Then, by the hundreds, the hotels began buying parking lots, opening up back doors for motor entrances, redesigning rooms for family use, buying cribs and high chairs, and offering baby-sitting services.

A few, however, like the Sherburne Inn, in Sherburne, New York; the Blue Bonnet, in San Antonio, Texas; and the Broadmoor, in Colorado Springs, Colorado, went the whole way and installed nurseries, fully equipped and staffed with trained personnel. More, like the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, in Atlantic City; the Homestead, in Hot Springs, Virginia; the Camelback, in Phoenix, Arizona; and the Sun Valley Lodge, in Idaho, made a kind of compromise by providing a combination of fully equipped play areas under competent supervisors with baby-sitting services. Either way, these hotels and many others like them undertook to relieve the parents of their children for any period of hours during the day or evening—which is, of course, precisely what the club or officers' nursery does.

Now the hotels are beginning to see the effects of these new departments on their monthly balance sheets. Whereas, half a dozen years back, the typical family vacation consisted of father, mother and a car full of kids rushing headlong from point to point and seldom spending two nights under the same roof, today parents find a hotel to their liking, where the kids are not too much underfoot, and settle down for as long as two weeks at a time. More than that, there is already discernible a return to an old pattern in which the same family goes back to the same hotel year after year.

"Father, especially," says one hotel man, "seems to find it more restful."

Which, if really true, is probably so only because mother does. THE END

Old Summer

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Fierce, full jets are
lowered—now the sun
Angles its fire. Noon is a
brass kettle
Simmering more faintly as
frost nears
And mutes the treble in tall
grass gone brittle.
Tones of metal
From last cicadas rasp a
diminished round.
The stoutest oak has curled;
the last red bloom
Is no more than an ash
flicked to the ground,
As down the circling path
up which she came
Old summer dawdles,
whispering her good-bys,
While crows fly over with
cinders in their cries.

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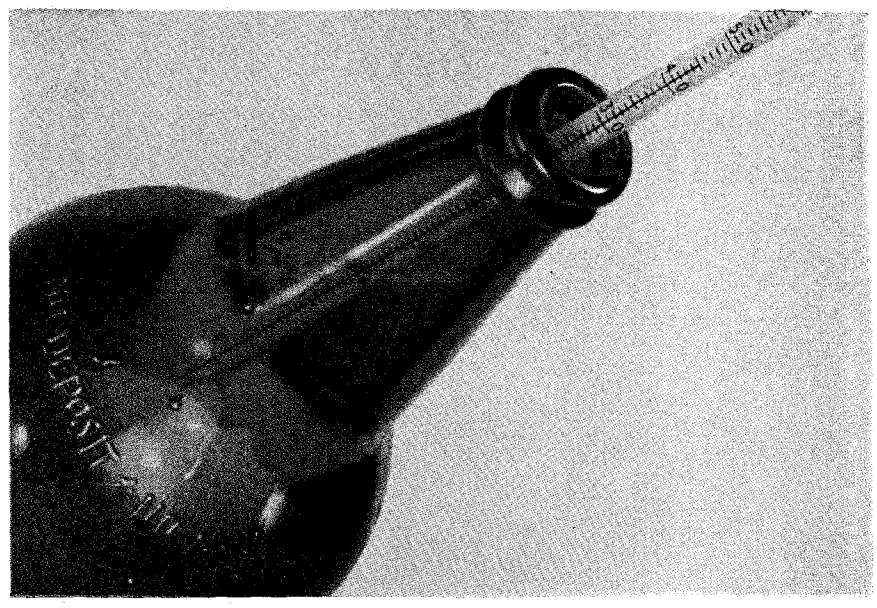
New quart **bottles** you don't take back



Keep beer **cooler** 93% longer

Protect beer's **flavor peak** best!

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Glass, being tasteless and odorless, pampers the flavor peak of beers and ales. Prove this. Just let your favorite beer or ale aerate by bubbling freely down the neck of the bottle, over the bottle's clean lip, straight into a glass. Let it form its natural head. The first sip tells you how important a bottle is to beer's protection . . . how important the neck of a bottle is to beer's flavor.

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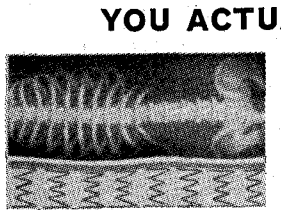
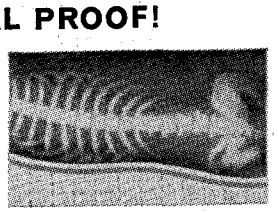


RIGHT WAY
Extra-firm SERTA Mattress with "Unimatic" construction assures level, head-to-toe support doctors approve, greater relaxation, more restful sleep, vital "Posture Protection."



WRONG WAY
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Second Husband (Continued from Page 27)

as director with the Paddock Players, that theater in Hartwell, Massachusetts ——"

He stopped short because Jill Croydon dropped her cup and saucer. They crashed into fragments on the flagstones, and hot tea spilled over her pale slacks. For an instant, she looked to him her full forty-three years, her eyes bleak, her mouth trembling.

Then she laughed. "Larry, darling, you'd better trot off," she said. "I've been nervous as a witch all day." She kissed his cheek. "We'll discuss your idea some other time."

She remained standing and listened until she heard his tires on the gravel driveway. Then she sat down ungracefully, heavily.

You have nothing to conceal, Larry had said. *I've been digging in our files and putting the pieces together.*

She was still shocked, almost stunned. She could stop Larry, of course. In the morning she would call Seligman and tell him that she wanted no story of her life either filmed or assembled. *Putting the pieces together* —— If ever the time came when the pieces could be made to fit, she was the one who would do it.

The whole thing was fantastic. With the hundreds of summer theaters scattered across the United States, Larry O'Connor was going to Hartwell—and with the idea of filming her life story simmering in his head.

The Jill Croydon Story, she thought, and did not stir or look up as the maid wheeled away the tea wagon. Skip London in 1913. Remember London in 1935. Not so romantic or photogenic then. It had been the worst year of her life. She had not arrived at the top so young as Larry imagined. She had been twenty-two, and still in the chorus. Fanny Croydon, her mother, was in the chorus, too—in the front line. She should have been in a hospital, but Jill had not known that. Three successive shows had been failures. Jill was doing a turn in a night club when she met Julian Hartwell.

He was the first American she had ever known well, and he fell madly, head over heels, in love with her. If he had been British, she would have known what she was getting into. That he was a New Englander confused her. It had confused Fanny Croydon too. "I'd marry him, if I were you, Jill," she advised. "The theater isn't what it used to be. Perhaps it never was." She had to be dying to say that, Fanny Croydon who had been born Fanny Saunders, whose mother and grandmother and great-grandmother had been players, but Jill did not realize it.

She died at twilight, in the same sort of lodgings where she had lived most of her life. At eight o'clock Jill was putting on her costume. Julian was at his usual table; after the show he appeared at the dressing-room door.

"I shan't go out with you tonight," she told him. "You see—my mother died this afternoon."

He said, quite inadequately, "Good heavens! Is she—I mean, can't I do something?"

"I don't know what," she answered. "They took her away before I came to the club." Her control broke all at once, and she was in his arms, sobbing.

He got her a room at a good hotel; not a room, but a suite, so that he might properly go up with her and see that she drank the hot milk he ordered, and took the sleeping pill. He assumed all the details of the burial, talked with the night-club owner and her landlady. Jill had never realized how simple a great deal of money made everything. They were married a week later, and went immediately to the south of France.

She watched him look carefully over the hotel register before he engaged their rooms. "Avoiding someone?" she inquired.

"Avoiding everyone," he told her.

The next afternoon they ran head-on into the Arthur Bancrofts from Hartwell in the hotel lobby. Julian introduced her and hurried her off quickly.

"One would think you were ashamed of me!" she said teasingly. He hesitated for a revealing instant. "Are you ashamed of me, Julian?" she asked.

"Of course not. I think it will be better, though, if you don't tell the Bancrofts—or anyone—that you were on the stage."

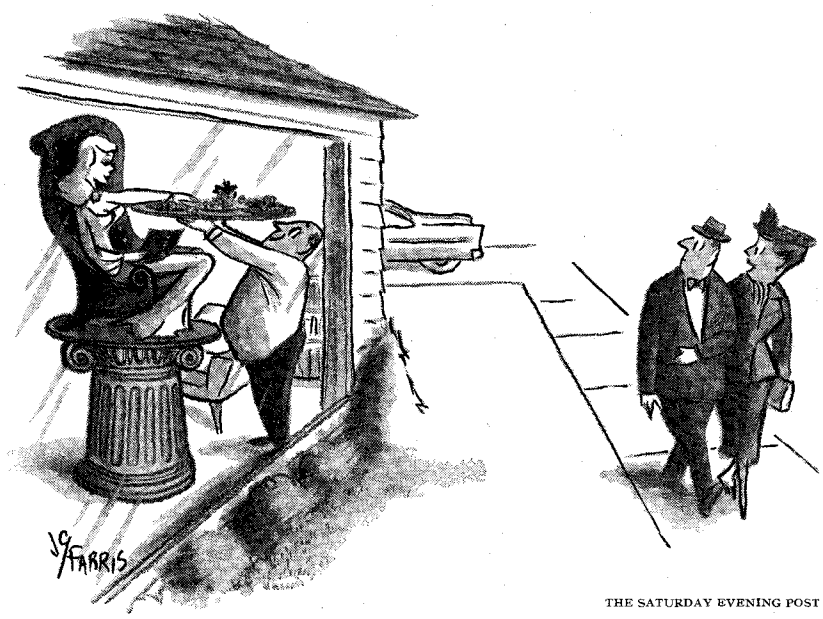
"What an extraordinary statement! What am I supposed to tell people?"

"Do you have to tell them anything?" he countered. "I haven't had a chance to tell you about my family, Jill. They're pretty conventional and —— Well, you must understand."

"I'm afraid I don't," she said flatly.

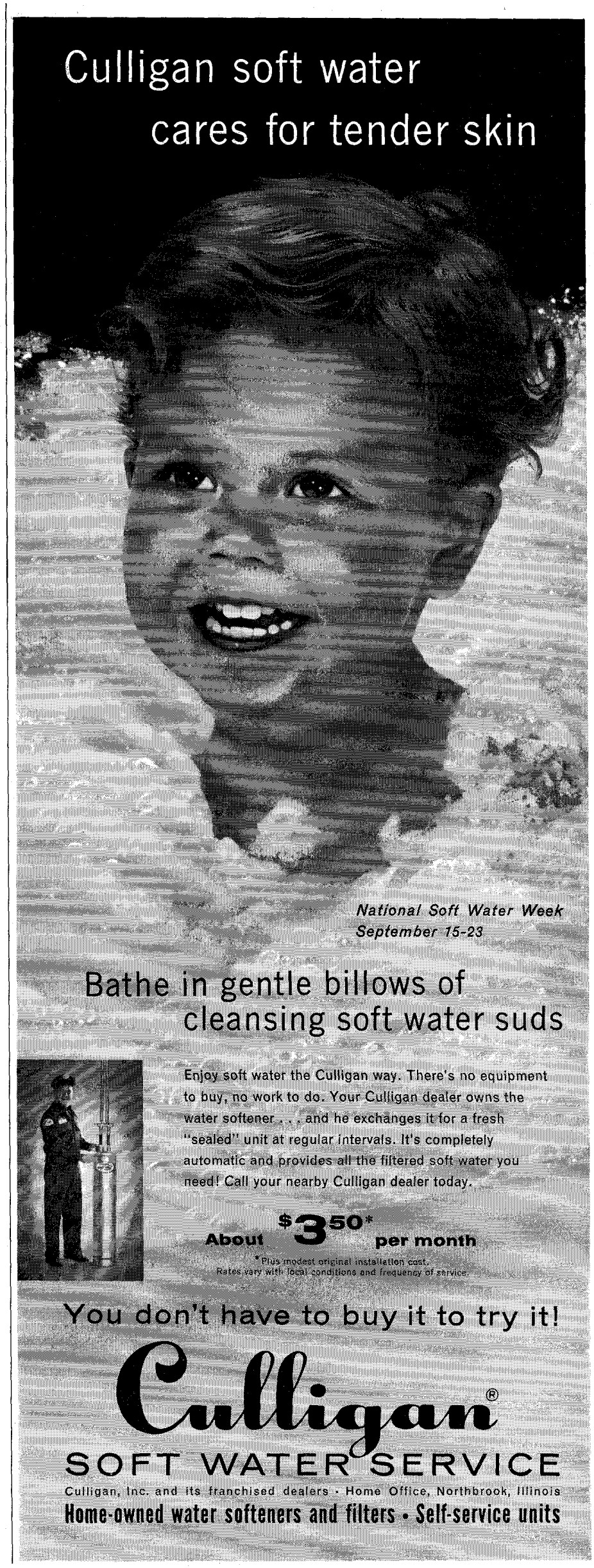
On the edge of a cliff above the Mediterranean, he told her about Hartwell, Massachusetts, and the Hartwell Mills. He described his parents' home, his grandparents' estate. "We'll live in one of the company houses at first."

"It sounds positively feudal," she said. "What do I do all day, Julian?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He adores her."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"What does any woman do?" he asked.

Her voice was low. "I don't know," she answered. She was not any woman. She was Jill Croydon, with a long, proud record of the theater behind her. Three days ago she had been Jill Croydon. "Julian, I'm frightened," she said.

"You needn't be," he assured her, smiling. "After all, you are an actress, aren't you?"

Her eyes were incredulous. "You mean that I've taken on a role for life?" she demanded. Jill began to laugh. "How fortunate that these Bancrofts are here!" she said. "You can commence coaching me this morning. What shall I play, Julian? A country vicar's daughter? A young thing from Mayfair? Or—since your own family is in trade—should you prefer a Birmingham background?"

"We don't have to build up a whole fabric of lies," he told her seriously. "You are an orphan. Can't we just say that your mother was a widow with a small income?"

The thought of Fanny Croydon, ten days dead, playing a widow with a small income, set Jill laughing again. The tears which came with this laughter were tears of grief and terror.

Two weeks later she was back in London, alone, looking for a job. Julian followed her.

"Let's pretend that this never happened," she said to him. "No hard feelings on either side."

He could not believe that she was serious. He had cabled his family about their marriage, written that he would bring his wife home after a European honeymoon.

"I'm truly sorry," Jill said. "But you must see that it's no go, Julian."

He refused to see it. He rented a luxurious furnished apartment in London, and she remained in new, but familiar, lodgings. Less than a month after their marriage, she had her first real chance—a good part in a sophisticated drawing-room comedy. Overnight she became a success. She was not the star, but she was the hit of the show. When she discovered that she was going to have a child, she was appalled.

Julian, reluctantly, had at last consented to a divorce. He had begun to accept the idea that there could be no future for them together. She did not tell him about the child.

They were in his lawyer's office, signing papers, when she fainted. The lawyer was a family man, and observant. Jill recovered quickly, but it was too late. She opened her eyes to find Julian bending over her, tenderness, solicitude, pride in his face. It had never occurred to her that he could care as he did.

"This changes everything!" he told her happily.

"It changes nothing!" she contradicted, and commenced to laugh. It was going to change a lot.

Julian Hartwell had no intention of permitting his child to be brought up in theatrical London. They would, he told her, take the next boat for the States.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" Jill said.

She returned to her lodgings and her play. Julian rented a house in the country for her, arranged with the lawyer, Mr. Price-Warren, to provide anything she needed. "I'm going home," he said. "I'll be back before the baby is born."

The child was born in April, and Julian Hartwell saw his daughter before Jill had awakened from the anesthetic. In the hospital he played the role of proud father and devoted husband. The more he talked, the wider was the gulf between them.

When the baby was five days old, she had a letter from the producer of the comedy in which she had been so successful. He wanted her for a part in Hugh Saintsbury's new play.

Julian blew up, and the following day Mr. Price-Warren called upon her. Mr. Hartwell would consent to a divorce, if she would grant him the custody of their daughter until she reached eighteen.

"Eighteen!" cried Jill. "Is he mad?"

"Try to see his side, Mrs. Hartwell," said the lawyer quietly. "He can give the child security, all the advantages of established position and wealth."

"I won't do it," she said.

"You prefer to have her brought up in London or at some baby farm in the country?"

"Of course not!" said Jill indignantly.

"Just what are your plans, then?" he asked. "Shall you leave the stage?"

"I shan't give her up," she said. "I'll manage."

Her mother, too, had managed, in a fashion.

Mr. Price-Warren looked unhappy. "In that case, my client will be forced to take legal action," he informed her.

"And he'll win?" she asked, knowing the answer.

"Your husband has asked you to return to the United States with him," he reminded her. . . .

Now, twenty years later, in California, far below her walled garden, the lights of Hollywood were coming on, and the warm air was sweet with the odor of flowers. Jill Croydon walked slowly to the raised terrace at the farther end and sat down on the parapet. The fantastic jeweled spread blurred and swam through her tears. Her name, and Hugh's, in bright bulbs, made part of the display.

Then your romance with Hugh, Larry O'Connor had said.

On the day that Julian Hartwell, with the baby and a nurse, sailed for the United States, she had begun rehearsals for the play with Hugh Saintsbury. From their first scene together, it was obvious to them and to everyone about them that they were perfect together. Onstage and offstage. Her divorce from Julian was not final when Hugh first asked her to marry him. She had known that it was inevitable, yet it made her refusal no easier.

"I shan't ever marry," she told him crisply. "D'you mind never asking me again?"

"Of course, I mind," he retorted. "I intend to ask you at least once a week, until ——" He saw her face then, tortured, tragic, and he tried to take her in his arms.

"I don't want to discuss it," she said. "I shan't marry, and that's that. Perhaps you'd better find a new leading lady."

She would not explain. No one in the cast had known of her marriage; no one but the discreet manager and Mr. Price-Warren knew that Jill Croydon had a daughter. Someday, somehow, she intended to get her child back. First, she needed money—quite a lot of money—and the bulwark of security.

Julian Hartwell remarried in 1938. Mr. Price-Warren forwarded his letter announcing his marriage to Jill at the theater where she and Hugh were playing.

"Naturally," Julian wrote, "I have told Eleanor about you. She has asked me to assure you that she will love Avery (I told you, did I not, that she was christened with my mother's maiden name?) as though she were her own child. I have read, with genuine pleasure, of your success. The theater is your world, and you have become an important figure in it. Would it not confuse and trouble Avery during her childhood to be aware of your relationship? What I must tell you now is not easy, and I ask you to accept my word that it was not of my doing. I am afraid that my mother is at fault. I know that her primary motive was to protect her little granddaughter. The unvarnished fact is that my mother has let it be believed that Avery's mother died when she was born."

Jill Croydon was laughing hysterically when Hugh came in. It was ten minutes before the curtain, and she was still in her street clothes.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong!" she echoed. "Hugh, you are looking at a woman who died in childbirth two years ago!"

"In that case," he said promptly, "you had better marry me at once, and be reinstated among the living."

They came to the United States the year after their marriage. The twins were born in California. When Jill saw them for the first time, she smiled at Hugh. "Double or nothing," she

(*Continued on Page 76*)

"Okay, who owns that blue convertible out front?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 74*) murmured. Their half sister was three years old.

In 1940, they bought the place in the hills above Hollywood. Going from room to room with the decorator, deciding on colors and draperies, Jill stood suddenly still in the center of a sunny bedroom.

"I want this to be a little girl's room," she said. "Dainty and ruffly."

She talked it over with Hugh before she wrote Julian, to assure him how well cared for a four-year-old girl would be, visiting them. There was an English nanny, a nursery apart from the bedrooms, with toys and small furniture, where the children would have their meals. Then Julian's letter, characteristically not even sent by air mail, arrived.

"Legally, I cannot refuse to let Avery visit you," he answered. "I can merely hope that you will not insist. She is a highly strung child, and I think the awareness of a divided home would be disastrous for her. You must be extremely happy with your sons. Eleanor and I, unfortunately, have had no children."

"It's your decision, Jill," Hugh told her.

"Is it?" she asked bleakly.

She would rather wait than harm her daughter. Shuttling her back and forth across a continent, between two such different settings, might be, in Julian's hateful word, disastrous for her.

The Second World War was spreading. *You and Hugh entertaining troops in Europe and Africa and the Pacific. . . .* Jill Croydon and Hugh Saintsbury. . . . The years rushed by and they were caught up in them like bits of paper in a high wind.

Julian wrote to her twice a year. She had a folder of his letters, of snapshots of a growing girl. Beside her, she had two growing boys, filling the house with laughter and disorder; almost, but never quite, filling the vacuum.

Now, in the Hollywood house, the telephone was ringing. It was her sons, from their boarding school, snatching the telephone back and forth, laughing and clowning.

"Christopher Saintsbury speaking—over!"

"Anthony Saintsbury. . . . Miss Croydon, will you send us your autograph?"

"On a check, I presume?" she asked, laughing too.

"I told you she was smart," she heard Kit inform Tony.

Their young voices steadied her, pulled her out from the past. She was a fortunate woman to have two such sons, and they were fortunate to have two parents whose love had never lessened. In a week they would all be together in Italy.

She telephoned Seligman the next morning. "Put it down to my British reticence, darling," she told him. "This life-story idea really gives me goose pimples."

"I think you're wrong, Jill, but it's up to you," he said.

"Tell Larry to forget it, too," she added. Larry O'Connor, who was going to Hartwell, Massachusetts, for the summer.

It was unlikely that Larry and Avery should meet—the director of a summer theater and Julian's daughter. Two years ago, Julian had forestalled her again, checkmated her. Avery was approaching her eighteenth birthday. He had described the arrangements for her debutante party, had created, with an almost diabolic cleverness, the rigid social world in which she had so secure a place. "I presume that a father is the last to know these things," he had written. "Eleanor believes that Avery is in love with young Myles Bancroft. You may recall meeting his grandparents in France. He is a splendid young man."

After nearly twenty years, Jill had recalled the Bancrofts perfectly. Julian's implication was obvious. It would be better for Avery's future happiness if her mother remained dead.

The boys came home from school, and the three of them flew to New York. Their steamer was two days out when Tony remembered the telegram. He said, "Jeepers, mother! I forgot all about it! Who's Julian Hartwell?"

"Who?" asked Jill.

"Whoever he was, he isn't any more," said Tony. "I took the telegram at home, and in all the excitement ——"

"You mean he's dead?" she asked.

"Died unexpectedly in his sleep. Signed Eleanor. I wrote it down someplace. Gosh, I'm sorry, mother."

"It's all right," said Jill.

In Rome, when she told Hugh, he looked at her gravely. "Too bad he couldn't have pulled it off fifteen years ago," he murmured. "You know what the Jesuits say. Give me a child for the first ten years of his life ——"

She interrupted him. "What do you mean?"

He put his arm around her. "She's lived in a very different world from ours."

Her larkspur eyes were wide and frightened. "What are you trying to say? I've waited all these years because I thought it was best for you. D'you think I've waited too long?"

"It depends on the sort of woman Eleanor Hartwell is."

She had a moment of wanting to fly back to the States. Avery was of age; there was no longer any question of custody.

"Hey, are you two coming to the Forum with us?" Chris asked at their door.

She nodded. "We're coming," she answered.

In St. Peter's, that afternoon, she bought candles for them. "You don't have to be a Catholic to say a prayer," she said.

They looked very handsome, their heads bared, their voices hushed in the great cathedral.

Turning, Jill Croydon saw the blue robes of the mother to whom so many mothers had prayed. *Avery*, she thought, her lips forming the name she had never spoken to her daughter.

Italy, then France. In England they visited Hugh's parents. The boys acquired English accents. "Wait till we get back to school!" Tony crowed. "I say, old chappie, it's a beastly bore being back in the old grind, don't you know?"

"Ra-a-ather!" Chris agreed.

They arrived in New York three days before the boys' school opened, and flew immediately to California. Larry O'Connor telephoned on the afternoon the boys left.

"May I come to see you this afternoon?"

"Of course," she said. She was fond of Larry, but foremost in her mind was the fact that he had spent the summer in Hartwell. He must have some knowledge of the family.

She was working in the garden again, with Hugh stretched on a chaise longue beneath the awning, when Larry came through the door of the house to the terrace.

"I do believe you've grown!" Jill exclaimed.

His eyes were excited, bright against his tanned face. "I'm in love," he told her. His voice reminded her of the twins.

She smiled. "Well, sit down and tell us all about it."

He sat down. "She's an actress," he said. "And I mean an actress! She's a natural!"

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"Is she in love with you, darling?" asked Jill.

"I think so," Larry answered. He grinned. "We're still speaking, after a whole summer of my directing her."

"Oh," said Jill. She looked at Larry intently. "You met her at Hartwell?"

He nodded. "She was our ingénue, but she has more on the ball than our leading lady."

Jill Croydon said, "So." She was very still. "What's her name, Larry?"

It was Hugh Saintsbury who jumped.

Jill's voice was cool and bell-like. "Avery Hartwell," she repeated. "It's a pretty name."

"She's a pretty girl," said Larry. "It's a funny thing, Jill, but sometimes she reminds me of you. She's taller and more—introverted isn't quite the word. More restrained, maybe."

Jill's eyes, shaded by her big sun hat, looked enormous. "Where is she now?" she inquired.

He laughed. "You didn't think I'd leave her in Hartwell? I persuaded her to come out here for screen tests. They're terrific. I want you and Hugh to see them." He jumped up. "Jill, I couldn't wait for you to meet her. She's sitting outside in my car. She thought that I should ask you before I brought her in."

"Please bring her in," Jill said.

Hugh Saintsbury moved to his wife's side as Larry bounded off. "You all right, Jill?" he asked.

She did not answer. She had risen and stood utterly still, her arms at her sides, watching the doorway. Hugh stood beside her, and the silent minutes seemed timeless. He heard the quick intake of Jill's breath as Avery Hartwell stepped down to the terrace, and he put his hand on her arm.

She was, as Larry had said, taller than Jill, a slender girl in a white linen dress and tennis shoes, her pale gold hair soft about her oval face. Her slanting blue eyes darted to Jill's motionless figure, and for an instant neither of them stirred.

Then Jill stepped forward and held out her hand. "Hello, Avery," she said.

"How do you do?" said Jill's daughter. Her voice was deeper than Jill's, resonant. She shook hands with Hugh.

Larry said fatuously, "My three favorite people, all in one spot! If you don't love one another ——"

Hugh Saintsbury wet his lips with his tongue.

Jill said, "Sit down, Avery," and sat down herself.

"Larry has told me so much about you," Avery said.

"He managed to convey his opinion of you to us rather quickly," Jill told her. "Have you been acting long?"

Her hair swung as she moved her head. "Only this summer. Except for school plays." Her eyes were on Jill's face. "My father was opposed to my going on the stage," she added.

Hugh took hold of Larry's arm. "I need a drink," he said. "Come and help me." As he pulled Larry into the house, he heard his wife's voice, clipped and distinct, as though she were saying lines in a play.

"Are you interested in pictures?" she asked.

"I've had a screen test. Larry says it was good." She was unsmiling, her hands quiet on her lap. "You know what Larry is hoping, don't you?"

Jill caught her breath. "I didn't, but I suppose I do now," she answered. "He'd like you to play me as a girl?"

Avery nodded. "He thinks that I look like you." She added steadily, "He has no idea why."

"Have you?" asked Jill.

The girl's voice deepened. "Eleanor told me after father died. She's always wanted to tell me. She's—a very understanding person."

Jill Croydon looked at her daughter. "Are you an understanding person, Avery?" she asked.

"I'm a very thrilled person," said Avery. Her voice broke; her poise melted. "I admire you so much!" she cried. "I've seen your pictures. I've asked Larry so many questions about you." Suddenly, she was crying.

"Oh, my dear!" said Jill.

"All my life I've wanted to act," Avery told her. "I couldn't understand why father hated it so. I tried to be the way he wanted because I loved him, but it was always there, stronger than anything else." Her words were spilling out eagerly, like a brook rushing over pebbles. "In the school plays I knew I was good. I could feel it—myself and the people in the audience—like a wire between us that I could pull. You know?"

"I know," Jill answered. "Oh, my dear, I know."

"I worked hard this summer. Larry was wonderful. He made me go over and over my parts until they were right. I know how much I have to learn."

Jill listened, her heart swelling. This girl was her daughter, Fanny Croydon's granddaughter, with generations of the Saunders family stretching back to the strolling players of Elizabethan England.

Hugh's voice, unnaturally high, called, "Here we are!" Hugh's face was tense and apprehensive.

Jill laughed. "Go back and take that one over!" she ordered. "Of all the flat lines ——" She mimicked him. "'Heah we are!' While you're theah, tell Rose that Avery and Larry are staying for dinner, will you, please? Tell her that we're having champagne. Tell her ——" She looked at her daughter. "May we tell her to turn down the bed in a room that's been waiting a long time?" she asked.

Avery said, "For me? Here?" and put out both her hands to Jill.

"What goes on?" asked Larry. "Is this in the script?"

Jill's face was radiant. "That's right," she said. "You two have never been properly introduced. . . . Larry, may I present my daughter, Avery Hartwell?"

Larry was grinning. "You certainly did that quickly."

"Oh, no, I didn't," Jill contradicted him. "Twenty years is a long time to wait." Her voice was vibrant. "Sit down, Larry. If Avery's going to play it and you're going to write it, there's a lot that isn't in the files for you both to hear about The Jill Croydon Story."

THE END

... ...

Preferred Treatment

By Laurence C. Smith

Bright-beaded walkers,
Chairs set on springs,
Out-of-the-way pens,
Tumble-proof swings,
These entertain between
Feedings and naps—
Do unless babies find
Out about laps.

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Why Do I Keep the Damned Place?

(Continued from Page 39)

being grubby. It is remarkable to find how much money you can save, and how much physical effort you can avoid, once you learn how to rise above dirt and disorder, and how not to care whether the guest towel is clean—or even whether there is any guest towel at all.

Let us suppose that you are a guest at Polecat Park. After leaving your car beside the dump, you enter by the kitchen door. There is a puddle on the kitchen floor—there always is; I don't know why. The electric stove that Tish bought over my whining protest is making its peculiar buzz-buzz-cackle noise, which nobody has ever been able to silence. The big dump bucket under the kitchen sink is filled with strange oddments ranging from empty wine bottles to unidentifiable objects dragged into the house by the children.

As you pass into the dining room, you notice a peculiar smell. It comes mostly from the dead birds—there are usually dead birds in the dining room. The chimney there has an inexplicable attraction for birds, which come down into the dining room and get trapped. Bats too; but the bats seem to survive. If you are well brought up, you will make no comment on the odor, or on the small, rather neat piles of dirt in the corners, or on the odd-looking ancestors I found in the family attic—not even the old lady in the mobcap, most of whose face Tish wiped off when she was cleaning the pictures with soap and water.

No uncalled-for comments, either, please, when you go into the living room and trip over one of the holes in the rug I bought for eight dollars, or over the children's toys and intimate garments which are always spread about in some profusion. And when you go out on the front porch, and find yourself knee-deep in sweaty children, and note that the porch cement is cracking dangerously and one of the shutters is half off its hinges and the grass hasn't been cut for weeks, you are expected to keep a civil tongue in your head. You are expected, in fact, if you are the kind of guest we like to have at Polecat Park, to offer graciously to cut the grass yourself.

If you can pass such preliminary tests, you may find yourself invited back to Polecat Park. You may even find yourself accepting the invitation. For some of my friends, at least, have also discovered the peculiar pleasures of squalor, of escape from the crispy neatness and laboratory cleanliness which have been imposed on us since our happy, grubby childhoods by all sorts of exterior influences, from conscientious mothers to home-furnishings magazines.

One thing, at least, I know. If we had not discovered the joys of squalor, if we had tried to make Polecat Park over into a haven of gracious country living, we could never have afforded to keep the place. And we would have missed a lot.

I bought the place by mistake—the mistake, a fatal one in husbands, of thinking out loud. It was the worrying summer of 1950, when the Korean aggression had begun, and the Soviets had tested their first atomic bomb. One evening, over a comforting old-fashioned, I fell to wondering what would happen to my sizable family in case of war. And then I made my mistake.

"How about getting a place in the country?" I musingly asked my wife. "You know, a small farm for weekends and such?"

I thought I had asked a question. It turned out I had made a promise. Tish wanted a place in the country and, as far as she was concerned, it was just as though I'd said, "How about getting yourself a new hat?"

Tish wasn't thinking about atomic bombs at all. She never does think about such things. I married her in London in the summer of 1944. We spent our honeymoon there during the first week of the buzz bombs. She seemed to find them pleasantly diverting. When she heard the things buzzing overhead, she would drag me out on the hotel balcony to watch them come down, when I would much rather have crawled under the bed.

With the same feckless determination, Tish dragged me to Polecat Park. I tried to weasel out of the project by hedging the deal with impossible conditions—no more than thirty miles from Washington, at least 100 acres (so that I could console myself with the thought that the place was an investment, not a luxury) and a ridiculously low maximum price—which was more than I could afford anyway. But Tish stubbornly kept on looking. On about her twentieth try, she hit on Polecat Park which, rural slum or not, met all the conditions.

We quickly learned that the place had a special atmosphere of its own. We began to absorb something of the atmosphere when we hired an electrician to put in wiring. He had a tough time from the start. The poor fellow had ulcers, and cats kept stealing his therapeutic milk. But the end came, as far as he was concerned, when he burrowed into the underpinnings of the house and was attacked by a whole herd of skunks. The skunks, we decided, sort of set the tone of the place, so we called it Polecat Park. The skunks have since disappeared, almost without trace. But the place still pullulates with wildlife.

Until last year, when I put my foot through the living-room floor and realized that something really had to be done—the something was expensive, and, I hope, lasting—you could clearly hear the termites gnawing away on the woodwork on a quiet night. The house is still lavishly infested with creeping, crawling things, including a beast called silver fish which feasts on the wallpaper. Once, soon after we bought the place, Tish sat on a sofa and began to squeak. I thought she had some form of indigestion, but it turned out she was sitting on a family of mice, who resented her intrusion. Since then, we have come to regard our large collection of mice as amusing pets, though we have never been able to generate a similar affection for our rats.

For the city dweller, a place like Polecat Park is an education in the realities. Take water. A city man or a suburbanite hardly thinks about water. You turn on one tap and the stuff comes out cold, and you turn on the other tap and it comes out hot. You don't worry about how it got there. It is just there.

But sometimes it isn't. At least once a year when you turn on the water at Polecat Park, you get a trickle, followed by an angry hysterical hammering noise from the pump house, and then stubborn silence. You know that the electric pump—we call it the damnpump, after the manner of Southerners referring to Yankees—has broken down again. You also know the likely response when you call the country plumber—"Well, now, I'm awful short-handed, but maybe I can get to you in a week or ten days."

All mechanical appliances are accursed in the country. The rotary mower refuses to start. The toilets clog up. The hot-water heater keeps getting itself struck by lightning. And there are more sinister episodes. Once Tish complained that the water gave her hands a queer, tingling feeling. I told her she was imagining things. I put my hands in the water to prove it, and staggered back, howling, with a really ugly electric shock.

After a while, such minor hazards of country life add a certain variety. But the first, most important thing to learn is how to revert happily to the unwashed disorder to which mankind was born. Even in this respect there are limits, of course. For alas, although it is easy to shake off the civilized habit of washing, it is difficult to eradicate the habit of sleeping and sitting on something more comfortable than the floor. And the habit of eating is particularly stubborn.

We solved the sleep-and-sit problem, thanks partly to a family attic full of hideous discarded furniture, and partly to the kind of secondhand store that calls itself an antique shop. The resulting interior decoration will win no prizes in the home-furnishings magazines. My brother Joe, who has strong tastes in such matters, always looks as though he had swallowed a persimmon when his unwilling glance falls on such items as the dung-colored sofa with the sprung seat, or the milking stool I found in the barn and brightened up with shoe polish. But the stuff serves its purpose.

Food is a more difficult problem. There is one easy and sensible solution, of course. This is to have a wife who is willing to work like a horse all the time, sweating away in the kitchen while her husband, children and guests are swimming, fishing, lying in the hammock or swilling down liquor. Due to some quirk in my wife's nature, this solution proved impractical.

Indeed, Tish was on the verge of revolution until we found out about charcoal. In the pre-Polecat Park era, we were citified people, who thought cooking was something that went on in the kitchen. The remarkable advantages of cooking on a charcoal grill, no doubt familiar to all Saturday Evening Post readers, came as a revelation to us. There is the liberation of the female from the kitchen. There is the joy of putting guests to useful work. There is the taste.

My brother Joe, who is also thoroughly citified, and who has even stronger tastes in food than in furniture—see LADY, TAKE THAT CASSEROLE AWAY! November 19, 1949, and MY ADVENTURES IN EATING, March 10, 1956—was horrified to learn that we had descended to grill cookery. "My God," he said, "you'll be wearing funny aprons next." Then we gave him a pigeon, a plain old barn pigeon, marinated overnight in red wine and cooked on charcoal—chewy, but not too tough, taste somewhere between chicken and wild game, and just the right size, one pigeon to a person. He thereupon installed a charcoal grill, complete with flue, at vast expense in his city kitchen.

Steak, hamburgers and chicken are the stand-bys, of course. But we have found shish kebab the most practical charcoal meal. Fill a large bowl with hunks of lamb, sliced tomatoes and onions, and green peppers. Give skewers to all present and let them carry on as they see fit. A complete meal, with vegetables, at one whack, and if anybody complains tell him to go to hell.

Charcoal isn't the whole answer, alas! Precooking is another part of the formula for country living in the Polecat Park manner. Cook a dish ahead at your leisure, shove it into the freezer, and haul it out and thaw it when you need it. The trouble is that, in order to shove it into the freezer, you've got to have a freezer, and freezers cost money, and there's nothing I hate spending more than money. But Tish made it clear that it was a choice between the freezer and abandoning Polecat Park, and I chose the freezer.

Nostalgie de la boue had a lot to do with my choice, of course—by that time the thought of having no squalor to escape to seemed intolerable. The whippoorwill had something to do with it. But so did the children and the pond.

Child labor, I have found, adroitly and ruthlessly exploited, makes country living a lot more practical. Even so, my four children love Polecat Park. This is partly because it improves their standing in the childhood pecking order. Their friends, unlike mine, are not a bit embarrassed about what to say. "Gee, Mr. Alsop," they say, "this is sure a neat place," and although the adjective is singularly inappropriate, they obviously mean it.

Children don't see the peeling paint or the mud road or the dump or the rug with the holes in it. They see pigeons to shoot at ineffectually with B-B guns, and a barn to risk sudden death in, and a hammock in which to tumble all over each other, and woods filled with mystery and delicious terror, and plenty of space in which to escape from the pressure to live like civilized human beings, which they are already beginning to feel. And finally, they see a nice, warm, muddy pond in which to swim and splash and yell for long hot hours on end.

The pond is certainly a main reason why I haven't gotten rid of the damn place. My love affair with the pond is particularly puzzling to friends, and particularly irritating to my wife. She says that I am always sneaking away to the pond just when there is work to be done, and then she is expected to cook what she unkindly calls "those horrid little fish" that I pull out of it. She flatly refuses to (Continued on Page 80)

To the Girls

(The Morning After the Office Party)

By Irene Warsaw

Speak softly this morning,
let footfalls be light.
Things hummed at the
company party last night.
Ignore the grim fact that
you also made whoopee
And humor the boys up in
front—they are droopy.
Today, when they ring, let
responses be snappy.
Don't ask any favors—the
bosses aren't happy.
Don't exit for coffee, don't
peer at the clock.
The wheels of the outfit are
suffering shock.
Forget you were confidante,
pal and confessor—
Revert to a basis of "No,
sir" and "Yes, sir."
Screen callers with care and
deflect every griper;
Our jovial delinquents are
paying the piper.

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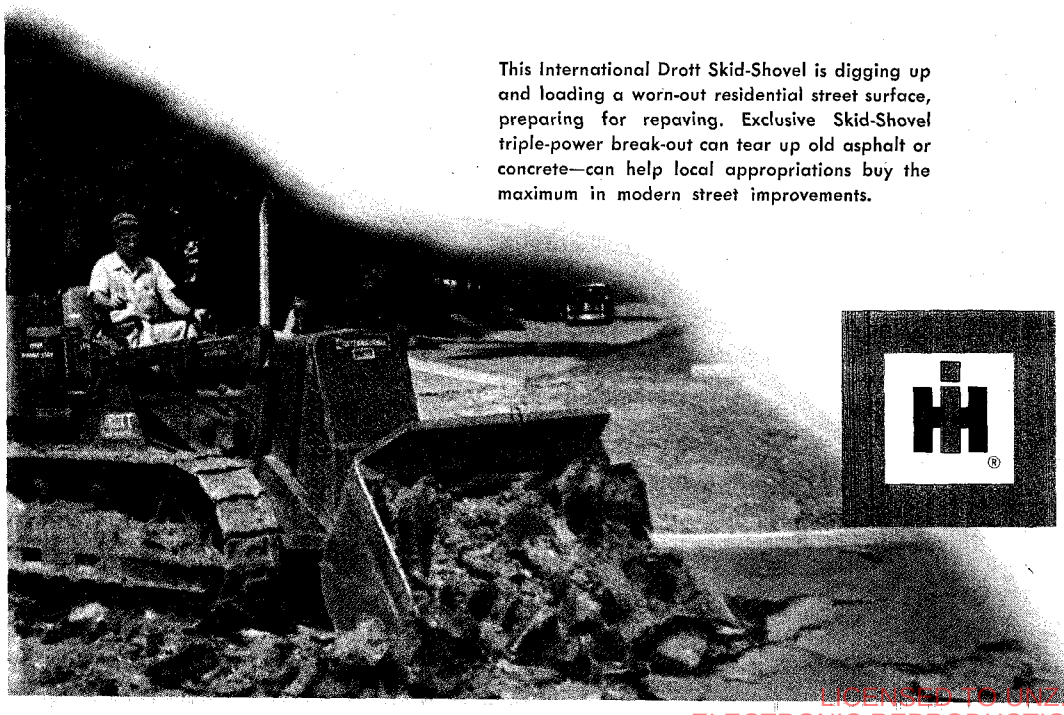

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If you have an electric stove check here..... Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Offer good in U. S. A. and Territory of Hawaii. May be withdrawn or modified at any time.

(*Continued from Page 78*) clean them, and on this issue, as usual, I have had to give way.

The pond exists thanks to Uncle Sam. The city dweller is not aware how kind and generous dear old Uncle is to us farmers, quite apart from support prices and soil banks and such. Soon after I became a city farmer I discovered that Uncle—or sometimes Aunt Maryland—was willing and eager to give me all sorts of nice presents—10,000 seedling trees, lime at a fractional price, an aerial photograph of the farm, a detailed plan for farming it, a covey of quail, lespedeza to keep the quail happy, six mallard ducks, the engineering of the pond, and fish to put into it.

I like to irritate friends who are badly bitten in the income tax by thanking them for having given me such a nice pond. Actually, Uncle did only the initial work—surveying the land, testing the soil, calculating the thickness of the dam needed to hold the water, and providing a detailed chart for the bulldozer man. I had to pay for the bulldozing—it came to about $300. As I have said, I hate spending money, but I have never regretted that $300.

Actually, if you add it all up, it came to $480 because of an inquisitive duck. The duck was one of Uncle's presents. It peered down the overflow pipe and was sucked down into it, with a horrid gurgling noise. The nosy duck's awful fate stopped up the pipe, forcing all the runoff water over the spillway. We went away for a week, and when we came back we found that the erosion of the water had worn down a miniature Grand Canyon in the dam. It cost $180 to put it right. The five other ducks died shortly afterward of botulism. Perhaps there is a lesson in this for persons who accept presents from Uncle.

The pond is not an impressive body of water—ten or eleven feet deep at the deepest point, a little less than half an acre. Yet there is a curious pleasure in making even so tiny an alteration in the surface geography of the earth. There is a curious fascination, too, in watching an artificial pond change and mature until it becomes a natural part of the earth's crust.

At first, when the bulldozer has done its work—it takes only a day or so—a farm pond is just a small hollow in the earth, full of muddy water, the scraped and naked subsoil around the sides as uninviting as builder's fill. If you are foolish enough to walk in the brown water, you sink above your ankles in oozy mud.

Slowly, over the months and years, the pond becomes a natural part of the landscape, as though it had been formed by geological accident—created not by a bulldozer, but by the scrapings of a glacier or an upheaval beneath the earth's skin. The naked soil covers itself with grass and weeds. The great weight of water presses down on the bottom so that it becomes as hard as cement under a thin layer of sediment. And, as long as you keep the watershed above green and covered, avoiding corn like the plague, the water turns from mud brown to a light coffee color and eventually to a not uninviting green. Thus the pond ceases to be a big man-made mud puddle and becomes—a pond.

The pond comes alive. Frogs and tadpoles swarm around the edges. Muskrats appear—you hardly ever see them, but in the evening you can see the long V their noses make in the water as they swim just below the surface. Other, less desirable visitors arrive too. In the second year I killed two huge snapping turtles with my rifle—we have seen none since. Once in a while, the head of a water snake arches delicately above the water, like the head of an Egyptian queen. The water snakes are harmless, but we do not mention them to our more squeamish guests.

For a time, even the less squeamish visitors to Polecat Park were not enthusiastic about the swimming, because of the "goozle," as the children called it—slippery green pond scum which used to form thickly on top of the pond. We got rid of the goozle with copper sulphate, swished through the water in an old sock at the end of a fishing rod. Even since the goozle problem was solved, the more delicately reared adult guests display an obvious reluctance to swim in the pond, with its mud bottom and its greenish color. But the children love it. You can always get cold in the water by hovering in one of the springs. But by summer the pond is warm enough so that children can stay in it for hours, the whole long afternoon, without getting chilled. A farm pond is the traditional ol' swimmin' hole, to the life.

To me, and one or two others who share my passion, the real attraction of the pond is not the swimming, but the fishing. Almost everybody thinks I'm childish about the fishing, especially the children, who, alas, find fishing boring. As a matter of fact, I am sort of ashamed of the amount of time I spend fishing. I like to fish with a fly rod and fly, and almost all the horrid little fish I catch are bluegill bream, about the size of the palm of your hand. I must make a hundred casts or so for every horrid little fish, and then, more often than not, Tish refuses to cook them.

I don't really know why I bother. I wonder if any of the 19,625,387 licensed fishermen in the country could explain why they go to such trouble and expense to feel that tug at the end of the line. Maybe it's because fishing is about as far as you can get from hydrogen bombs and stomach ulcers. And there's always the faint, foolish, lingering hope for a big one. Once in a long while I triumphantly haul in a respectable bass, maybe two or three pounds. But these occasions are getting rarer and rarer. The trouble is that my ecological balance is out of whack.

The ecological balance in a farm pond is, in theory, a delightful state of affairs. The bream eat the bugs that the pond attracts, the bass eat the innumerable offspring of the fecund bream, and you, the owner of the pond, eat the bass and bream, making room for more, while the bugs complete the cycle by eating you. In theory, this process continues merrily and indefinitely, with profit to all.

The trouble is, apparently, that my bream have reproduced themselves too enthusiastically. As a result, the pond is filled with tiny bream. So the few big, arrogant bass that inhabit the pond never have to worry about a meal, and they are utterly indifferent to other offerings. There's one bass I see from time to time, moving unhurriedly about in the green water, which must weigh five pounds or so. I have tried to tempt him with everything I can think of—flies, spoons, popping bugs, little bream, worms. He looks up at me through the water with a sneer, shrugs his massive shoulders and turns indifferently away.

The ecological balance should have come right by now. The bream population has been much reduced by the poaching of neighboring farm boys and by a flood which covered the whole spillway with thumbnail-sized bream (Tish and I and the children collected the tiny fish in pails, and cooked them whole, like whitebait—they were delicious). As a result, the bream are getting bigger, and the bass

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have reproduced themselves, too, so the problem should be solved. But it isn't. The younger generation of bass never seem to reach catchable size. I don't know why. Nature is queer. Anyway, I love fishing for the horrid little fish, and I love the pond.

Especially as evening falls, a small pond is an oddly soothing thing. As the sun goes down on a windless summer day, the dragonflies whir like helicopters over the pond, their wings glinting in the sun. A small mist rises from the surface and hovers lazily. The swallows come to look for bugs, doing their marvelous aerial acrobatics, swooping down gracefully to catch an insect on the surface and soaring up again. The pond blinks with the ripple of rising fish. Once in a while there is a tremendous splashing near the shore line, where a small bream is darting desperately to escape a hungry bass intent on his evening meal.

At dusk, the bullfrogs start chug-a-rumming at each other—and at you, if you want. It is easy to imitate the noise they make, and you can have long, spirited conversations with the frogs. Particularly if your occupation involves talking a lot with politicians and government officials, talking with frogs is oddly satisfying.

In many different ways, a place like Polecat Park gives you a new angle of vision from which to view the world. I went to the Far East shortly after the

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The same man who speaks of the good old days would be lost without his home air-conditioner.

HAL CHADWICK

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polyphiloproductive bream had reproduced themselves beyond all reason. It seemed to me that there was a parallel between my pond and much of Asia, where human beings have reproduced their kind until there is a plague of humans, and only a few, like the big, arrogant bass that feed off the little bream, have enough to eat. The ecological balance in Asia is out of whack.

A farm makes you wonder about things you never bothered your head about before. If you look at the land with the greedy eyes of an owner, rather than the indifferent glance of a casual visitor, you realize how very little you know about the soil that keeps us all alive. Why are there those small symmetrically round spots of fertility in the worn-out fields, where the grass stands up proudly, dark green? There have been no cows in the fields for years, so cow droppings can't be the answer. Why does the twelve-acre field, sown to a bluegrass-and-clover mixture, come up in orchard grass, while the twenty-acre field right next it, sown to the same mixture, comes up in lespedeza and weeds? And why does one field bear so much thinner a crop of small grains than the next? I know the soil is poorer, but how did it get that way?

Unless you are in a very high tax bracket indeed, it is best to ask such questions only in a lazy, speculative way. It is fatal to get too interested, to try to "put the land in good heart." Then you find yourself buying expensive machinery, plowing under crops, liming and fertilizing, installing animals which develop unexpected miseries and ruining yourself financially.

I was brought up on a farm in Connecticut. My father's farm was a well-run place, and it didn't prepare me for the damnpump or the other peculiarities of life on Polecat Park. But I did learn enough about farming to know that it is a serious and difficult profession, not an amusement for city slickers.

I wonder now if being brought up on a farm had something to do with my passion for Polecat Park. I wonder if other farm-bred immigrants to the city have completed the same cycle I have. When you are very young, the country seems a dim and dusty place, and all the world's glory and wonder are in the big city. Then, after some years of walled-in anonymity, you begin to feel a fretful desire for green and growing things, a garden at least, maybe a suburban acre or two. And finally, if you complete the cycle, there comes the itch to have space around you, some land, however corned-out and weed-infested, that you can call your own.

Is it a practical matter to scratch the itch? Obviously, even a run-down farm like Polecat Park costs money. But if you are lucky enough to have a few thousand dollars to invest, a hundred or so acres not too far from a big city is not the worst investment in the world. You can even get some interest on your investment; Roland Mullinix, who farms my land and nine others on shares, pays me enough to cover taxes and insurance and a bit more. Above all, you can't fish, or swim, or lie in a hammock or take long walks on the stock certificates of even the most gilt-edged corporation.

But in this part of the world, at least, where land outside the suburban area can be bought for less than $100 an acre, you don't have to make a sizable investment to enjoy most of the peculiar pleasures of life on a Polecat Park scale. The time may come, when the children reach the financially ruinous stage of their education, when I shall feel tearfully obliged to sell out Polecat Park. If so, I know just what I'll do. I'll buy four or five acres with a good watershed, preferably off a dirt road, and I'll hire myself a bulldozer and put in a pond. Eventually, perhaps, I'll put up some sort of shack, big enough to camp out in. And thus Tish and I will always be able to escape the confinements of civilized living and rediscover the joys of squalor.

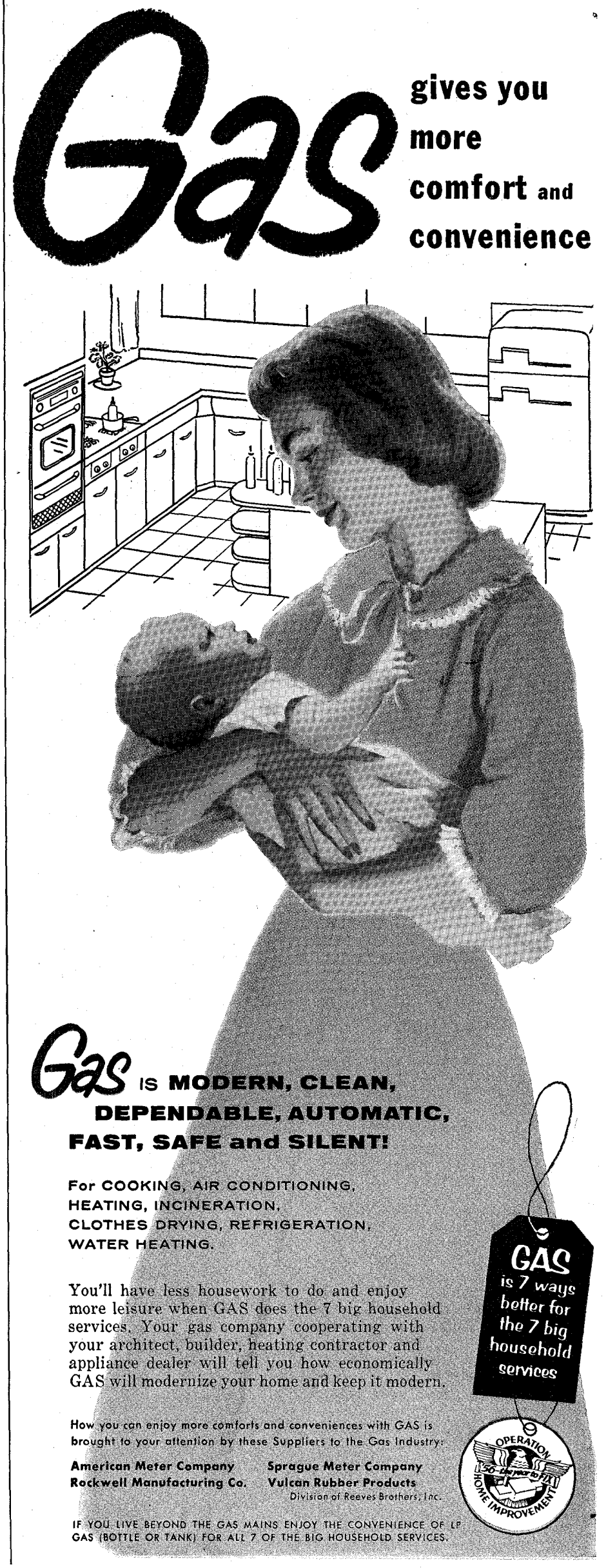
Mind you, unless you are a millionaire or have a wife or husband who positively enjoys hard physical labor, you must have enough of childhood in you to enjoy grubbiness. If you are a confirmed addict of gracious living, a country place is not for you. But if you can rise above dirt and disorder, there is much to be said for a place like Polecat Park.

At dusk, sitting on the porch in summer, you can watch the tired old place become beautiful again. As night falls and the moon comes out, the land looks as rich and rolling as it must have looked a hundred years ago, when it was virgin land. From the porch, you can see the fireflies leaping in the small grain. The children collect them, as children always do, and put them in upturned milk bottles in their bedrooms.

After the children have gone to sleep, there is the hushed tumult of summer night in the country. Something stirs in the grainfield, a bird moves in a tree, just audibly, and far away a dog barks. Then the whippoorwill sounds off again. "There's that damned whippoorwill," Tish is likely to mutter, but it makes me feel happy.

I feel unhappy again when the pump breaks down or the toilet clogs up or a shutter falls down or the bills come in. But termites, silver fish, peeling paint, mud, smell, embarrassed guests and all, I love the damn place. I still haven't explained why. I guess I don't know why. But I do.

THE END


Gas gives you more comfort and convenience
Gas IS MODERN, CLEAN, DEPENDABLE, AUTOMATIC, FAST, SAFE and SILENT!
For COOKING, AIR CONDITIONING, HEATING, INCINERATION, CLOTHES DRYING, REFRIGERATION, WATER HEATING.
You'll have less housework to do and enjoy more leisure when GAS does the 7 big household services. Your gas company cooperating with your architect, builder, heating contractor and appliance dealer will tell you how economically GAS will modernize your home and keep it modern.
GAS is 7 ways better for the 7 big household services
How you can enjoy more comforts and conveniences with GAS is brought to your attention by these Suppliers to the Gas Industry:
American Meter Company
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IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE GAS MAINS ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE OF LP GAS (BOTTLE OR TANK) FOR ALL 7 OF THE BIG HOUSEHOLD SERVICES.
OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Money by the Ton (Continued from Page 49)

be adjusted to take a quarter and a penny. A change in the Illinois sales-tax law caused a run on pennies there. And when a national advertiser tells customers to send "three box tops and one dime," it rains dimes at one place while causing shortages elsewhere. Checking-account charges have made a big difference in the way people use cash, including coins: many bills formerly paid by check are now settled by cash, the customer drawing a single big check in place of many little ones. The terrific increase in vending machines in recent years is an important factor in the enormously increased use of coins up to and including quarters. And parking meters use millions of pennies and nickels every day.

Mint officials watch for such changes and try to anticipate demand. Sometimes they flub it. When subway fares in New York City were upped from a nickel to a dime in 1948, dime machines were installed at the turnstiles, and it seemed a safe bet that dime demand would skyrocket. Two million extra dimes were shipped in. Not one was distributed, however; there simply was no call for them. The demand for nickels, on the other hand, increased to the point where they had to be shipped in clear from San Francisco and Denver. Mint officials never did figure that one out.

Another of the mint's headaches stems from the violent antipathies some public figures have inspired. For years, people who hated Abraham Lincoln and all he stood for resented the Lincoln penny. And when Franklin D. Roosevelt's portrait was put on the dime because of his association with polio and the March of Dimes, people soon forgot this connection and began demanding why "That Man" rated such an honor.

But no matter how unpopular a particular design proves, the mint is stuck with it. Unlike other manufacturers, it can't change models more often than once in twenty-five years, except by act of Congress. When a coin has been in issue longer than this, the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may put out a new design. The Roosevelt dime, issued in 1946, required no special enactment, as the dime preceding it had been in issue more than twenty-five years. And the Lincoln penny, in issue since 1909, could legally be changed by the mint any time now.

Mint officials dislike frequent coin-design changes, however. As President Eisenhower said, in a message vetoing a bill to authorize a commemorative coin: "Multiplicity of designs of United States coins would tend to create confusion among the public, and to facilitate counterfeiting."

Still another imponderable confronting officials of the mint is the waxing and waning of popularity for certain denominations of coins. Silver dollars, for instance, were once extremely popular. Gamblers in Nevada still do a brisk business in them, to be sure; and there are quite a few places along the Continental Divide where a seventy-five-cent purchase is still likely to bring change of a quarter and four cartwheels out of a five-dollar bill. But elsewhere, silver dollars are either curiosities or completely unknown. A Brooklyn gas-station man, for instance, called the cops when a Wyoming driver tried to pay him with them. No silver dollars have been minted since 1935, because enough of them to last for years at the present rate of use are stored in the vaults.

Half dollars, hard-money-makers think, may be on the decline too. Demand for them has lessened, and people who wear change belts, such as some bus and streetcar conductors, have no half-dollar slot. Whether this is a cause or an effect, the result is that people are getting fewer half dollars in change.

Due partly to this decreased use of silver dollars and half dollars, the average coin in use today is smaller in face value than was formerly the case, even though the total number of coins in circulation has increased tremendously over the years. It's in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters that our usage of coins has gone stratospheric. If all the coins in circulation in the United States could have been divided equally among all the people, each of us, as of September 30, 1955, would have had $1.36 in silver dollars, $7.34 in halves, quarters and dimes, and $2.66 in nickels and pennies.

To cope with this formidable demand for small change, the mint has developed automatic machines which pour forth coins in a veritable cascade. When pennies became critically scarce recently, for instance, the Philadelphia mint succeeded in turning them out at the rate of between two and a half and three million a day by working around the clock. Even normal production, during an eight-hour day, runs between 850,000 and 1,000,000 pennies.

In the Denver mint, considered a model of efficiency, the smallest precious-metal ingots they bother to handle weigh 430 pounds and are moved by crane. Yet the percentage of wasted materials is microscopic. Precious metals are weighed in

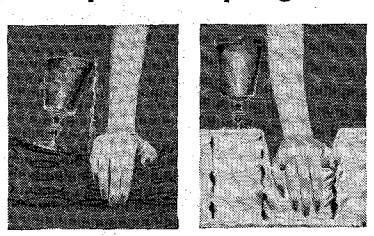
"My husband weighs 203...I weigh 112, yet we

Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in separate comfort. Only Beautyrest has separate, independent springs.

More and more women are saying nice things like this about Beautyrest.* And they point out a difference we're proud of —namely, that two can and *do* get separate, undisturbed rest on Beautyrest.

The reason is in the unique independent spring construction of Beautyrest. It means no rolling together. The heaviest husband can't relay a jolt, a jounce or even a jiggle when he turns in his sleep.

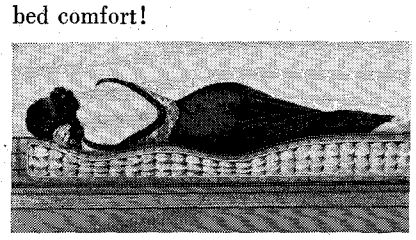
In all other mattresses, springs are tied together—pull each other down.



"ORDINARY" (wire-tied springs) BEAUTYREST (independent springs)

See how water glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattress. Springs that are wired together sag together.

See how glass remains upright o Beautyrest. Each spring is independen strictly on its own. Each coil reacts onl to the weight above it. So vital to doubl bed comfort!



Greater single-bed comfort, too

If Beautyrest is so right for two, thin how perfect it must be for *single* sleepe Independent springs give gently und

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and out, and any missing ounces are tracked down relentlessly. Silver and other metals are recovered from the water that workers bathe in, from their gloves, trousers and shoes, and from the dirt on the floor. Even the air is sifted for minute particles afloat.

All this is a far cry from the mint's beginnings. Established by Congress in 1793, it actually began business a year earlier, in 1792. Its first home was in a couple of secondhand buildings on North 7th Street in Philadelphia, then the national capital. President Washington lived a few hundred feet away, and used to drop in to see how things were going. Anybody could bring in his old gold or silver and have it melted down and made into spending money. Everything was done by hand. Lamps in that first mint burned sperm-whale oil at one dollar a gallon, and a three-dollar dog named Nero guarded the premises. Working hours were from 5:00 in the morning to 7:00 at night, with an hour for breakfast and two for dinner.

In those days, of course, the mint's job was far simpler than it is now. The bureau since has been given a number of jobs aside from the making of coins. It is charged by law with supervising all the gold at Fort Knox, with selling gold for manufacturing purposes, supervising the West Point silver-storage vaults, and making world-wide studies of gold and silver bullion and coined money. It currently operates an assay office in New York and two coin factories, one at Philadelphia and the other at Denver. Until recently coins were also made at San Francisco, but the mint there is now operated only as a refinery and assay office.

In addition—and more or less as a side line—the mint turns out what are called "proof" coins, perfect pieces sold to collectors at a premium. Recently I visited the Philadelphia mint and spent some time looking over the shoulder of Michael Faix, one of the workmen who make these super-de-luxe coins, which, incidentally, are worth, as money, exactly the same as the coins in your pocket or mine.

I saw Michael leave his stool and go to a tub with a handful of the plain blanks, or planchets, that he uses in making his coins: he was working on half dollars. He explained that the blanks are specially processed all along the way, right from the ingot. He bathed them in a cleaning solution and polished them with a cloth till I could see my Scotch face in them. Thereafter he was careful never to touch them with his bare hands; body acids, he said, would blemish the brightness. Picking them up by their edges with tweezers, he placed them individually in the "collar" of his money press between beautifully polished upper and lower dies. He pushed a button, and the press came down on the cold blank with 150-odd tons of pressure. He did it twice, to be sure the images were perfect. Scrutinizing each finished coin, he tossed some carelessly into a tin box.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Rejects."

"Why?" They looked good to me.

●

The modern high school is a place where boys try to learn whether they play football well enough to go to college.

VESTA M. KELLY

●

He picked one up. "See that scratch?" I confessed I didn't. Only under a magnifying glass could I detect the eighth-inch scratch which Michael had seen at a glance.

Later, in the packaging room, I saw Ethel Cover and Rose Lynch, final inspectors, rejecting many that Michael and others equally careful had passed. Other girls in white gloves permanently sealed the accepted coins in clear-plastic containers permitting examination but no manual contact.

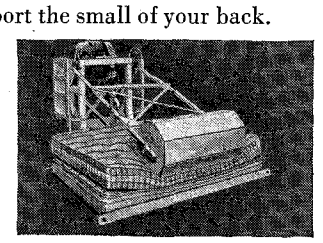
A set of proof coins includes a half dollar, quarter, dime, nickel and penny. Worth ninety-one cents as buying money, they are sold at the mint or by mail for $2.10 per set, a price which just covers the extra production costs. Coin collectors gladly pay that much or more, through dealers, in order to possess perfect coins. Indeed, some collectors recently paid $27.50 for 1950 sets. Demand for proof coins is outracing the mint's facilities for making them. Mrs. Rae Biester, superintendent of the Philadelphia mint, told me that 51,386 sets were turned out in 1950. In 1955, orders were accepted for 409,299 sets and, at that, 10,000 finally had to be refused because time ran out before they could be made.

The mint is not in money-making as a favor to coin collectors, of course. Numismatists, to the mint, are just people, and sometimes pretty ornery ones. Proof sets, the first of which were regularly struck nearly a century ago, are made only if the mint is not behind on other business. They can be discontinued at will, and have been on occasion.

Most of the mint's work, however, has to be carried on regardless of other pressures—and this includes special jobs. One such job is making medals. During the war the mint made all medals awarded by the Marine Corps, the Coast Guard

oth get separate comfort on BEAUTYREST"

weight of your hips, yet firm up to ort the small of your back.



The least expensive mattress you can own

's why the best costs the least. At ed States Testing Co., 270-pound r went over all leading makes of tresses. Beautyrest stood up 3 times ger than the next best mattress tested.

Another reason why more people buy Beautyrest mattresses than any other mattresses in the world.

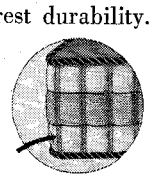
Longer-lasting? Yes. And the Beautyrest 10-year guarantee brings its cost down to about 2¢ a night.

Your choice of firmness

Choose the Beautyrest that suits you best. There's Beautyrest Standard (for most firmness requirements) and Beautyrest Extra-Firm (for those who need or prefer it). Extra-length and extra-width Beautyrest mattresses also available.

Be sure to get the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACKSAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top, engineered to give maximum comfort and even greater Beautyrest durability.

P.S. Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines . . . it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.



Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1956 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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and the Navy, and some of the Army's. In addition, a medal is designed and struck for each new incoming President, Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Mint. Many of these are handsome bronze pieces by famous medallion artists, but they are not scarce in the collector's sense, though some efforts have been made to promote that idea.

Recently a letter came to the mint from a New York woman who wrote that she had been offered a complete set of presidential medals as pay for making a very valuable bedspread. But she had heard conflicting stories about them, and would the mint please tell her what these medals were worth? One of the stories had it that this particular set was worth $25,000, and that former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey wanted to buy it, but had been unable so far to raise more than $18,000 toward the price. The mint told the lady that thirty-three presidential medals, one for each President, have been designed to date; that they are always in stock, and anybody can buy any of them in any quantity at any time for $2.50 apiece, or the entire set for $82.50; the price includes packing costs and shipping charges to any place in the United States, Hawaii, Alaska or the Canal Zone. The same is true of medals of the Secretaries of the Treasury and of the Directors of the Mint.

Medals authorized by Congress and made by the mint come in many sizes and prices. One of Washington and Lincoln, smaller than a nickel, fetches forty-five cents. A big one of "Major General Grant," authorized in 1863, is four inches across and sells for fifteen dollars. The medal of the one and only "Veep," the late Alben Barkley, can be had for $2.75, and one of Charles Lindbergh for $3.25. A recently authorized medal for Doctor Salk, developer of polio vaccine, will be available to the public presently.

A list of the medals offered for sale may be obtained from the Director of the Mint in Washington. But some special medals aren't for sale at any price. Congress may specify that one only be struck. Such medals have been made for Irving Berlin, Admiral King, General "Billy" Mitchell, General Marshall and others, in recognition of distinguished services. Usually the "one only" medals are struck in gold and presented by the President.

Commemorative coins are another special mint job, and usually an unwelcome one. They are made as authorized by Congress, mainly for organizations which want them for fund-raising purposes. The first one was the Columbian half dollar, coined in 1892-3. Others followed in a flood. Organizations found they could get the coins from the mint at face value and turn them over at a premium to coin dealers, who then peddled them to collectors for whatever they could get. Secretaries of the Treasury from Andrew Mellon on, and Presidents beginning with Hoover, have tried to call a halt on the practice, often without success. By 1937, according to H. R. Report No. 101 in the 76th Congress, the thing had become a racket, and coin dealers were about the only beneficiaries.

That report put a stop to commemorative issues until the last day of the 1946 session, when bills for two—one for the hundredth anniversary of Iowa's admission to the Union, and the other for Booker T. Washington—slipped through. Commemorative issues do not easily get through Congress or past the President now. Eisenhower has vetoed three such bills.

As if all this other work weren't enough to keep it busy, since 1874 the mint has also been authorized to make coins for friendly foreign governments. Through the fiscal year ending June 30, 1955, no less than 5,770,000,000 such coins had been produced for thirty-six different governments, including Australia, the Fiji Islands, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Venezuela, China, and even, during the war, France. After Mussolini's troops were ousted from Ethiopia, Emperor Haile Selassie wanted an entirely new set of coins, and they were made for him in Philadelphia from design to finished coins. Foreign coins are sold at cost.

"Cost," naturally, figures out to be a good deal less than the face value of the coins. A thousand nickels, for instance, are worth fifty dollars. The mint manufactures them at a cost of $2.23 per 1000 not counting the metal. The copper-nickel alloy used in making them costs about fifty-five cents a pound, and a pound makes ninety nickels; on these figures, the total cost of a nickel to the manufacturer is less than one cent. The manufacturing cost of producing the 936,871,253 coins of all denominations made in the fiscal year 1955 was $1,617,674, and the metal that went into them cost Uncle Sam an additional $18,183,899.41. This is a pretty impressive figure, to be sure, but since these coins had a face value of $38,629,263.41, the Government still managed to come out ahead on the deal.

The regular coinage the mint makes is sold to thirty-seven customers—namely the twelve Federal Reserve banks, their twenty-four branches, and the Office of the Treasurer of the United States. The accounting is complicated, and a thing called "seigniorage," corresponding in a way to what private business calls profit, enters into it. From Federal Reserve banks and branches coins go as requisitioned to some 15,000 banks, and thence to businessmen and individuals.

As a result of this constant introduction of new coins into circulation, the chances are that you'll find few old coins in your pocket. Indian-head pennies, in regular coinage until 1909, are hardly ever taken in change any more. Buffalo nickels, last minted in 1938, now appear rather seldom. "After discontinuation of a design," assistant director Howard says, "common usage continues for only about twenty-five years. Liberty-head nickels are almost never passed now, yet there are certainly millions in existence."

Coins are constantly disappearing from circulation, some in odd ways, and the mint makes a standard adjustment for this loss in coinage-circulation figures. Some are lost out of pockets or go to the bottom of the sea in wrecks. Others disappear in accordance with Gresham's Law, that when two coins are equal in debt-paying power, but not in intrinsic value, the one worth intrinsically less tends to stay in circulation and the other is hoarded or converted into bullion. Congress once had to pass a law reducing the silver content of silver coins to a point that made melting down unprofitable.

Gold coins, when they were still in circulation, were made of the same alloy used by dentists in filling teeth, and many were melted down and disappeared—at least from circulation—in people's mouths. The Model T Ford did away with many pennies, as one could be used to make a balky coil work. And some pennies are used, dangerously, to replace blown fuses, while Western marksmen often used silver dollars as targets.

Many coins aren't circulating but are still around, being hoarded by people who hope that they will become valuable. Nobody knows how many Indian-head pennies are being saved this way. Collectors also tuck away many brand-new coins, hoping for speculative profits and sometimes causing apparent scarcities. Recently five-dollar rolls of brand-new dimes made in 1955 at the San Francisco mint were selling for $7.50; not too many dimes were made there in 1955 and that mint was being discontinued for coinage. Rolls of uncirculated half dollars worth ten dollars and made at San Francisco in 1936 were offered for sale not long ago for $235, and rolls of uncirculated nickels made in Denver in 1939 and worth two dollars as cash, were offered for $150.

These are special cases, however, and few of the seldom-seen coins some people hopefully hoard are likely ever to be worth more than penny premiums. At that, their owners are better off than the people who fall for some of the tall tales about coin values. Some of these tales involve mint marks—the letters many coins bear to show which of the mints in operation at one time or another made them. One widely credited fantasy insists that if you get coins bearing the four letters, F, O, R and D, you can turn them in for a new Ford. It's easy enough to get coins with O and D mint marks, the former from the discontinued New Orleans mint, and the latter from either the Dahlonega, Georgia, mint—now also discontinued—or Denver. But no coins with the letters F or R were ever made.

The mint receives letters every week from people who want to know if it's true that you get a new Buick in exchange for a 1943 copper penny. Copper pennies dated 1943 do turn up, but only because some misguided person went to the trouble of copper-plating them. The 1943 wartime pennies, to save copper, were made of zinc-coated steel. Nobody gives a new Buick for one.

Doctor Howard himself had an odd experience with coin beliefs shortly after he became assistant director of the mint, which happened when he was quite young. He visited a cousin, and found him saving Jefferson nickels. Howard asked why.

"They're going to be valuable," the cousin said.

"Why?"

"The mint made a mistake. They're trying to call them in."

"What was the mistake?"

"They left the flagpole off the White House."

It turned out that a columnist had sponsored this story in dozens of newspapers, raising vain hopes far and wide. Howard was obliged to inform his cousin that there wasn't a word of truth in the tale, that there had never been any intention of putting a flagpole on the nickel, and that the building wasn't the White House anyway, but Monticello, Jefferson's home.

The nickel-saving cousin later told another cousin that he didn't see how so dumb a guy got a job like that. Making money can be a pretty thankless job.

THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Ronald, an amateur detective, eagerly read all circulars on wanted criminals. One day he spotted a notorious public enemy and promptly called police. The gangster was scarcely jailed when Ronald's troubles began. He received numerous anonymous phone calls, threatening to slug him for aiding the law. Frantic, he appealed for police protection and was given a twenty-four-hour-a-day guard. A few weeks later the guard was discontinued. Thugs immediately gave Ronald a terrific beating. Recovering, he sued the city for damages.

"The city is obligated to protect its citizens, and certainly to safeguard anyone who risks his neck to help jail a gangster," Ronald argued. "As it failed to protect me for as long as necessary, it should pay damages for my beating."

"We're sorry for Ronald, but the police manpower of any city is limited," city counsel replied. "It just isn't possible to guard any one citizen forever. As Ronald has no right to expect the impossible, he shouldn't be paid damages."

If you were the judge, would you make the city pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The city did not have to pay. The court said a city's duty is to protect the public as a whole. Accordingly, it cannot be expected to concentrate its police upon guarding one or more citizens indefinitely.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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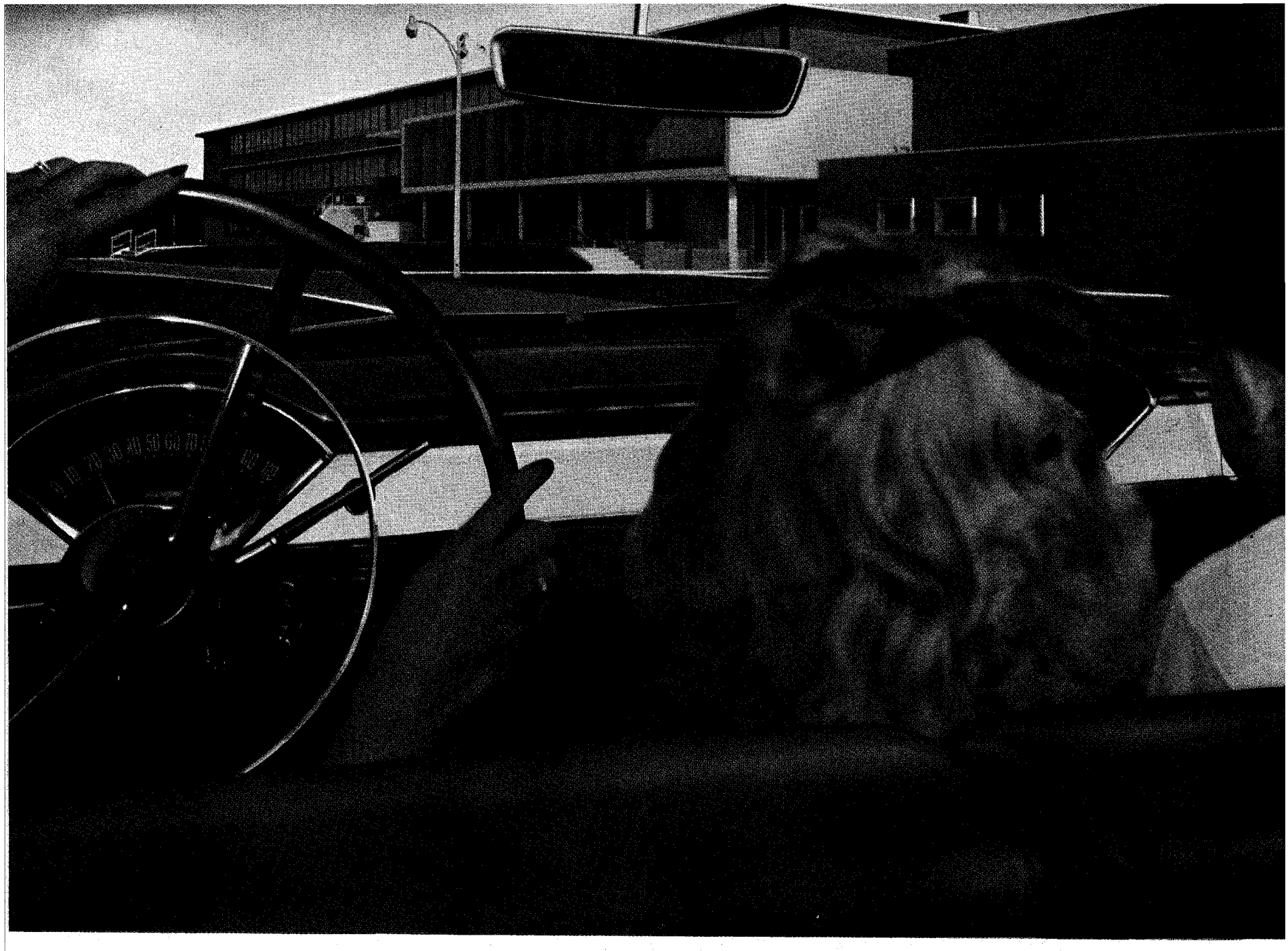

Why family chauffeurs (like you) like E-Z-EYE

If you're the one who usually drives — getting groceries or delivering children (or husband) hither and yon — E-Z-Eye Safety Plate Glass is made for you. It reduces sun and sky glare and makes your driving so much more pleasant and comfortable.

Ask your dealer for this neutral blue, glare-reducing glass in your next car — whether it's a Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac or Packard.

LOF GLASS®

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE GLASS

with the shaded windshield

Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat

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GIANT ASSAULT HELICOPTERS are designed to fly Marines for surprise attacks inland, eliminate need for beachhead landings. Sikorsky HR2S helicopter carries a military payload of three tons or 26 combat-equipped Marines, and has two 2100-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Double Wasp engines.

How Can America Continue to Have

Marine Corps Aircraft Second to None

The hope of the free world lies in preventing another major war. One of the strongest deterrents to enemy aggression—and a tremendous force for peace—is preparedness in the air. But such preparedness requires years of work and planning, because modern aircraft are exceedingly complex.

Today the Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Army are equipped with aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. It can only be maintained by long-range, continuing programs of aviation research, development and production. In this way alone can the United States *continue to have* aircraft second to none.

Some idea of the extent of the effort required is afforded by Marine Corps aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. Their assignments are so varied, and in combat must be carried out under such difficult conditions, that these aircraft have posed problems of design, engineering and production requiring years to solve. Even more will be demanded of tomorrow's aircraft. For if America is to remain free, United States air power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

Marine Corps pilots today fly some of the world's best aircraft, including new jet fighters and big helicopters. A variety of aircraft is needed for the important aviation missions of the Marines. This includes helicopters for assault, transports for mobility, jet fighters to control the air, and attack aircraft to support Marines in ground combat day or night—in any weather.

A modern Marine Corps tactic is "Vertical Assault." In this, a powerful striking force—even a division—is lifted by helicopters right over a defended beach or battle line. For this purpose, today's transport helicopters such as the Sikorsky HRS, or the new Sikorsky HUS which can carry thirteen fully armed men, are needed in large numbers. These aircraft show the enormous strides made in helicopters since 1947 when the first helicopter joined the Marine Corps. They also show how research and development of the past years is paying off today. But good as they are today, the Marine aircraft of tomorrow must be better still.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Marine Corps jet fighters, helicopters and transports are today on engineers' drawing boards, in wind tunnels and at flight test stations. Some of these aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some will have such advanced capabilities that no Marine Corps target can be denied them. Others will fly or hover with huge loads wherever needed.

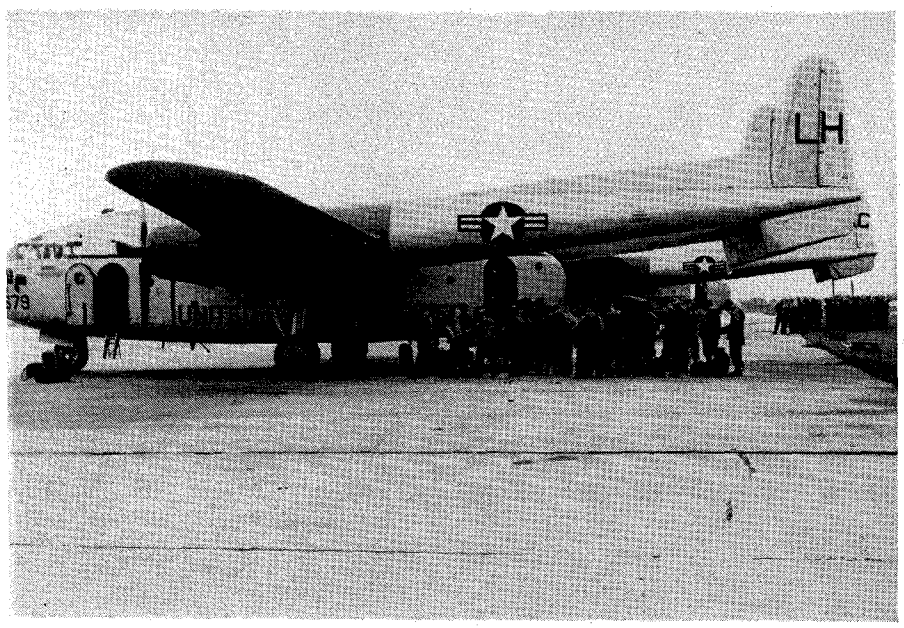
An example of the advanced aircraft soon to play a major part in Marine Corps operations is the Sikorsky HR2S helicopter—as big as a *twin-engine* airliner. With two big Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engines, this giant helicopter can airlift twenty-six *combat equipped Marines.* But as with all highly complex modern aircraft, the time required from first design to full production status has been long—in this case about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can the Marine Corps continue to have the aircraft it needs . . . aircraft second to none in their ability to perform their assigned missions.

NEWEST TACTICS employ helicopters to lift Marines from carriers or assembly point to by-pass enemy fortifications. Widely used HRS Sikorsky helicopters are combat-proved. Use of bigger 13-passenger HUS Sikorsky helicopters is planned.

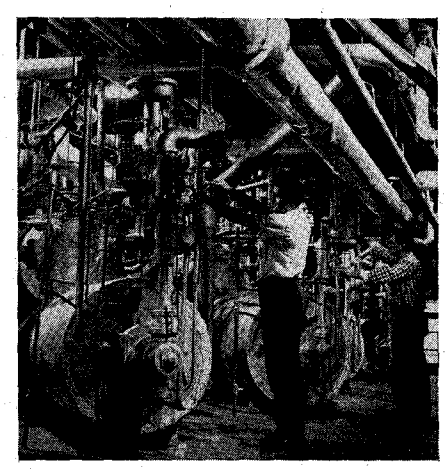
CARRIER-BASED JET FIGHTERS provide cover, reconnaissance, and all weather close air support for Marines. Grumman F9F *Cougar*, above, has powerful Pratt & Whitney Aircraft jet engine.

NORTH AMERICAN FJ-4 *Fury* is advanced carrier version of *Sabre*. Engine is Wright J-65. Hamilton Standard air conditioning protects Marine pilots from high cockpit temperatures.



VITAL MOBILITY for Marine Corps striking power is furnished by transport aircraft. Fairchild's R4Q *Packet*, for example, can operate from short runways and carry 15 tons or 62 fully-equipped men in its huge, low-slung fuselage.

NIGHT FIGHTER, radar-equipped Douglas F3D, can launch *Sparrow* air-to-air missiles which are guided to targets at supersonic speeds. Engines are Westinghouse J-34s.



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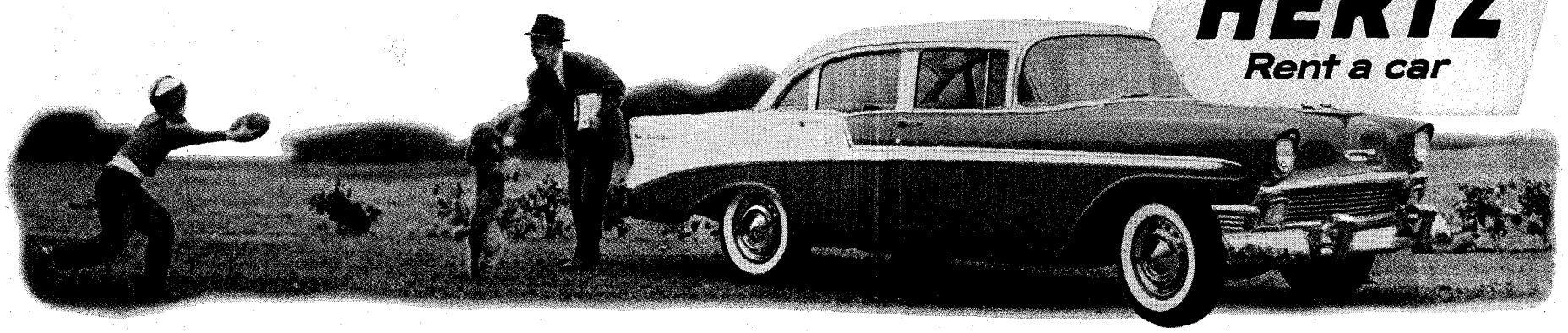

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Reservation for Murder

(Continued from Page 51)

most critical moment?" He retracted his upper lip, as if stung again now by his earlier and quite helpless fury at that development. "Oh, yes!" he said. "That is what I had to endure out here. The creature arguing with them! And why? Because it appears that he is not a good man, and that he does not wish people to kneel to him."

Tedescu gasped. "But he intends to go through with it? He will not back out?"

"Come along into the bedroom with me," Mr. Janisek said quietly, "and close the door. We have a minute or two yet, I think; and all that business I intend to settle right now, before anything else."

Compressing his lips, Mr. Janisek flung open the door to Tedescu's bedroom. He took the automatic out of his pocket, paused over by the bedroom dresser and fixed gloomily ferocious, dark eyes on Theodore Victor's Excellency.

Of course! The creature appears to have ideas of his own now! He had unbuttoned the cassock and removed the sash and the dark glasses, but when Mr. Janisek walked in on him, with Tedescu following, he swung around at them, and afterward backed off quickly. Under the gun, and under Mr. Janisek's quiet but steadily menacing regard, the imbecile was unable to manage even that timid and uncertain smile of his. He backed off till the corridor wall stopped him.

"So you have decided to change your clothes," Mr. Janisek murmured. "I see. You are off somewhere, perhaps? You have just thought of a very pressing and important engagement?"

There was no answer, but he had not expected one. Tedescu shifted uneasily. "Perhaps"—he said—"perhaps he worries about the old man. . . . Is that it, Josef?"

"But then he can go," Mr. Janisek declared harshly. "We will forget everything in that case. Our time, our trouble and our investment. The gentleman has begun to worry about this business. Well, then ——" He made a sidewise motion with the automatic, indicating with it the hall door, but keeping his eyes on Cousin Josef. "Let him walk out of here. Let him take a step from that wall—one step, Tedescu—and I will send a bullet through the back of his skull."

Sweat appeared on Cousin Josef's mouth. He cringed, making himself much smaller. And now Mr. Janisek advanced slowly on him—slowly and with purpose. He struck at Cousin Josef, followed him around the bed, kicked at him and struck again. Usually he prided himself on what he considered a flawless command of the English language, but here, as earlier tonight with Emil, it did not prove to be quite adequate for what Mr. Janisek desired to say. His voice rose shrilly and furiously, and in his native tongue. He smashed down, feeling that he could have demolished the creature, torn him apart, with his bare hands; and yet he was cool enough to strike him only on top of the head, and on both shoulders. No marks! No visible evidence to excite Theodore Victor's later suspicions!

When he had become breathless from his exertions and from the words that were panting out of him in such passionate fury, he stepped back, holding Cousin Josef at the end of his arm, and flung the creature full length into Tedescu's bathroom.

"And that is only a small sample of what is waiting for you!" he announced savagely. "Very small, but I would not forget it, imbecile. You will do what Francis Janisek tells you to do—so much and no more! Do you imagine that I have followed the path this far to allow a thing like you to turn his back on me?"

"I believe that we could explain to him," Tedescu put in, gesturing aside secretly at Mr. Janisek. "We will take the money, of course, but then what happens? There is a great outcry about it, and there is more raised for him—much more than before, probably. We leave the old man safe and sound somewhere, perhaps in that nursing home you were telling me about. We do not hurt him. Because that idea has never entered our heads. Most truly, Josef."

"It is a thing I felt," Cousin Josef whispered almost inaudibly. "When they told me about him—the work that he is to do, and how important it is. He must not be harmed; he is a good man. And we, all of us—we are bad people, I think. We will not be forgotten for this, Janisek; nor forgiven either."

"We?" And Mr. Janisek cuffed at him again for that insolence. "Here is something to know; so we are all of a group now! And we will have to begin worrying about what our gentleman wants from us, and what he does not want. Look up, imbecile! I am talking to you. And button that cassock!"

"But the old man," Tedescu whispered, lowering his voice from the creature. "Now it is all different than we expected. When he was in his room and asleep, he might have been finished already—the thing done! But awake, Janisek, and in full command of himself!" He rolled his eyes helplessly, as if that fact had shaken him to the depths; as if he had to insist on it now, again and again, as on an event of the most profound and mysteriously appalling significance. "You should be thinking of that. How will it be possible to keep him quiet in here without the sedative? In what way?"

Putting his back to Cousin Josef, Mr. Janisek displayed the automatic between them—a quick, curiously furtive gesture. Then over it, for half an instant, they examined each other as though each of them confronted with the most searching and indeed desperate anxiety his own reflection at a distance of two inches; and assured himself in that way, face against face, that even the last necessity was now perfectly understood and agreed between them.

"Not yet," Mr. Janisek murmured, turning himself so that he could watch the back of Cousin Josef's head stealthily. "We will have to get the imbecile calmed down in here, or perhaps he will spoil everything by skipping away on us. But give him the brandy, Tedescu, and let him drink himself stupid with it. We will have to be very careful with him from now on. He is getting emotional."

"The brandy?" Tedescu whispered. "When it is necessary for him to rehearse that speech for tomorrow night? You have not forgotten that part?"

"But he is accepted already!" Mr. Janisek whispered back, highly exasperated at such denseness. "Can you understand nothing, blockhead—nothing at all? It can happen that he will be ill for the banquet—an attack of laryngitis. Then the speech can be ready for him, and he can just sit there. That way there is not even the slightest risk about it. So do as I tell you. Fetch the brandy in here."

The bedroom door opened. "Tedescu?" a voice said.

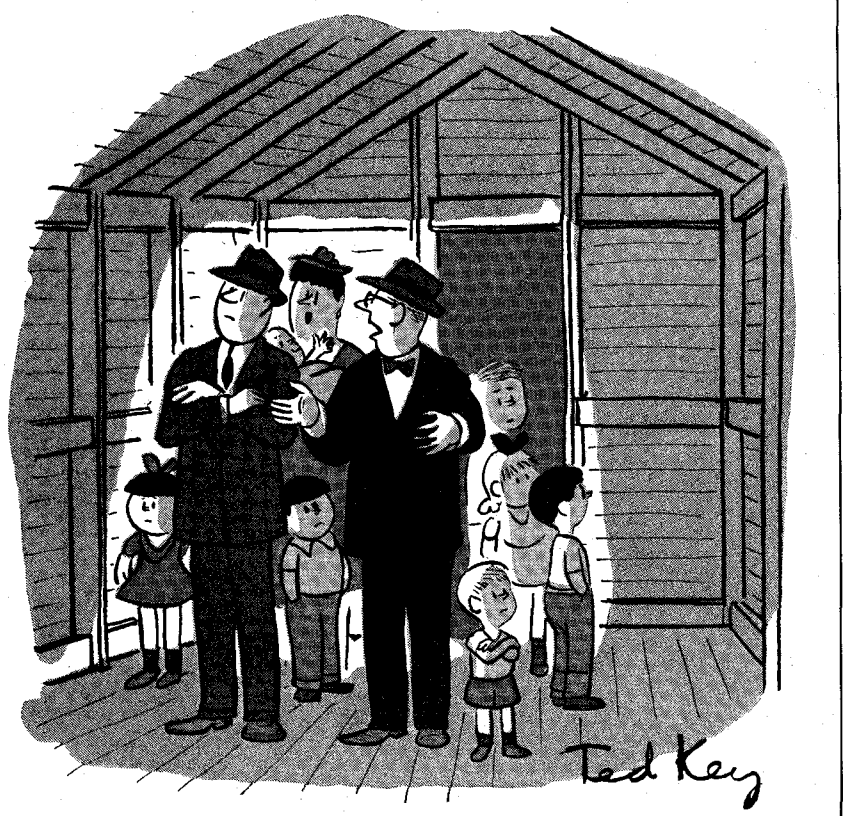
Then the bishop came in several steps. He felt physically tired now, but not weak; it appeared, indeed, that his mind had become extraordinarily quiet and clear after those bad dreams of his. But too clear, perhaps; not quite normal yet. He recognized Tedescu and a big, stout man, rather vaguely familiar; and behind them, in the dim shadow of Tedescu's bathroom, the illogical specter of Bishop Paul Hruba looking back at himself—slight physique, gray hair, black cassock.

The bishop closed his eyes quickly and averted his head; when he looked again—not in time, of course, to catch Mr. Janisek's violent thrust in and away at Cousin Josef—the specter was no longer visible to him. The bathroom door was quite empty, and the stout man, clasping his hands at his belt buckle in Oriental fashion, had moved over in front of it, and was inclining his head with the most profound deference at Bishop Hruba.

"I have been asleep," the bishop said, turning his eyes wearily from one to the other of them. "A long time, Tedescu; perhaps five or six hours. You did not wake me?"

"But, Excellency ——" Tedescu stammered. "I—I—Excellency!"

"It is all right," the bishop said; then hesitated a moment. "Only, I had some bad dreams, Tedescu. There is no one else here? Not in your bathroom?"



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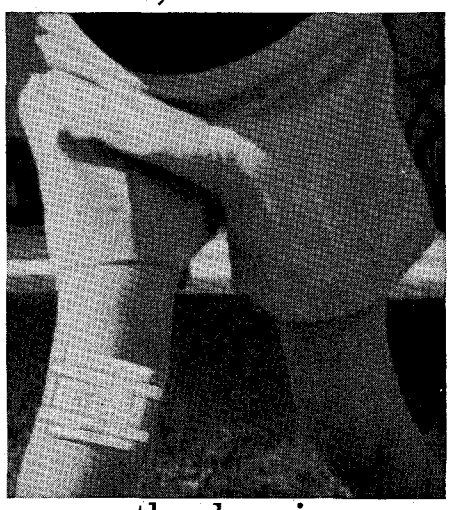

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"In my bathroom?" Tedescu babbled. "Oh, no, Excellency. I assure you."

"An impression," the bishop agreed. "Of course. I am very tired." So now one had begun to imagine things, he thought quietly. In shadows there was a glimpse of—of what? Of the diseased mind itself, not of reality? Of what he had become now, when the authorities of the state had finished with him? He made an effort to straighten himself. "And this gentleman?" he asked. "This is your friend, Tedescu?"

They had followed him out into the sitting room.

"Janisek," Mr. Janisek announced there, bowing again, and with the same unctuous deference. "From the newspaper, Excellency. Perhaps you remember that it was I who interviewed you some weeks ago, in London. In your hotel there."

"In London," the bishop said. "Oh, yes."

"And Theodore Victor decided that perhaps I could help you a little with this speech of yours," Mr. Janisek added. "That is why I am here tonight. To be of service in any way at all, Excellency."

"Thank you," the bishop said. "But it is finished now. You have been most kind."

The light bothered him. He switched off two of the lamps, leaving one small one still lighted on the refectory table; which was a mistake, because the erratic fancies in him came back then, and stronger than ever. They distorted everything in this shadow. They gave Mr. Janisek, from the newspaper, an air of hurried and suddenly resolved stealth as he glanced over at Tedescu—of course, with the appearance of some hidden and ominous meaning—and Tedescu closed the bedroom door after them and moistened his lips quickly.

Yes, the bishop told himself; nothing at all but sick imaginings. Quite absurd! Yet he was afraid here—deathly afraid. He could feel his heart beginning to beat slowly and with much effort, and he went over to the fireplace mantel and turned there, so that Mr. Janisek and Tedescu were kept in front of him. It was so quiet suddenly; so strained in this room! But he was not well, he thought dully; he must only imagine these things. Could he say a few words? Would that help?

"I have called down for the tea," he told them—the first idea that came into his mind. "And it is not too late, Tedescu. They are bringing it up."

"Bringing it up," Mr. Janisek repeated after him, stopping short now and appearing to reflect on that statement in a markedly thoughtful and even perplexed manner, as if it were one of the utmost significance to him. Then he did a rather peculiar thing: he uttered one short, barking laugh. "Of course," he said. "Tea and toast, Excellency; and they are bringing it up to you. It is on the way, even." He appeared to rouse himself. "Well," he said, "I have been disturbing you; very sorry. . . . Tedescu, do you think I should leave now?"

In the dimness, Tedescu looked very white. "Perhaps," he said huskily. "At this moment, and in view of —— I can offer you a brandy, Janisek; in the bedroom. . . . We may be excused, Excellency?"

Nerves, the bishop was telling himself. How strange! All that sick, cold fear in him, and now, immediately afterward, everything quite normal, quite in order. He watched them from his position at the fireplace, still keeping the wall behind him for some absolutely ridiculous reason, but in Tedescu's bedroom, of course, unseen and unheard in there, they had an opportunity to exchange curt and frantically distracted whispers.

"What prevented?" Tedescu was breathing out. "We were alone in there, and with courage and resolution —— My nerves, Janisek! I can stand only so much!"

"And I?" Mr. Janisek panted, glaring back at him. "The old man is looking at me, keeping his eyes on me, and I can walk up to him then, and put my two hands around his throat, and ——" He appealed to unseen presences, casting his gaze all around Tedescu's bedroom. "I am not even a human being, perhaps? I have no feelings at all?"

He also had become extremely agitated; which was another example of true moral force, if Mr. Janisek had been in any condition to appreciate it.

"There is everything going wrong here!" he cried out softly, as if either from despair or deep anguish. "There is room service expected at any moment, and there is the imbecile to worry about! Who knows what that creature would do if he heard us struggling out there—if the old man resisted me? I tell you that Cousin Josef is not dependable any more, Tedescu—not dependable! Here! Give me the brandy! I will take him over to the other room with me, and then we will be rid of him for a time. He will drink, he will fall into a stupor afterward—oh, I know him!—and after that we shall have all night to manage the thing. Get the old man to bed, and then I will come back and dispose of him safely and quietly. That is the best way!"

He snatched the brandy. Cousin Josef was still in the bathroom; perhaps he had not moved from where Mr. Janisek had flung him minutes before. He was standing against the wall, his back turned, his hands up to his face; so that even after Mr. Janisek had switched on the light in there, his expression could not be scrutinized closely, and then judged. There were a few tears showing under his finger tips. Actual tears!

Mr. Janisek became almost distracted. "Josef," he whispered, "I have brought you something. I thought it would do you good. Go on. Drink now. Drink up, man."

The creature, however, would do nothing but shake his head blindly.

Janisek poured some brandy into a drinking glass, spilling about half of it. Family feeling? Mr. Janisek wondered desperately. To glimpse the old man again, the cousin, after forty years; to understand what one had become in that time, and to be made aware, suddenly and brutally, of the great difference between Cousin Josef and Bishop Paul Hruba. Was that it?

"Please!" Mr. Janisek begged him. "Josef! I have brought it for you. Look! It is fine brandy! We will go back to our rooms now, and drink together. We will talk of this business, and I will show you that there is nothing of which to accuse yourself. Nothing!"

But the creature twisted farther back into the corner, refusing the brandy, and still keeping his face covered in that shamed and miserable attitude.

"But why?" Mr. Janisek whispered. "You will not drink with me? What is it, Josef? Tell me! Let us discuss the matter!"

"Because it is a bad thing that we do." Cousin Josef faltered, a long shudder passing up and out of him. "I did not understand it before, not until those men began talking to me, and until I saw him out there. It was a long time ago, Janisek, but I remembered him. 'Little Josef,' he would call me; and he was so kind and gentle with everyone, even then. There was a great goodness in him, Janisek, always; and I tell you that! Kick me! I do not care any more. But I will not help you in this. No! You intend to kill him!"

"Ah!" Mr. Janisek cried out then. "Won't you? Won't you?" Yet he also had reached his limit, and now he was no longer passionate with all the fury in him, but deadly quiet from it. He switched tactics, replacing the brandy glass with the automatic, and seizing Cousin Josef with his free hand. "So," he whispered. "Idiot. Creature. But we will see about that part. And now one word from you, even one whisper. If you dare."

He could hear a murmur of voices outside: the old man talking, then Tedescu answering him. But had room service arrived yet, and left? Probably not. Then wait right here, Mr. Janisek counseled himself; let room service come and go without catching a glimpse of anything out of the way either in Suite 2234 or the Imperial corridor; and then, over in their own rooms across the hall, the creature would be made to drink himself insensible, if Mr. Janisek had to pour the whole decanter into him. Yes, wait a little. The only solution here.

But it was a strain on him, naturally—a severe strain. The old man awake now, and room service coming at any moment, and the imbecile acting up in this manner. It was so much of a strain that he had no time at all, and no good reason, to reflect on Cassidy. And that was a very serious mistake on his part, because now, about twenty feet away on the other side of the Imperial corridor, in the bedroom that Mr. Janisek had hired for himself at nine o'clock, Cassidy was still thinking about him—and thinking, for the first time that night, with perhaps a faint gleam of light beginning to show itself far off somewhere.

He was alone in that room. Ten minutes ago he had compared notes with Hannegan and Walter Duval; not very useful notes, however, since there had been nothing at all to report on their side, and nothing on his. Then they had separated quickly, Hannegan and Duval going downstairs to set up a watch on all the critical areas of the Hotel Imperial—the stairways and elevators, the main lobby, even the service exits—and Cassidy had darted back down the corridor to Mr. Janisek's bedroom. It seemed to him the one foolproof sanctuary to which Janisek would have to retire in case of a sudden emergency around here. Where else could he go? He had been offered those two adjoining rooms at nine o'clock without even the least suspicion attaching itself to him—as he thought, anyway—and where else in the Imperial could he retire to such legitimate and secure territory?

No, Cassidy had promised himself. This Janisek would have to come back to Room 2239 in the end, wherever he was now, and whatever was happening there. And then? Let him in, of course; just keep back of the door quietly and bust out at him afterward before he had any idea of what was happening. The gun, though, if Janisek was carrying one?

His blue eyes tightened noticeably at each corner. What about the gun? That was the big thing. It was pretty easy to persuade himself here and now, before the event, that he was all right again, that he could handle the gun too; that Florence Savage had spoken the truth about all that business.

But was there any guarantee at all that what he wanted would come back to him at this moment just because he whistled for it and snapped his fingers? Oh, he could argue with himself about it, and very convincingly, but if Francis Janisek came back to this room, and if Francis Janisek had a gun with him ——

He walked over to the window in 2239 and looked out haggardly at a narrow courtyard. Go on, he told himself; start building it up again; live through it half a dozen times before the thing actually happened to him—if it did—and make it a lot worse too. He ought to be concentrating on Mr. 2239 here, or Francis Janisek, if they were one and the same person. Why wasn't he? Janisek—Janisek—kind of a funny name, all right; kind of foreign. Both of them too—Francis Janisek and Emil Novak. How could you tie people like that up to the ordinary run of guests on the twenty-second floor of the Hotel Imperial—to the Lewis Auchinloss Abercrombies in one suite, or Mrs. Henry McPherson King in another, or even to a Chicago paper salesman named Mr. E. Elmer Valentine? No. If you started figuring that way, by names—which was the only definite information you had, really—there was no one on Twenty-two outside of that old bishop across the hall who could be linked up to Francis Janisek and Emil Novak by a common nationality.

That was when the first gleam of light came to him, but way off, and when he turned irritably and impatiently from it—for a second or two, at any rate. He swung around from the window, and from the idea, but before he had completed that movement there was a catch in him like an old car snapping itself into gear suddenly. Wait a second—just one second! There were three names there—Paul Hruba, Francis Janisek, Emil Novak—or four names, with the Colonel Tedescu that Florence Savage had mentioned earlier to him. Think about them; roll them around a little. Hruba, Janisek, Novak, Tedescu—did they fit together at all? Were they as significant, from a nationality viewpoint, as O'Casey, O'Connell, O'Halleran and O'Malley?

He became stock-still. And what was it that Florence Savage had told him earlier in regard to this Colonel Tedescu? That he had been scared stiff—frightened of something? But who had frightened him? Francis Janisek, maybe? He showed his tongue quickly and very delicately. No! It wasn't that simple. If it had been, he or Hannegan would have picked it up hours ago. A few names with something of the same alien smack about them! What did that prove? What did it mean? Nothing at all, unless the names themselves could be tied in, one after another, to what had happened tonight in the Hotel Imperial.

Was that possible? His pulse quickened a bit. There was no question at all that they tied in with the twenty-second floor, at any rate. Two of them were over there in Suite 2234, and the other two were in adjoining rooms right across the Imperial corridor from it. But the mezzanine office! How did that part and Charlie Mueller fit in with this new angle? Well, Florence Savage had worked up here today, for the old bishop; and Emil Novak, by the appearance of things, had been surprised and trapped by Charlie Mueller just as he was standing beside her desk in the stenographer's office.

So there was the connection at last, and from start to finish. Maybe there was no good explanation for it—not yet, anyhow—but it (*Continued on Page 92*)

Horrors!

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By Margaret McKeever Ellert

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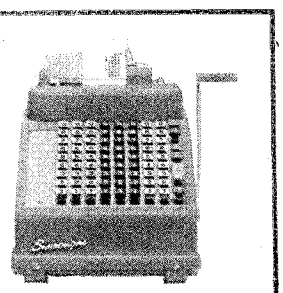

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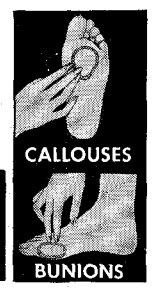

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(*Continued from Page 90*) existed, and even the pocketbook would make sense in that setup. It had been stolen after Charlie Mueller was killed, but just to cover up the other thing; and then, untouched, not even examined, apparently, it had been tossed out, hours afterward, from one of the windows on the Park Avenue side. And where was the sitting room in Bishop Hruba's suite? Facing Park Avenue, dead center on the twenty-second floor of the Hotel Imperial; and so, straight as a die, right smack over the downstairs canopy, and Eddie, the doorman!

There was a telephone ready for him on the bedside table. He grabbed it up.

"Where's Hannegan?" he demanded, after the desk had been put on. "And where's Walter Duval? Listen to me! Get hold of them right away, and tell them that I want them up here, in Room Twenty-two-thirty-nine. Send Florence Savage along, too; she's hanging around the lobby somewhere, and we might need her to back me up on identifying this fellow. Rush it, will you? I've got an idea about this thing. Tell Walter Duval that I think I've been able to connect it up pretty good!"

After that there was so much sharp-edged excitement in him that he forgot to worry himself, even briefly, about the old Cassidy and the new one. He began walking up and down quickly, between bed and dresser, to relieve himself of all this sudden and surplus energy; and those blue eyes of his became very dark, and yet very bright-looking—a hard, cold brightness—under the red eyebrows. Sure, he thought. He had gone into this Bishop Hruba's suite before, but he had seen Ambassador Lascoulie in there, and Ambassador Lascoulie was not to be questioned by the Imperial house detective. But what about the two bedrooms? Who couldn't have been hidden in one of them, unseen and unsuspected by him, and by Ambassador Lascoulie too?

Now it became impossible for him to keep still, just to wait here for Hannegan and the others. He went over to the hall door and listened.

There was noise outside—a murmur of voices in the corridor, apparently quite close to 2234. And again there was almost no chance to worry himself about what Cassidy felt, and what Cassidy did not feel; he just eased open his door quickly and quietly, without thinking about it, and saw a room waiter with a service table. That was nothing extraordinary or important. But talking to him and holding the door for him was the slim, gray-eyed man whom Cassidy had seen only once before—and then not in or around Bishop Hruba's suite, but right here in 2239, in Francis Janisek's room.

It was the final and irrefutable link for him; because it was Colonel Tedescu over there, fussily admitting tea and toast into Bishop Hruba's sitting room. And now Colonel Tedescu was given no chance at all to prepare himself. He was gripped from behind, rather painfully, he was swung around, and then he was shoved back into the corridor wall.

"All right!" Cassidy rasped, in a very tight manner, and a very dangerous one. "Who are you? Come on, mister; speak up. And where's the big fellow? Right inside here?"

"What?" Tedescu demanded. He attempted to free himself indignantly. "Why, I—I am Bishop Hruba's personal secretary. I am naturally here to take care of him. And now you will release me, please. You are hurting me."

"Then why were you naturally in that other room about a quarter past nine tonight?" Cassidy demanded, jerking his head back at the other side of the Imperial corridor. "Right over there? I'll hurt you—or you'll give me a couple of pretty good answers about that. Are you stupid enough not to understand that you've got yourself into some pretty serious trouble? Are you going to stand there and tell me you don't know anything about Francis Janisek, and that the two of you aren't mixed up in a couple of killings around here?"

"Janisek?" Colonel Tedescu repeated dumbly. It was practically his death blow. Janisek known to this man, and by name? What had happened?

The waiter glanced out curiously at them. He was in the sitting room now, arranging his silverware.

"Of course," Cassidy said, his tone deepening harshly. "You don't know this Francis Janisek; never heard of him. You never had a thing to do, either, with a cheap little killer named Emil Novak; and you weren't somewhere around this hotel when he fell all the way down to the street level and knocked his brains out. What are you trying to give me? You think I believe that?"

"Emil?" Colonel Tedescu whispered. "Emil?" It was the end for him—the end of the end—against that sudden and overwhelming shock he was unable to throw up any defense at all. "Emil is dead?"

He staggered, literally. What was this? Again Janisek had lied to him, and led him on, and put him in great danger; and again Janisek had taken good care to be safe and sound in that bedroom. No, this was not to be borne! Janisek could slip out later on, maybe; Janisek could put on his hat and coat, and get into a taxi; while Anton Tedescu —— He attempted to tear free from Cassidy, but without success; then everything gave way in him.

He screamed out suddenly, "But I am not Janisek! You fool! That is the man you want—the one responsible! He has lied to me and tricked me, and he is there now, in that bedroom! But watch out! He has a gun with him, and he may be listening to all this!"

It was true enough. In the bedroom that was about twelve feet distant from them, in the dark there, and not holding on to Cousin Josef any more so much as resting against him, or perhaps clinging to him with some foolish idea of assistance and comfort in that direction, Mr. Janisek had heard this passionate denunciation of himself, and felt immediately a frightful and trembling weakness of the whole body. To have come so far! To have managed the thing! And now, because of Tedescu, to have nothing at all facing him but ruin and destruction! Could he get out of here? He tried it. He flung open the door of Tedescu's bedroom and rushed out blindly into the Imperial corridor.

But now, on his right he could glimpse Cassidy and Tedescu, and on his left, just coming down from the Imperial elevators, two other men—Hannegan and Duval, if he had known them by name—and Florence Savage.

"Look out!" Cassidy roared. "There he is, Hannegan—and he's got a gun! Grab him!"

Everyone was stopped dead for a moment. Then Duval shied off against one of the guest doors, kicking himself to that side like a frightened animal. Hannegan grabbed quickly for his police revolver, and Cassidy found himself watching Mr. Janisek's automatic with the frozen complacency of a man trapped in an old and familiar nightmare. He was quite rigid. His head ached a little, and his eyes were wide open, wrinkled in slightly at each corner and entirely motionless.

Now Mr. Janisek whirled about, trying to watch both ends of the Imperial corridor at the same instant. None of this was his doing! Never! Then whose? He knew. He saw Tedescu backing off from him, and the rage, hatred and fear exploded out of him in one gesture. It was Tedescu he fired at then, and quite deliberately, but he did not hit him. He hit Cassidy.

It was pretty queer. It was almost exactly like the other time. The bullet hit Cassidy somewhere or other, and he went down, and he knew he was going down, but very slowly and gently, as it were, tip-tilting like a leaf in spring wind. Bits of him scattered out, turned over every which way, and came together again. But not exactly like the other time, either. He was conscious now, every second; he felt an extraordinary calmness in him, and he could move himself—everything but his left shoulder. So it had happened, he told himself—happened again. This (*Continued on Page 94*)

"Oh, Miss Barnes. . . . I'll bet you can't guess what that Simpkins kid has!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 92*) was the thing that had frightened him so much. Well, how did he feel about it?

And he discovered immediately that he felt all right; not bad at all, and not in any way worried about himself. Only it seemed to him that he had plenty of time—for some reason, no rush here—so he just rested quietly against the corridor wall, while the room waiter came rushing out frantically, catching the door after himself and slamming it. The other door slammed, too, after Francis Janisek. Ducked inside again, Cassidy told himself. O.K. Swell. Now they really had him.

Florence Savage came running up. "Ray," she was whispering to him. "Oh, my God, Ray. Is it bad? Are you hurt much?"

"It's all right," Cassidy told her—and it was too. "Take it easy, hah? And just give me a hand, will you?"

He understood that he had something to do, something to take care of—very important. He had been afraid of a certain thing happening to him, sick afraid. Now it had happened, and now there didn't seem to be anything too much to be concerned about.

"There are three of them inside now," Colonel Tedescu breathed out at him. "Janisek himself, Cousin Josef and the old man. Three of them! You will have to be very careful in there."

Sure, Cassidy told himself; *check on that, buddy. Very careful.* He did not know exactly what had happened inside him, but he understood that a few seconds ago, when he had been resting himself against the corridor wall, the worst had happened to him, and the worst was nothing to holler about. He had got something off his back, anyway, and for good; something that was a lot more important even than Dottie McConnell.

"Hannegan!" he said. "Hey! Give me the gun, will you?"

"What?" Hannegan said. "Now wait, Ray; you're all blood. Let me handle it."

Cassidy looked at him. "Give me the gun," Cassidy said, as if faintly surprised about this argument. "And get the passkeys out of my coat pocket, hah? Come on, Mickey. Wake up."

"Don't go in there," Florence whispered at him. "Ray, it's too dangerous."

"You just stay put here," Cassidy told her, absently authoritative now. "That's it now; that's the girl. . . . You got the keys, Mickey?"

He had the gun by that time, and it felt fine. It felt cold, solid, efficient and rock-steady. There seemed to be a lot more people in the corridor suddenly, and two of them had taken hold of Colonel Tedescu.

"That's it," Cassidy said. "Keep him right there, hah? Right where he is."

Then he wiped his forehead, the big police revolver dangling casually from his right hand. Hannegan put the key in the lock, but this time, unlike a couple of hours ago, it was Cassidy who kicked the door open and plunged in after it, despite that bad shoulder of his, with the drive and impact of a two-legged butcher's meat block.

The sitting room was deserted. He hesitated inside briefly, looking in turn at the two bedrooms; then he picked the one on his right—Tedescu's bedroom. It also was unoccupied.

"I'll open the door for you," Hannegan said, sizing him up very quickly and sharply. "But then he's your baby. You're sure you can handle it? You feel all right, kiddo?"

"What do you think?" Cassidy said, giving him one long, steady look under the brows. "Hah?"

"O.K.," Hannegan whispered back, lowering his voice carefully. "He's holed up in that other bedroom, Ray; he's got to be." He got down on his knees then, and while facing in to the wall reached out with his right hand for Bishop Hruba's doorknob. "But watch it," he said. "He'll be ready for you; so you'll have to bust in there and take him real fast, kiddo. You hear me?"

"I hear you," Cassidy said. He discovered that he was sweating a bit, and tingling all over, but rather pleasantly. "And so can he, stupid. Get on it, will you? You got nothing to worry about. Just keep your head down, open that door for me and get out of the way."

Hannegan took one deep breath. "O.K.," Hannegan said. "Take it away, kiddo. Here you go."

But, of course, Mr. Janisek had already attended to the lights in that bedroom, and first thing. He had rushed back from the Imperial corridor with his mouth open, and with his breath panting and wheezing out of him as if his lungs had been squashed together and kept that way; and he had seen Cousin Josef standing rigid against the bathroom wall, just two hands and a face, really, in the darkness there, and in the black cassock. The shot had frightened him. Mr. Janisek reached out instinctively, swinging the imbecile around between him and any possible danger from the redheaded fellow; then he backed off.

A real politician is a man who can see both sides of an issue—in time to get around it.

FLOYD R. MILLER

He was no longer thinking of escape for himself—or not in any sensible way, at least—all he wanted was to gain even a brief respite here, a chance to think coolly and sharply about this problem, in the Janisek manner. Then—then, possibly —— He burst through into the sitting room, and there was the old man facing him from the other doorway. Mr. Janisek made a wild gesture of the automatic at him, and the old man moved back two or three steps, his eyes fixing themselves at once, and incredulously, on Cousin Josef. Then Mr. Janisek was in the bedroom after him, and had smashed the lamp over, and flung the imbecile off somewhere into this thick darkness.

"Quiet!" he panted at them. "Both of you! Not a word! Remain as you are!"

They were behind him, but who was out in the sitting room? Two voices, anyway; a low mumbling, a furtive stirring about. Mr. Janisek had pressed himself against the bedroom door, his head up against it, his cheeks glistening. A few seconds went by in that manner. Intolerable!

"I will kill the old man!" he shouted suddenly, altogether losing control of himself. "I have him with me in here! Do you want that? I am not bluffing anybody! You will let me out of this place—or I will kill him!"

He listened. No answer? No audible one, apparently; just the two voices murmuring guardedly to each other, and more movement. Considering the threat he had just made? Wondering exactly how to act on it? Why wouldn't they answer him from the sitting room? It was a trick. They intended to fool him; to get him out there in one way or another, and to shoot down Francis Janisek like a brute animal. Did they suppose that he was not in earnest about the old man? He would show them! He would prove it to them!

He spun quickly, and there were two old men. No light on in here, the draperies gathered together at the windows, and two cassocks, two gray heads, two obscure faces watching him silently from the bedroom darkness.

"Excellency," he whispered, with one last touch of the Janisek cunning. "I will not hurt you—you know better—and I do not want you to be afraid of me. Excellency."

"Yes," one of them said. "Yes, my son?"

And, of course, there was an unmistakable difference between them, after all, because Mr. Janisek detected a quiet dignity in that voice, without fear, that he could never have associated, even remotely with the imbecile.

"Yes," Mr. Janisek whispered out. "Thus you betray yourself. Come here. Do as I tell you."

But now the other one moved forward, raising an arm as if in dumb protest, and Mr. Janisek fired before he was quite conscious of firing. Everything was very fast after that. The door was kicked in, and there was light shining on him, and he saw Cassidy for the last time, just one tenth of a split second, before he saw nothing at all, felt nothing and thought nothing. There was one other report—not his, this time—and he collapsed forward over the slight figure in the black cassock. But he had been a little quicker than Cassidy at the end, and he had not missed, either. His one bullet had been fired at a distance of three inches, and straight into the heart.

At twelve-thirty there were a great many people gathered together in the sitting room of Suite 2234. There was the hotel doctor, who had just finished patching Cassidy up; and a precinct lieutenant, and Walter Duval, and Hannegan, and Florence Savage, and a couple of uniformed patrolmen.

"And that just about does it," the doctor said. "Didn't hurt very much, did it?"

"Maybe a little," Cassidy croaked at him. "But that ain't the thing. Never could stand the sight of blood for some reason; it just turns me. Funny, hah?"

Florence Savage arranged his coat for him, cape fashion, and very gently and carefully.

"It's all right now," she said. "It's all over, Ray."

"Yeah," Cassidy said. "I know. Got a cigarette on you?"

He smoked it for a while, thinking about things.

Then he said, "I should have taken the chance, though; I should have busted right in before. But I was afraid what he'd do in there, and he did it anyway. I was just a little too late."

"You did everything you could," Florence said. "More, even." Her voice wobbled a bit. "You were—you were just wonderful, Ray. I'm so proud!"

"I've got something off my back, anyway," Cassidy said. He opened his eyes there, and looked up and around at her, and very directly and searchingly. "And the only way I was ever going to get it off, I guess—by going through it again. Now I'll tell you this much: You don't have to worry yourself about that Dottie McConnell; you never did. If you want me, you got me. You that crazy?"

"Well, that's a handsome declaration," the doctor said, looking at them with great interest. "Or doesn't Miss Savage agree with it?"

"Oh, I'll make up my mind one of these days," Miss Savage told him, very cool and superior at that moment. "Just give me a little time. I'm not rushing."

Then the bedroom door opened behind them. The bishop came out of it. Everyone moved a little for some reason, or straightened himself; everyone but Colonel Tedescu, who winced back where he sat on the gray sofa, and turned his eyes off in the direction of the Imperial corridor. The bishop looked at him, holding his prayer book quietly in both hands.

"Yes, I think I would attempt to hide myself too," the bishop said, speaking to him in a soft, even voice. "But do not forget that there is always one moment in which God speaks to us, even when it appears that we will not listen to Him. It seems that He is very patient, Tedescu, and with all of us. He has good need."

Walter Duval came forward. "We have prepared another suite," he said. "And we can move you in at any time, Your Excellency."

"I think that I will stay here," the bishop said. "With my cousin, gentlemen. I would like to pray for him, and then perhaps he will pray for me too." He patted Cassidy on the good shoulder. "I just wanted to thank you," he said, "for risking your life in that way. You are a very brave man."

Cassidy flushed; he also got up quickly.

"As was little Josef," the bishop said, now smiling to himself rather gently and sadly, as if he remembered a few of the things that Cousin Josef must have thought about in the darkness of Colonel Tedescu's bedroom. "He was one man who listened, gentlemen, when God spoke to him. He wanted to protect me, you understand. 'Yes?' he said to the other man; to this Janisek. 'Yes, my son?' It was very dark in there; nothing was clear; so he could speak as if it were I speaking, because he knew what the other man intended to do to me. I did not; I was all confused. But I started forward, to ask something; and then —— But it is all right; he is with God now, and God loves him. Do you see what is necessary, Tedescu? A clean heart at the end; nothing more. Then everything else will be forgiven to us. It is so written."

He gave that humble and jerky little bow of his, touched Cassidy again, patted him twice, rather shyly, and went back into the bedroom. The lieutenant coughed, a bit self-conscious about it. Hannegan, for a second or two, looked very sober and serious, very un-Hanneganish; and Cassidy felt a good many obscure things churning around in him.

"I'd go home now," the doctor said; "and I'd take it pretty easy for a couple of days, Cassidy. Then let me have a look at you over the weekend sometime."

"Oh, he will," Florence Savage promised, and very decidedly. "Don't worry, doctor. I'll see to that part."

But Cassidy had been looking at the bedroom door behind them. Kind of funny, he told himself; the end for that little guy—and a pretty good end, everything considered. What was it for Ray Cassidy, though? A new beginning, maybe—and a much better one this time? He let Florence Savage arrange his overcoat on him.

"That's it," Hannegan drawled, himself again now, and apparently very much disgusted with that procedure. "See how nice she can work it? You just let her soften you up like that. Go on, sucker, but I'm telling you something. She's not just playing around. She wants the ring."

Cassidy opened the hall door for her and took her arm. He felt fine there, and it didn't seem to him that he was going to worry himself, not ever again, about Dottie McConnell and that big fellow from Manhattan East.

"So what?" he said, a bit grim about it. "You ought to wise up, stupid—because that's exactly the way I want it. She'd just better had." THE END

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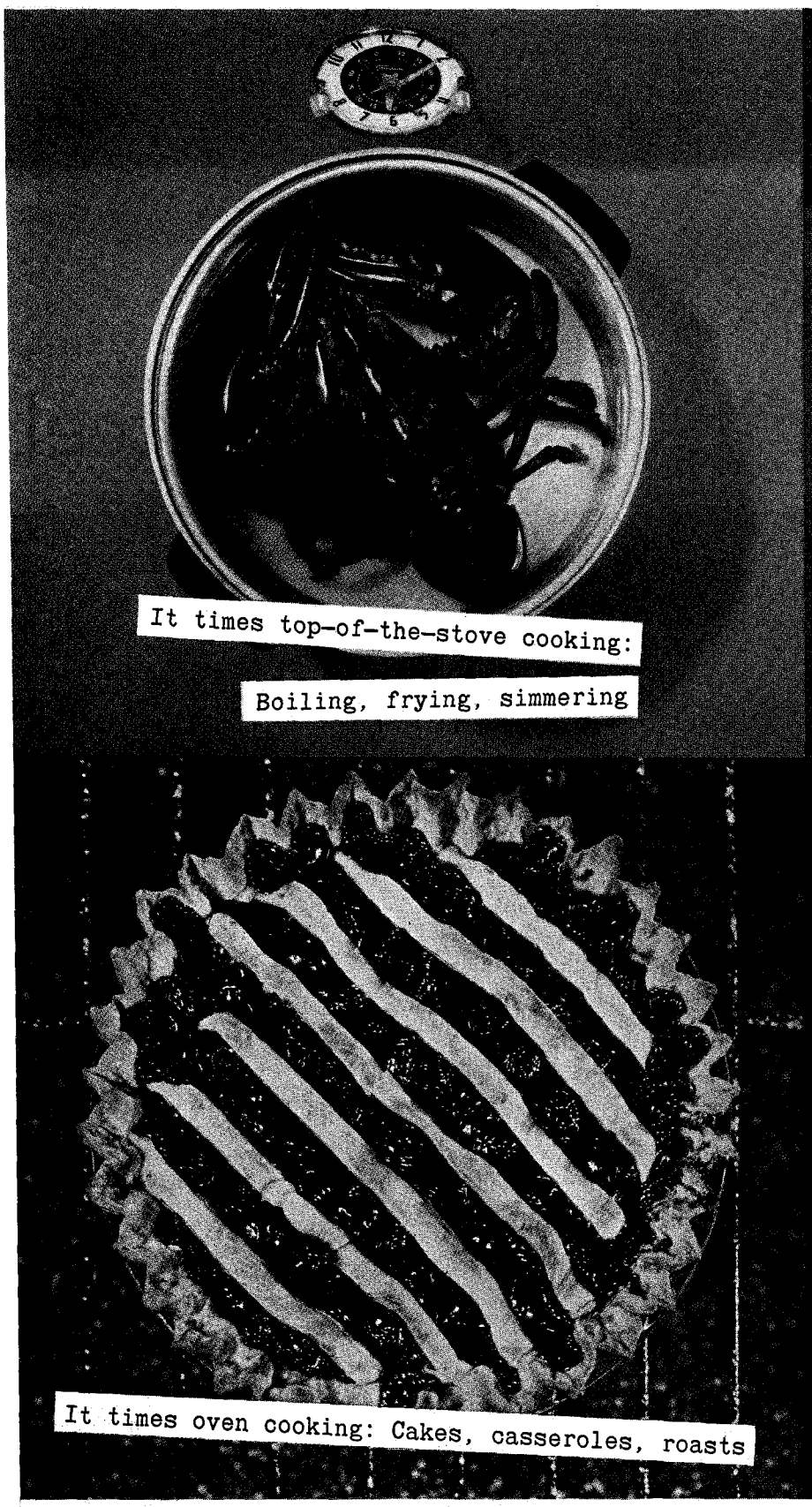

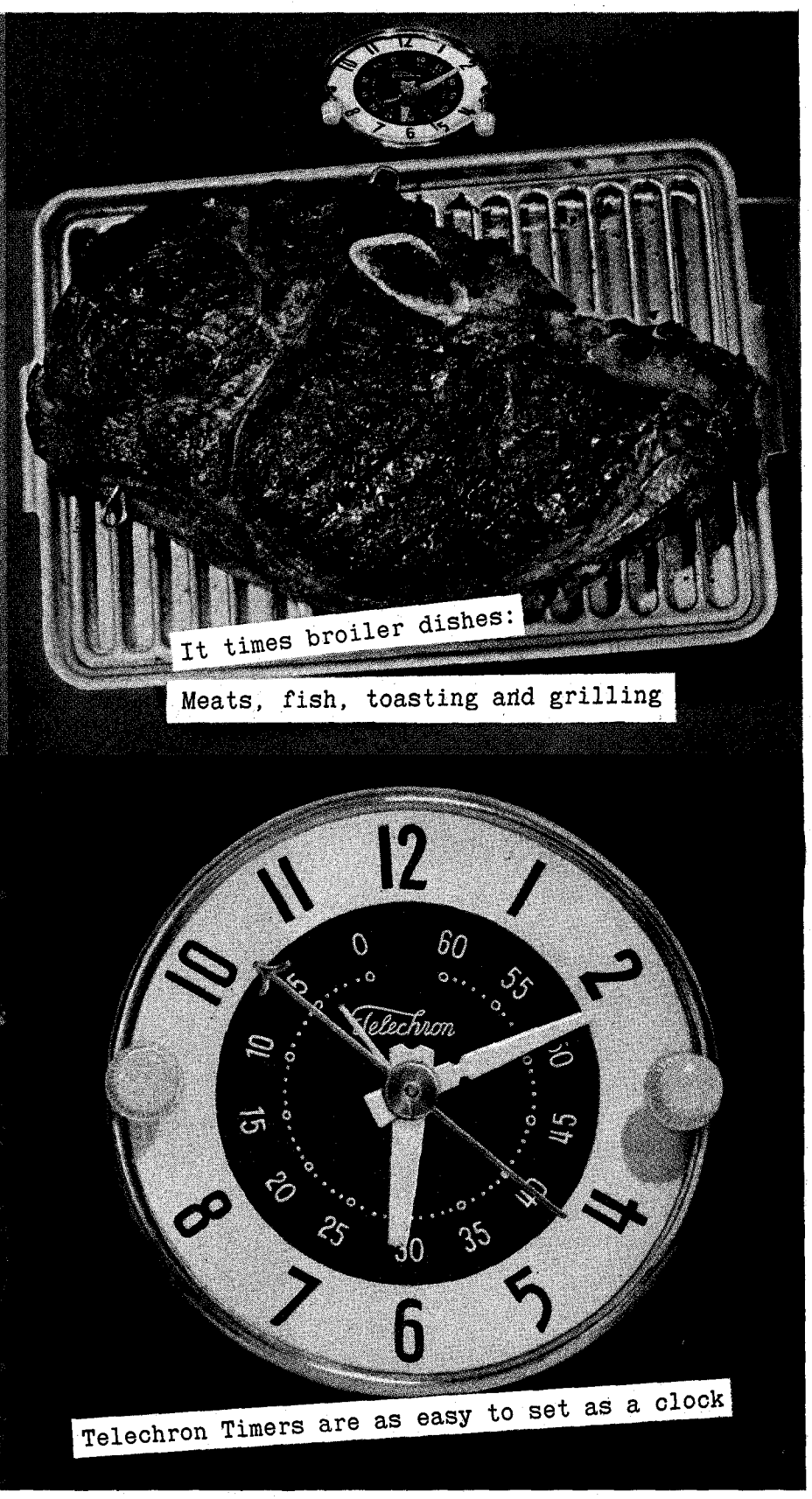

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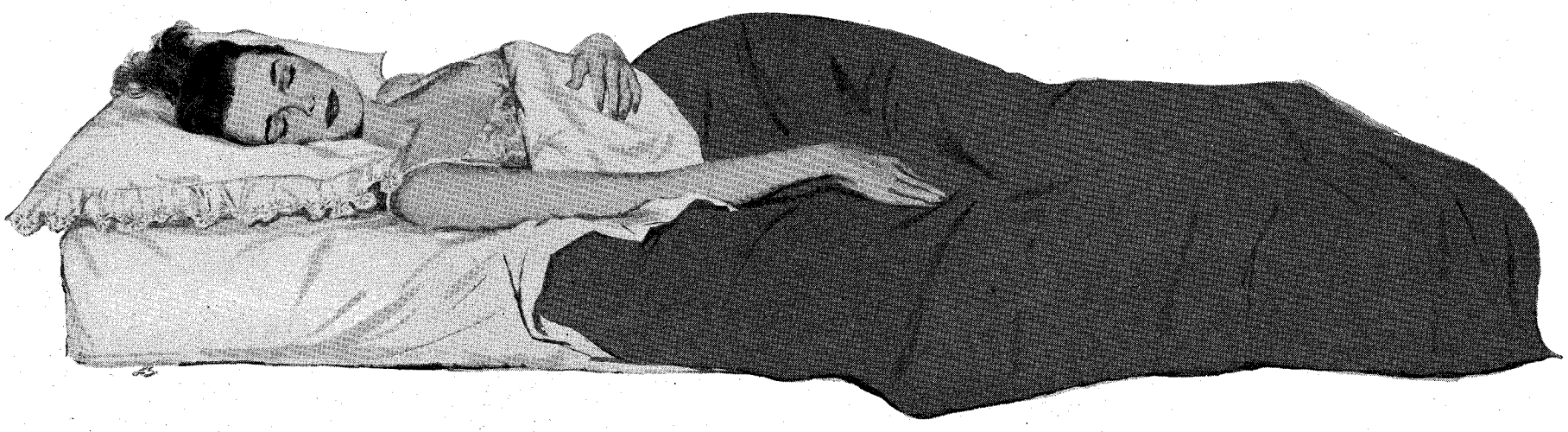

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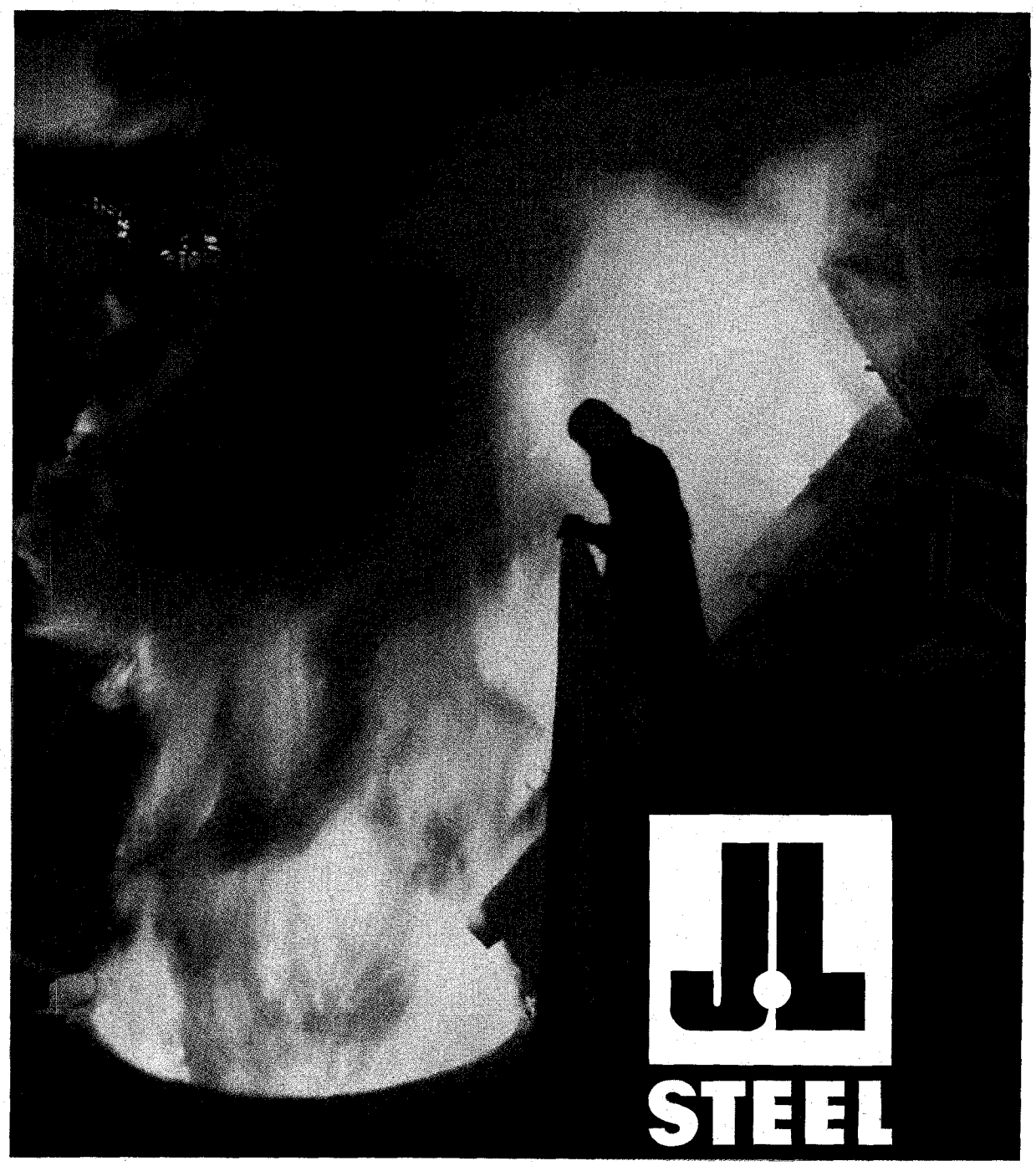

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The Night That Changed My Life

(Continued from Page 33)

The acid caught me right between the eyes. He stood there calmly for a moment, deliberately appraising his work. Then he ambled away.

For a split second after the liquid ran down my face—in that interval, almost immeasurable before the burning started—I thought this was some kind of joke and that someone had dashed water at me.

Then the pain started. A sharp and bitter taste was in my mouth. I grabbed my companion and started to run for Lindy's. "Someone's thrown acid in my eyes," I said. "I won't be able to read. Someone's thrown acid in my eyes. I won't be able to read. . . ." I said it over and over again.

Kind hands propped me in a chair right in the center of the restaurant. I asked that my eyes be washed out and that the police and the FBI be called. To all who would listen, I volunteered the fact that I could still see.

"I can see. I can see," I kept saying. "There's the neon sign across the street. I can see it. It says 'Ham and Eggs.'"

Then some good Samaritan began pouring water into my eyes. But another good Samaritan said, "Don't do that. It might not be the right thing to do. Leave him for the police." The water stopped.

And let me say here it should not have. If ever anyone encounters such an attack or accident, pour water into the eyes, and pour, pour, pour. Put the victim flat on his back. Pour water into his eyes constantly. If there is no water, use milk or beer or even soft drinks. But pour, pour, pour.

The police came quickly. So did the FBI. Soon I walked to a patrol car, and leaning against a detective, I started my long voyage through the night.

The acid dripping from me was so strong that it burned a hole in the detective's coat. I learned that later. And much later I learned that my assailant, so cool at first, had started running. He ran right into the arms of two policemen. He said he was running from a couple of holdup men. The policemen took him around the corner, almost to the spot where he hit me. The street was deserted—by that time I was inside Lindy's—so they let the man go.

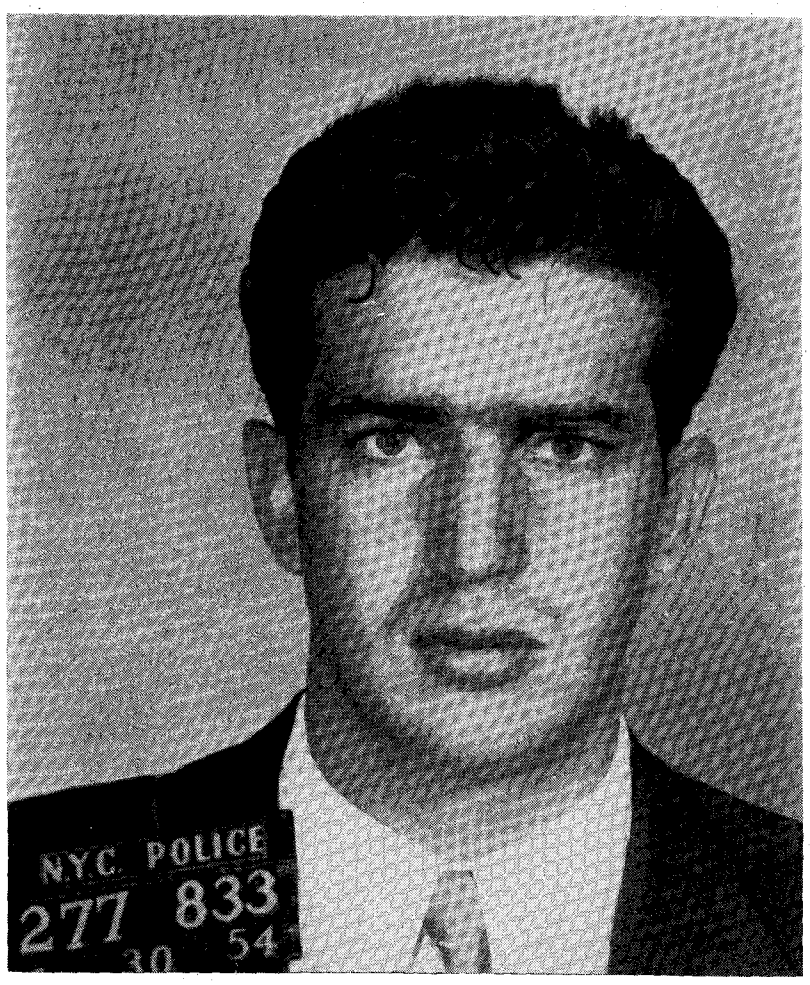
What I recall of the first hours after the attack is made up of a montage of sudden flashes from newspaper cameras, white-clad doctors and nurses, and the repeated admonition, "Open your eyes, please." They washed out my eyes. The washing went on every two hours, day and night, for almost a month.

I was stretched out on a cot. The hospital room seemed full of traffic. Detectives asked questions. Doctors asked questions. Newsmen said, "Sorry to have to ask you, Vic, but you know we have to. What happened?" I answered as best I could, but I was going into shock.

That was in St. Clare's Hospital, on West 51st Street. Then I remember being trundled into an ambulance. I regained consciousness for a moment and was told I was being transferred to St. Clare's Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Division, on East 71st Street.

The next thing I knew I was struggling to get out of bed. I thought a thousand hands were holding me down. I had a deadline to meet, and they wouldn't let me up. In the blackness, a hundred editorial conferences reeled through my brain. I would say, "O.K., let's get rolling," but strong hands kept me riveted to a conference table. I wrote stories on imaginary typewriters and reached for phantom microphones. Glass broadcasting booths from which I had done my "Three Star Extra" radio stint whirled around the top of my head.

Every hour or so I'd come out of shock. The strong hands were those of Detective Charles Kelly and a male nurse. Each time I regained the islands of consciousness before slipping off into the black sea, I tried to get away. I persuaded them to keep taking me to the bathroom; in this way, I thought, I could wriggle free and make a dash for my deadlines. Finally they strapped my arms and legs to the bed.



Abe Telvi threw the acid in Riesel's face. He was murdered about four months after the attack—apparently because the underworld feared he might implicate the men behind the crime.

Alongside me during these semiwakeful hours was a detective who took shorthand. He listened to my babbling and kept asking, "What did you say, Mr. Riesel?" I wouldn't know. I recall that in the recesses of my mind I was writing a column, a broadcast, a TV script, a lecture, a column—over and over again.

Gradually, the world of nightmares slipped away. I subsided and slept. I dreamed of reading books which constantly disappeared. I dreamed of newspaper pages which dissolved when I reached for them. And then—even as now—I would keep yelling in my sleep that I could see.

And I did see, for some three weeks. I saw the sensitive face of my chief ophthalmologist, a peppery but gentle wizard. I remember being shown an issue of the New York Daily Mirror, which features my column. An editorial on its front page demanded action on my attack.

I remember looking into a mirror and seeing my face charred and bearded, and covered with a healing substance called Brilliant Red. I recall laughing at my clownlike appearance. I'll never forget it, for that was the last time I saw myself. And praise be for that red substance! It healed every scar, and my face now has new skin with the softness of a baby's.

The chief surgeon at St. Clare's worked around the clock devising the most ingenious ophthalmological treatment to prevent my acid-seared eyes from going sightless. Three other eminent eye specialists were summoned to a conference one day. They examined me gently.

I called them my "Big Four." They agreed that everything was being done that possibly could be done. In the weeks that followed the Big Four conference I began to realize that I might never see again.

When I pressed my doctor for clues, he replied with compassion, "If we have a chance, we will fight for it. Always. I will never desert you. Whatever knowledge I have, whatever science develops, always we will search together."

Then came the second Big Four meeting. I could only guess at what was going on. My eyes were covered with close-fitting plastic "conformers," which were covered in turn by bandages. Listening to inflections in the doctors' voices and noticing what they were not saying, I felt sure I was blind.

One of the great specialists tried to comfort me. Removing the bandages, he flashed his light in my eyes and asked if I could see it. I said, "Yes."

He said, "There you are; you're not blind."

He was not disagreeing with the others. He was just trying to ease the moment for me by not telling me the truth, point-blank. Another doctor looked at my eyes for a moment. I could almost feel his angry frustration. He walked away without speaking. It was from the oldest doctor that I heard the final verdict.

"Everything modern science has ever done, and more, has been tried. You are blind. The acid went through the blood vessels which should be nourishing the eyes. I wish I could say something else. But I know you want the truth."

My own specialist grasped my arm. "We're men of the world, Victor," he said. "We'll fight on together."

I was blind.

There was no terror at the moment when I knew I had crossed the line into permanent darkness. There was only a sudden feeling of shame. I was afraid that people would treat me too gently or shy away from me as though from a freak. And suddenly I wondered if I could go on writing and earning a living.

None of these thoughts had occurred to me before. For subconscious reasons I had been rejecting all means of communication with the outside world. I had refused to let anyone read the newspapers to me, refused to listen to newscasts, even rejected broadcast music. I wept when someone turned on the radio. I kept hiding the small receiving sets friends sent me, and now I realized that I had been ducking all responsibility. I had to face up to being blind, to the fact that someday soon I would have to leave the shelter of my hospital room and walk out into the streets.

For a moment, after the Big Four left, I was alone in the dark. Then I heard a reassuring, familiar voice, a little lumpy in the throat. It was David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, who had just come through some pretty rough days himself in the war on the mobs.

We talked about the attack on me. We agreed on what must be the general area, the rats' nest, out of which the night creature had come. Then I reminded him that years ago, when his attractive daughter, Jean, had married, leaving some of us disconsolate, he had said at the wedding reception, "For some I have a daughter; for others, exclusive stories."

He chuckled. And now I said, "Well, where are the exclusive stories? What happened at the AFL-CIO council meeting?"

I was over that line between light and darkness. I was back at work, even in my hospital bed.

But still I tried to keep the news of my total blindness quiet. I asked Dubinsky not to say anything. No one told me that the story broke wide open that weekend, but I knew soon enough. The letters poured in anew, swelling the total to 60,000 since the acid throwing.

There were 1100 offers of eyes. One came from John Gilbert Graham, the murderer who blew up the airplane in Colorado to collect insurance on his mother, who was aboard, thus killing forty-four persons. Another letter came from James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons: several convicts had asked their wardens to forward their offers. Of course, all the offers of eyes had to be rejected, since transplantation was impossible.

Two of my assistants, Miriam Goldfine and Alton Levy, used to leave my bedside and go down four flights to the room where newspapermen kept watch, and issue appeals for aid in apprehending the acid thrower. One day they urged that taxi drivers report whether they knew of anyone who had been instructed to follow my car on the disastrous night.

One hackie came in and told the detectives who guarded me that he could sketch the hoodlum. He drew the picture of a ferocious red-bearded man. The detectives sent him down to the district attorney's office, and the D.A. promptly returned him to his cab.

Another visitor was an attractive blonde who found her way blocked by my sister, who is a competent newspaperwoman. The blonde said that her hair was

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turning gray because of atomic-ray bombardment. Perhaps the same fellow who threw acid was unleashing the rays. She just had to know. My sister told her we'd get busy on the case right away, and she left happy.

The nights were the eeriest times of all. Long after my visitors had gone and the detectives had left my room to sit in the corridor, I would recall scenes from my travels—the mountainsides of Bavaria, the streets of Rome, the airplane approach to Hong Kong on the Kowloon side—all the sights I love and will never see again.

I kept forgetting the names of my night nurses. There was one who didn't seem to respond to my call of "Nurse!" I thought she would respond to her own name. I needed her desperately once, and in an effort to recall her name I began to reel off the names of prominent labor leaders—George Meany, David Dubinsky, Walter Reuther, David McDonald, James Carey. That was it! Her name was Carey, like that of the leader of the International Union of Electrical Workers. Mrs. Carey; but night after night I would forget. And night after night I would run through the roll of labor chiefs until I came to "Carey," and summon her by name.

The good-natured detectives who guarded my room helped restore my sense of humor. Skillfully, they edged my thinking toward the world outside. One of them, Detective John O'Leary, was a sage of the sidewalks who combined the story-telling talents of Herman Wouk, Mark Twain and Harry Lauder rolled into one. Whenever he noticed that my pain was intense, he would start a story and string it out until we both roared with laughter.

One night the yarn was about a lady who called the Detective Bureau with a complaint. Someone was peering in her window. What floor? The twelfth floor. The detective asked again.

"The twelfth floor," she insisted.

"Is there a balcony or a terrace there, ma'am?"

"No."

"Well, how does he get up to your window?"

"He's outside flapping his wings, stupid."

One day John brought a newspaper, and before I knew it, he was reading aloud. It was the first news story I'd heard since the morning I got hit—and I was listening. A British frogman had disappeared. British Intelligence and a Russian warship were involved. Of course, O'Leary said, if I didn't want to hear the news, he'd put the paper away. I asked him to read on.

We followed this frogman story together. Soon I took to asking John and others to read more newspapers. And one night, as the nurse was adjusting a mask to protect my eyes while I slept, I relaxed and thought, *It isn't such a bad world after all.*

Up to then, I had refused to shave, and had a heavy beard slathered with Brilliant Red. The next morning I had a shave. When Mrs. Mary O'Sullivan, my day nurse, arrived at seven A.M., I was missing from my bed. She opened the bathroom door and found me singing in the tub. I grinned. She withdrew modestly.

Later that morning I tried dancing with my wife. I could dance and I could eat. All this time, food had meant nothing to me. Now I was hungry. Al Levy phoned my favorite restaurants around town and had meals sent to the hospital.

The waiters at Lindy's told an inquiring friend to drop in the next day; they would have gefüllte fish. It came. My mother tasted it. Not bad, she said, but it wasn't like her own gefüllte fish. Things were getting back to normal.

A five-course Chinese meal was delivered from the restaurant of my old friend, Su Chan, a Horatio Alger type from the Orient. There was enough for two or three people. With my nurse and family looking on, I devoured it all.

Dave Siegal, crusading leader of the Dining Room Employees Union, brought in a huge Jewish-style meal from a Lower East Side restaurant. I devoured that too. I was fast putting back the thirty pounds I had lost in the early weeks, when I refused to swallow anything but the liquids the nurses could force on me.

A report that I loved chicken livers seeped down to Sister Frances, a Franciscan nun, one of the gentle and wonderful women who run St. Clare's Hospital. I still suspect that my mother dropped a hint on the way out one night. The good sisters pinned a Jewish food dealer in a corner and made him promise deliveries. Day after day, chicken livers and Jewish rye bread were on my lunch tray.

The world seemed brighter—but suddenly there were complications. I had to have a press conference, my assistants told me. I would have to face newsreel and television cameras and some fifty reporters. I asked why. Alton Levy explained the tremendous interest in the story. I looked for escape to my gal Friday, Miriam Goldfine, but she sided with Al.

The terrific reaction on the outside had to be faced. Among the letters that had piled up were notes from rank-and-file union men, lost in the labyrinth of modern giant unionism, men who had survived my father's day. My father did not survive. The hoodlums who tried to invade his union had beaten him so severely in the '30's that he had been forced into a series of surgical operations; he slowly failed, and some years later he died.

There were letters from George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, and from the Vice-President of the United States, Richard Nixon. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover wrote that he was personally interested in the case. The waiters at Lindy's sent a telegram telling me how keenly they felt the attack on me, since they had fought the racketeers for years until they established a clean union.

I took all this in with surprise. Then it occurred to me that this was one of the rare times that an American newsman had been hit by the underworld. I wasn't important as a man, but I was important as a symbol. The attack on me was an attack on the entire free press, challenging its right to expose crime and injustice. In hitting me, the underworld was thumbing its nose at the community and the forces of law and order.

I told my assistants to set up the press conference, and asked them to leave me. Then I rang for my nurse, intending to ask for a sedative. I had abandoned sedatives, in spite of occasional eye-jabbing pain, after O'Leary had begun reading the day's news to me. Now fear tightened my insides. The nurse said no sedative. She would not give it to me. I wept. I slept. When I awakened I asked that my shoes and a clean dressing gown be brought to the hospital.

My staff assistants went down to see Sister Fintan and Sister Emanuel. Could they have a special room for the press conference? They told the sisters that an army of reporters would be coming with cameras and TV cables, and who knows, there might even be cigarette butts on the floor if they were anything like Riesel. The sisters quickly agreed.

Came the day, after six weeks, when I was to meet the men and women with whom I'd worked for twenty-five years. I had sat through a thousand press conferences myself, often pitying an interviewee whose misguided egotism had led him to waste newsmen's time. Now it was my turn, and I felt I didn't have much of a story to tell. These were my thoughts as I took the arm of Robert Hall, president of the Post-Hall Syndicate, which distributes my column.

It was my first real walk. I was horrified by the thought of stumbling. I was humiliated by the need to be guided around corners and into the elevators. When the elevator stopped on the ground floor, I asked Bob Hall if he wanted me to go through with this. He simply led me into the conference room.

What I heard there is difficult for a kid off the East Side's slum streets to relate. I heard applause. Applause—for me! I thought: *If these people feel this way, then there's a warm world waiting for me. I'll have friends. I won't be a freak.* That's what I kept saying to myself as I walked through the room. *I won't be a freak. I won't be a freak.*

"I don't exactly understand what you do as an electronics engineer. Could you explain it in dollars and cents?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My own people were telling me this in a way I could understand. But I couldn't see them. I wanted more than anything else at the moment to be on the other side of the interview—and see them.

Suddenly I felt wild hatred in my heart for the people who had done this to me. Who were they? Why had they done it? These questions I asked myself, the questions I had tried to ignore for weeks, were now thrown at me by the newsmen. I told them I didn't know.

I have been fighting the mobs for years. I have always hated fear and those who rule by fear. I hated the fear that had driven men and women into my office with tales of savage raids and beatings by fifty-man goon squads.

Did the attack on me stem from some labor dictatorship linked with the underworld? Or were communist agents and their ties with the crime cartel responsible? I have written more than 4000 daily newspaper columns in the past thirteen years. In many of them I attacked communists and racketeers in the labor movement. I went over my past columns, every one of them, seeking a clue.

I could only guess.

On the Monday before I was hurt, I had written a column on shakedown rackets. On the night I was hurt I had gone after corruption in the Operating Engineers Union. For weeks before someone blinded me, I had pounded away at the communists' efforts to deal with the underworld and get into strategic spots on the Eastern water front—New York, Philadelphia and some of the Gulf ports. I had printed names, dates, places.

I had called for Senate investigations. I had worked with crusading forces on the water front. And because the Port of New York is a vital supply source for Air Force bases all over the world, I had dug deeply. I had gone after corruption among teamsters, longshoremen. bricklayers and communist electronic workers.

Through all this maze, the police and the FBI had been working, and not without success. They had narrowed down the suspects—that was all I could get out of the authorities. I told all this to the newsmen. They asked what so many others have asked: What can be done about it?

You can do much about the crime cartel which has invaded organized labor. You can spotlight it. You can call on honest labor leaders to clean house. You can shout for honest political leaders, who won't ask the higher echelon to "Get Whosis to lay off So-and-So; he's a good guy and he donates heavily."

We can press for congressional investigations, which can be launched if the leaders of labor will tell their local authorities and legislators what AFL-CIO President George Meany told President Eisenhower recently—that organized labor's national leaders would not consider Federal investigations into crooked union officials as an unfriendly gesture.

The President raised the issue with Mr. Meany by asking what could be done about the kind of thing I had described on Meet the Press—a telecast he had seen a few days before his recent illness. Mr. Meany replied that the Government could do much. The President then offered all Government facilities and suggested they get together. And they will.

To get back to the press conference: I sat and talked and literally embraced the newspaper and radio and TV men I had worked with through the years. I accused no one. I asked for congressional investigations and I called on the rank and file of labor to get out to union meetings and fight for decency in their own locals.

After I got back to my hospital room I caught up (*Continued on Page 100*)

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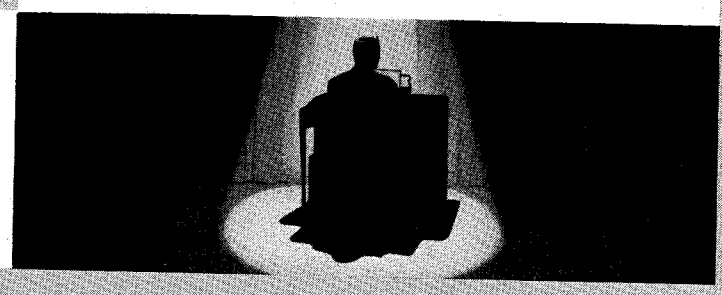

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(*Continued from Page 98*) on the news. A stack of papers and magazines and news releases were read to me. Soon I was ready to go back to the office. I asked for my portable typewriter. I hit a fistful of keys and wept for my awkwardness. But then I went through the *a-s-d-f-g* routine, the touch-typing system I'd been taught in high school.

After a bit of practice, I wrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of themselves without feeling sorry for themselves."

Then I knocked out a lead to the column, not a good one, but still a lead—without typographical errors. I was back in stride. Four days after I left the hospital I returned to my office. The column I wrote that day said in part:

"It's good to be back at the old typewriter and on the old beat. I sat down at my old desk for the first time, fondled the old threshing machine of a typewriter, bumped into a few desks and made certain my staff had not hidden my old pipes.

"The nightmare of the black-haired, acid-throwing goon is history. The point now is to keep the nation, its police, its political leaders and the public from forgetting the arrogant thumbing of the mobs' nose at all of us. For all the weeks during which they washed the acid out of my eyes I've been itching to get back into this fight.

"The public now wants action. And it looks like it will get it. Not only from the police, the special grand juries across the nation and the FBI but from a slowly stirring Senate and House."

This was a strong prediction. And it came true, in my case, on August 17, 1956, when the FBI arrested Joseph Carlino and Gondolfo Miranti in New York City. Tediously gathered evidence showed that they and a third man, Abraham Telvi, had conspired to keep me from testifying before a grand jury at the request of Federal District Attorney Paul Williams. It was Telvi, the trigger man, who threw the acid at me. Telvi was not arrested with the two others because he had been found lying on Mulberry Street in the Lower East Side with a bullet in his head, early on Saturday morning, July 28th.

But the struggle against mob arrogance is not over. There's a battle to win. I hope it's won—as I've won my personal struggle. No more do I feel that being one of the nation's 360,000 blind citizens is freakish. I'm writing and covering the news as I always have.

I wish I could see. Of course I do. It's sort of inconvenient not to see. But all you wonderful people out there would be surprised how easy it is to be with you.

There are no tears in my eyes.

Big Boom in Outdoor Movies (Continued from Page 31)

movie is the answer to the sitter problem, and to the downtown parking problem. It's the answer to the young family's night out. It's the neighborhood theater of the future."

The enthusiasm flashing from Bob Lippert's black eyes is understandable. He is one of the fortunate pioneers who bet on ozone cinema when the well-heeled operators of "the hardtops," as Hollywood terms the conventional four-walls-and-a-roof movie houses, were laughing off the early and primitive drive-ins as a passing fad.

"Movie people thought I was absolutely crazy when I went around talking the butcher, the baker, and anybody who'd listen into putting a few dollars in those early drive-ins," recalled Lippert, who did just that to raise capital for his first ozoner in Sacramento, opened a dozen years back. Its lofty flapping canvas screen made the movie lovers look pretty grotesque when the wind blew.

But by what Lippert calls "the trial and error system," he solved the screen problem, and other problems as well, and moved up and down California's Central Valley, persuading other businessmen to risk dollars in additional open-air cinemas—four in Fresno, two in Modesto, until the chain of twenty-three extended from El Centro, near the Mexican border, to Medford, in Southern Oregon. Those who bet with Lippert on his ozoners shared the jack pot along with him.

By 1956, Box Office, the trade magazine that styles itself "the pulse of the motion-picture industry," reported that there were more than 5000 of the drive-in movies in the United States and Canada. Last year, when only a dozen or so new conventional theaters were opened in the entire country, 389 new drive-ins were launched at a cost of $79,880,000 according to the Box Office survey. The pulse of the drive-ins is beating young and strong; that of many of the 13,000 older, conventional theaters is flickering. As the older picture houses are abandoned, few are being replaced, because it costs $500 per seat to replace them, and only half that much to provide space for the bring-your-own-seats of the drive-in movie patrons, who, incidentally, spend as much for food and soft drinks at the concession stand as they do for entrance tickets. As a magnet for collecting nickels, dimes, quarters, and even dollars, the ozoner ranks with Coney Island.

The boom in drive-ins is a nationwide phenomenon. Weather has little influence on it. Illinois, for example, has 126 drive-ins, about average for a populous state. Pennsylvania has 226, North Carolina 274, more than California with 174. Texas boasts 472, many of them mushrooming out of the open prairie, midway between three or four cities, where each is "the neighborhood movie for four hundred square miles." Canada has 221 drive-in movies, a number of them all-year-'round operations, despite the cold winters. Scores of open-air movies in the northern states stay open through the winter. In some the owners provide small electric heaters for patrons' cars; other operators give each car owner a gallon of gas to keep the motor idling and run the car heater.

A surprise angle to the mushroom growth of the drive-ins is that nearly all of them were launched by comparative amateurs in the motion-picture entertainment field. While professional showmen kept on building hardtops, landowners, merchants, real estaters, barbers, even farmers, with shoestrings for backers, converted cow pastures into open-air cinemas. One of the most lucrative chains, around Washington, D.C., eight drive-ins valued at over $1,000,000, is owned by two enterprising Air Force majors, Walt Saunders and Bob Johnson, who started their first ozoner in 1949 with a shoestring of $2000. A Long Island merchant, Sol Lerner, was able to build up a chain of seven drive-ins, which he sold to the professionals for over $2,000,000. "Now Lerner spends his time changing suits," explains an envious neighbor.

A lot of these amateur amusement entrepreneurs, who did not know what was in the book and what wasn't, resorted to gimmicks to lure patrons that are rated as downright unethical by veteran motion-picture exhibitors. Several Texas drive-ins, for example, operate laundries as a side line. The housewife, who might otherwise be spending the evening at home with the washing machine, drops her washing at the gate as the family enters the drive-in, and picks it up freshly laundered as she leaves—for a small consideration, of course. Some drive-ins offer warmed milk for babies, and fresh diapers, if their infant patrons forget to bring along a spare pair of pants. Others maintain nurseries and playgrounds for small fry, driving ranges for bored dads, open-air dance floors for teen-agers. Some offer "spook" programs, four shows lasting from midnight to dawn!

"The hottest firecracker in the drive-in-theater business," to quote an admiring film distributor, is Stanford Kohlberg, a short, round, swarthy character with intense blue eyes, who operates the Starlite Drive-In Theater on Highway U.S. 20, southwest of Chicago, which is a battleground of the ozoners. Kohlberg, who hails from an old Omaha vaudeville family, has tried so many come-ons to lure customers that he is rated as unfair competition by his more conservative rivals.

To kick off the 1956 summer season, for instance, Kohlberg lined up $20,000 worth of live talent—bands, crooners, dancers and acrobats—for the last weekend in May. Dramatizing the weather gamble, which is the drive-in operator's nightmare, the heavens cut loose with the most torrential downpour Chicago had seen in years. But Kohlberg's troupers went on with the show, the crooners doing their best in the deluge that made them sound as though they were singing under water. And, pointing up the devotion of drive-in fans for their favorite amusement, more than 1000 customers turned out, in the face of storm warnings, to watch the show through moaning windshield wipers.

Kohlberg, who went broke operating hardtops just before the war, managed to reassemble a small nest egg by working in a Chicago war plant. While he labored, Kohlberg brooded about his lot and that of his fellow workers and dreamed of a new kind of amusement for the average family.

"I learned what it was to work all day at a greasy machine job, doing the same thing over and over," said Kohlberg. "I was frantic for relaxation. I know what it is for the man with four or five kids to have to dig into his pocket for an evening out. I thought, if a father and mother and all the kids could go to one place and have a good time together, that would be the greatest thing in the world."

Cogitating this idea put Kohlberg into the drive-in movie business. He found "angels" in two Chicago businessmen willing to bet on his ideas. They helped him buy eighty-seven acres near the suburb of Oak Lawn, "that babyland of Illinois," as Kohlberg describes it. Eight years ago, he opened up with a 1200-car drive-in, since enlarged to accommodate 1875 cars, plus 1000 seats for walk-in patrons. In 1953, Kohlberg decided to stay open all winter, and hasn't closed seasonally since.

Though rival outdoor movie operators insisted that Stan Kohlberg was plumb daffy to try to keep his drive-in open all winter, there were enough outdoor movie fans "as crazy as Kohlberg" who turned out night after night, to huddle snugly in their cars with motors idling to keep heaters functioning, to make all-year operation worth while. Nobody objected to the borealis around the screen pictures projected through raindrops and snowflakes. Nobody minded the cold winds off Lake Michigan. A couple of nights, sleet had cut down the visibility to a point where Kohlberg felt obligated to issue "fog checks" and advise patrons to come back tomorrow.

"Nothing but ground fogs close us down," boasts Kohlberg. "When the airports close down, we're closed down too."

Kohlberg has concentrated on lures that attract the customers in any kind of

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"Am I home?"

weather. Admission for adults is $1.25; youngsters under twelve, as many as can be packed in a car, are free, and each gets a door prize. The $1.25 pays for the movie, for dancing under the stars to music from name bands. It includes free milk for babies and free diapers if young mothers forget them. Kohlberg has a Kiddieland for youngsters too small to be interested in cinema drama. He has a miniature golf course and driving range for anyone in the family not interested in the picture. Three concession buildings purvey soft or hot drinks, pizza pies, hot dogs, hamburgers at popular prices. For one dollar Kohlberg sells his patrons a chicken dinner. One of his more brilliant ideas is the "Starlite Happiness Book," good for five or ten or fifteen dollars' worth of entertainment and food, sold on credit to any holder of a department-store or oil-company credit card. Kohlberg bills his charge accounts at the end of thirty days.

"Parents know their youngsters won't wind up in a beer hall," says Kohlberg. "With a Happiness Book a youth brings his girl to the Starlite, where we don't sell any alcoholic drinks. We even have attendants in the rest rooms to see that nobody spikes the soft drinks. The drive-in is the answer to the problem of wholesome amusement for teen-agers. I know, because I have seven girls and two boys, ranging from college age to three months."

This is a far cry from the early-day drive-ins, which were labeled "passion pits" by their hardtop competitors, because sin and cinema were thought to be inseparable within the confines of darkened automobiles. In the province of Quebec, Canada, drive-ins are still taboo, largely because the Catholic Church has not yet lifted an early ban on them. But elsewhere in Canada and all over the United States, the passion-pit problem seems to have resolved itself. The bulk of the patrons are young couples with children, to whom the drive-in is an opportunity to spend an evening out without investing in either a sitter or a parking space. The roughs, who apparently don't approve of the company of young parents with kids sleeping in the back seat, have gone elsewhere. To discourage the rowdy element and the liquor drinkers, the larger ozoners have special officers, with flashlights, patrolling the ramps.

In the Starlite Drive-In, Kohlberg can accommodate more patrons than Chicago's largest downtown theater. Several of his competitors whose drive-ins ring Chicago can do the same. The Essaness chain, which operates eleven hardtops as well as four ozoners, has about the same capacity in its largest drive-in, the Harlem Avenue Outdoor. Another, the new Bel-Air, which turned an unsightly old city dump on Cicero Avenue into a plush drive-in, has parking space for 2500 cars plus 1000 seats for customers who park outside and walk in. The M. & R. chain, which built the Bel-Air, also runs the Double Drive-In, with two movies showing at the same time on opposite sides of the huge metal screen. Ralph Smitha, manager of Essaness, once tried a four-screen drive-in, which wasn't a success. Smitha still considers the four-screener a great idea, even if the movie-goers didn't go for it.

"The drive-in attracts brand-new movie patrons," says Smitha. "Young families with children, young people with aged parents, people with dogs they won't leave at home, teen-agers, and college kids. You have to be where the customers can drive to your theater easily."

Smitha and most drive-in operators don't like to be close to shopping centers or race tracks on account of traffic congestion. They try to locate on a major highway into a city, because on hot summer nights many apartment-house dwellers like to drive out to the country for fresh air, just as young mothers yearn to escape the house for an evening.

"People like to go out without dressing up," says Smitha. "They can go to a drive-in in any kind of clothes."

The drive-in operators prefer not to be too near to roadside taverns or "clubs" that attract rowdies. Most drive-ins are now strictly chaperoned. Some work closely with churches and schools, offering their facilities free for Easter sunrise services and for outdoor civic gatherings.

Once he has his acreage, the drive-in proprietor, often a syndicate of local investors, lays it out, clamshell shape, with a screen and office where the clamshells would hook together. The ramps are graded in curves facing the screen, under which the office is usually located. It takes miles of underground wiring to connect the in-car speakers, located on posts between

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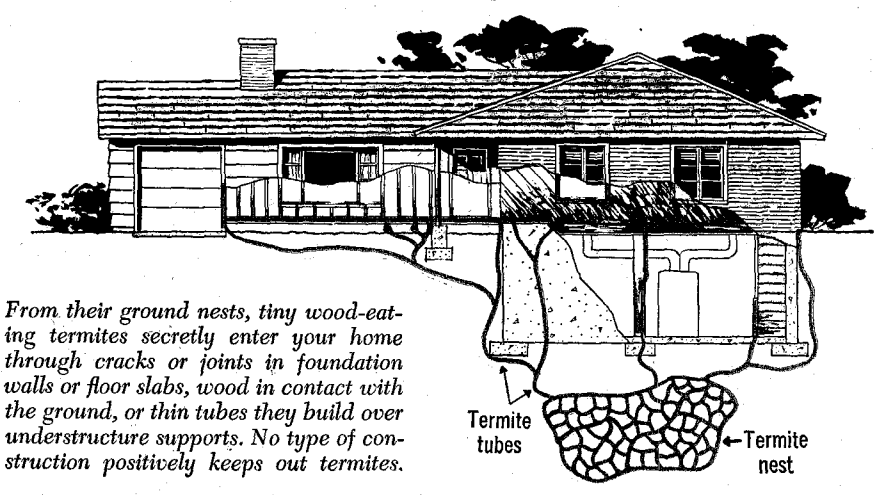

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cars. The posts also house the outlets into which are plugged the small electric heaters which plushier drive-ins offer as an inducement on cold evenings. In these drive-ins, every car, as it passes the ticket gate, is issued a car heater or, if the occupants don't want heat, a brass check; as they leave, the patrons turn in either a heater or the brass check.

In the center of the clamshell is the low concession building, which also houses the projectors and the toilet facilities. The combination cafeteria-soda fountain-candy counter is an all-important part of the drive-in, because the sale of food, hot and cold drinks, and candy accounts for a big bite of the drive-in's take. Many drive-in operators figure they can offer to run the movie on a bare break-even basis and make their profit from food, candy and drink sales. Some early drive-ins employed car hops to peddle food and drink. Now they run teasers on the screen, urging the patrons to come and get it, cafeteria style. They sell more over the counter, and sell fast.

In the larger 2000-car drive-ins, the rear ramps are one fifth of a mile from the screens, about as far as a picture can be seen without becoming fuzzy. The view from the last row is better, however, than that from the front row, dominated by a towering screen on which giant players as tall as a three-story house make love in soft, toned-down in-car speaker whispers. In Texas, some drive-ins have a rail behind the back ramp, where horses can be tethered or where riders can watch the pictures from saddles and their mounts can observe how the pampered nags of Hollywood earn their hay. These "gallop-ins" have become so popular that a few northern operators have borrowed the idea.

The drive-in boom is definitely a post-war phenomenon. In the past decade the number of drive-ins has leaped from 500 to almost 5000. During that time, the price tag on a 1000-car ozoner increased, depending on the cost of fifteen to fifty acres of pasture on a major highway near a center of population, from $50,000 to $500,000. The drive-in operators, most of them enterprisers easing their way into a fantastic new business, have accumulated a lot of lore on the habits of their patrons.

Instead of improvising, as the drive-in pioneers had to do, operators now can order their drive-in complete, except for land and ramps, from the Radio Corporation of America, which has come by a major stake in the business more or less by accident. RCA makes the bulk of the projectors, speakers, and even screens for the new open-air theaters. Another source is National Theater Supply. RCA even offers a drive-in package deal, including financing, to good prospects who have fifteen or more acres on a highway near a population center.

This makes a nice chunk of business. An average modern 1000-car drive-in is a $250,000 investment, including some $65,000 to $70,000 worth of electrical equipment, and a $25,000 metal screen that a 50-mile wind can't topple. It includes also a $45,000 refreshment building, and $25,000 worth of cafeteria equipment, all-important because up to 40 per cent of a successful drive-in's income is from the sale of food and soft drinks. A sizable drive-in has an annual gross income of $750,000.

The way RCA got started as supplier to drive-ins shows the importance of being Johnny-on-the-spot at the right time, which was Camden, New Jersey, in 1933. That is where and when Richard Hollingshead and Willis W. Smith launched the world's first drive-in movie. Hollingshead took out a patent on the idea for the ramps that elevated the windshields of his customers' cars toward the screen. The pioneer Camden drive-in encountered vociferous protests from the neighbors, because the high-volume loud speakers used in the first open-air cinema blasted the ears of everyone in the neighborhood. Hollingshead put that problem up to RCA engineers—largely because they were next-door neighbors—along with another question, namely, how to design a long-throw projector that wouldn't burn out after a few nights' operation. Also, how to keep the projector cool, so that it wouldn't damage the film which the exchanges were reluctant to rent to drive-ins on account of the heat generated in the long-throw projectors.

After many experiments, the RCA men solved all three problems and found themselves in the lucrative business of outfitting new drive-ins, a side line that has grown into an important division. The next speakers were located in pits, but the accumulated volume of the hundreds of small speakers was almost as bad as one big blast. Then the designers hit on speakers which attendants hung on bumpers, so that voices and music came booming up through the autos' hoods. That was pretty sepulchral, so RCA evolved a small, light, in-car speaker, which hung from a post between parked cars. All a customer has to do is reach out, pull in a speaker, and hang it inside his car window and turn the volume high or low, as he likes it. While they were at it, the RCA engineers designed translucent lights, enabling the customers to see where they were driving with the headlights off. Now, outside your car, a drive-in is as quiet and eerie as a moonlit graveyard.

Originator Hollingshead sold his patent to Smith, who founded an early Eastern drive-in chain, and licensed other pioneers, one to a city, to use the ramp idea. Smith happily collected royalties for a spell. The income was short-lived, however, because other promoters, eager to cut themselves in on the drive-in bonanza, contended that little humps of ground could not be patented. The argument went to court in a dozen infringement suits in as many states. When a Boston court ruled that the ramps were just so much landscape architecture and not patentable, the suits were thrown out of court everywhere, and the drive-in idea was anybody's. A rash of drive-in building broke out all over the country.

While the tall-talking Texans can boast that they have the most drive-ins, the Californians and the Floridians have been able to claim the poshest ozoners, at least until recently. In Southern California, where dependable weather makes drive-in cinemas an all-year-around entertainment business, the operators have prided themselves on their landscaping and architectural designing. At best, drive-ins are anything but beautiful in the daytime, although at night the soft lights, the color on the screen, the stars above, and the neon entrances give them a certain eerie glamour. During the past two or three years, eastern operators, particularly in New Jersey and New York and other northern states, have invested sizable sums of money on landscaping, on the theory that it is in the daytime that Mrs. Housewife decides whether or not she would like to go to the movies, and which one she would like to see that night.

In recent years, many of the larger drive-ins have merged into chains. Scores of independent owners have turned their drive-ins over to chains to operate. The giant among the chains is Pacific-Drive-In Theaters, which has 38 major outdoor cinemas in and around Los Angeles, which is the drive-in hotbed of the country. Pacific-Drive-In is unique in another respect: it was bought by four veteran Hollywood movie tycoons who sensed the phenomenal potential of the outdoor cinema in time to capture the lion's share of the good sites for super drive-ins in the area. This has given Pacific an advantage enjoyed by drive-ins of no other area. Because of its mass coverage, Pacific can outbid the hardtops for first runs of big pictures, and frequently does so. Often half a dozen of Pacific's drive-ins will kick off a première simultaneously with two or three of the downtown Los Angeles and Hollywood movie palaces.

Whether or not this is worth while, except to prove that drive-ins are no longer the orphans of the movie industry, is a moot question. First-run pictures are rented by the exchanges on a bid basis which may give the distributor up to 70 per cent of the gate take, plus a flat minimum guarantee, leaving the drive-in operator less than a third. If he waits for a second run, the operator may keep up to two-thirds of the gate, the distributor one-third. Outside Southern California, drive-in operators have taken the attitude that they don't need first-run pictures to fill their ramps; second-runs will do just as well, because families are coming out for an evening anyway, so why not wait for a better break on the take?

In the East and Midwest, the drive-in chains have spread risks, weatherwise especially, by scattering their operations over large areas. The Loew chain operates twenty-six drive-ins extending from Connecticut to Florida. Smith Management Company of Boston has drive-ins throughout New England and the Middle Atlantic states and the Midwest, including the 2600-car Timonium, outside Baltimore. The whopper of all drive-ins, the 3000-car Troy, near Detroit, is in the Affiliated Theaters group. This giant is regarded as about as large as ozoners can be built, partly because of traffic problems, partly because of the distance from the screen to the back ramp. But the trend generally is toward larger drive-ins. There are now seventy in the country with a capacity of 1000 cars or more, including several that can accommodate more than 2000 cars. The latter have a greater seating capacity than Radio City Music Hall, the country's largest four-wall motion-picture palace.

"Harold isn't too busy during the winter."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ever since the drive-ins began to flourish, Hollywood's most agile minds have been trying to figure out what type of cinema appeals most to outdoor movie fans. The answer seems to be action pictures in color. Color is all-important, because color pictures can be seen distinctly on the screen half an hour earlier than black and white. "Critic pictures don't pull in drive-in customers," one operator explained. "Drive-in movie fans like westerns, or any picture with action that fits into the holiday mood."

About the only problem that drive-in operators haven't been able to lick is ground fog. When a pea-soup fog settles, it means that, like the airlines, the drive-ins are fogged out. No matter how powerful the projector, the picture never gets to the screen. When the fog sweeps in, the drive-in managers get out the "fog checks," good for admission some other evening.

Solving the winter problem, according to operators who have kept open all year, is partly a matter of heaters, partly education. As summer draws to a close, the year-around operators in the colder areas begin flashing pep talks on the screen, reminding the customers that it is a lot more comfortable in a warm car in a drive-in than in a football stadium or on a golf course, and appealing to their pride. One of these come-ons used by the Garden Autotorium Drive-In of Ledgewood, New Jersey, goes:

"Good evening, friends. It is certainly nice to know that we have so many wintertime drive-in fans with us this evening. You hardy folks may be interested to know that the temperature is now twenty-five degrees. We have always been of the opinion that real drive-in patrons would attend during the winter, just as they bundle up to go to a football game or ice skating. Here you have the advantage of the warm shelter of your own car. Why not tell your neighbors about our winter policy? They may think the drive-in theater is available to them only during the warm weather. The fact that you are here this evening proves that there are thousands of movie goers who would attend, but think drive-ins operate only from spring to fall. Pass along the good news that we will be here all winter, bringing you top entertainment."

According to Operator Wilfred Smith, this type of pep talk really gets them. He says people love to brag to their friends that they attended a drive-in movie when there was frost on the screen and ice was freezing in the puddles along the roadside.

The motion-picture industry now accepts the drive-in as "a phase of American life based on the decentralization of cities, along with supermarkets, shopping centers, and Levittowns," as one studio executive, David Lipton, of Universal-International Pictures, puts it. "The shift in population caused a shift in theaters. One modern drive-in takes the place of four little old-style neighborhood theaters. It is a phenomenon of the motor age, here to stay, so we might as well like it."

THE END

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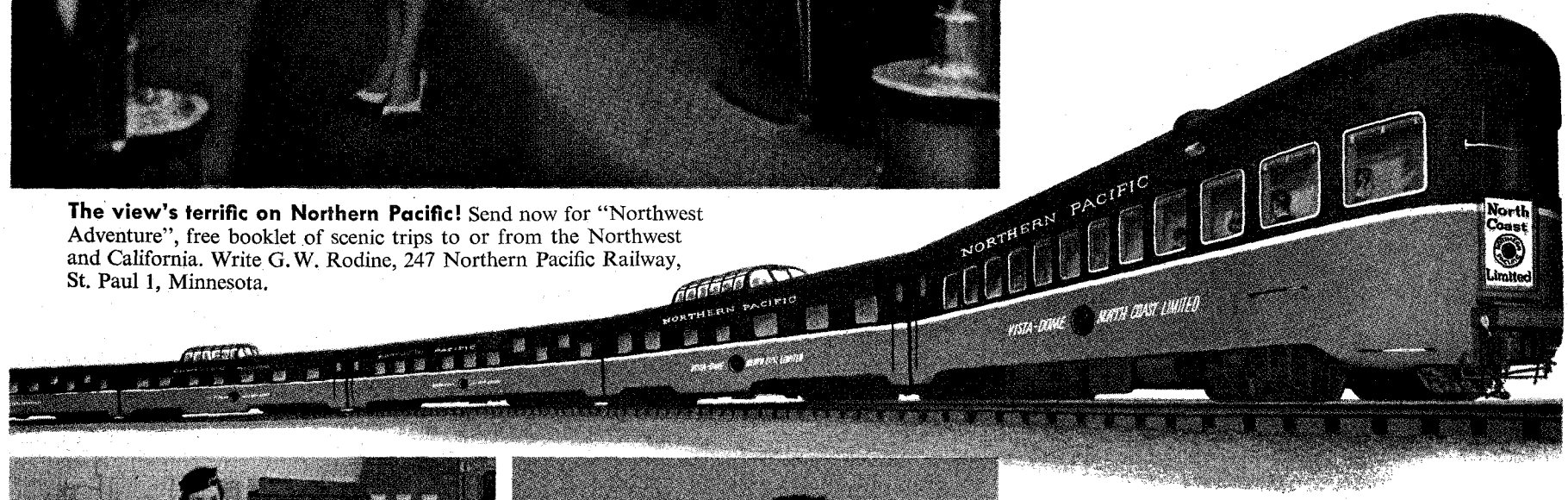

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Passport to Darkness (Continued from Page 30)

pushed onto the next ship that can be forced to take them.

"O'Halloran!"

Marius kicked me and I realized that the old man was shrieking for me from the bridge. He was a Greek, like most of the crew, and when he needed an interpreter he used me. He was standing in the wheelhouse with the plain-clothes man and the girl, his hands shaking with anger.

"Tell me what these slobs want," he said in Greek. "Some babble about a passenger. I'm not taking any damn passenger, and I want you to tell this pie-faced son I said so."

"The old man says he's not taking any passenger," I said to the plain-clothes man. But I didn't make it sound rude, because the girl was listening. Or maybe she wasn't. Maybe she didn't care any more. She was staring out of the porthole at the lights of Boston, although I don't know what she was seeing there. Freedom, maybe.

The policeman just looked tired.

"You've accommodation for passengers?"

I nodded. "If berths for six people who don't mind cockroaches is accommodation, O.K."

"And you're going to Israel from here?"

I nodded again, and behind my shoulder I could feel the old man going tense. We had a lot of stuff for Israel under the hatches that he wouldn't have liked to show round too much.

"This lady has a passport for Israel, and her passage will be paid. Of course, if you wish to make some legal objection ——" He left it there while I translated to the old man, staring down at the points of his shoes.

The old man cursed. "He means I gotta take her or miss the tide, and maybe have the ship searched into the bargain?"

I shrugged and waited, and the policeman waited, and the girl stared out of the window.

"O.K.," the old man said at last. "I'll take her." I told the policeman, and they went into the chartroom to sign the ship's documents, leaving me standing with the girl.

"I'm sorry," I said finally, but she never answered, only stared out at the river and the lights of Boston.

When they came back from the chartroom the old man still looked sour, but the dick looked nothing, neither pleased nor sorry, and he went to the wheelhouse door without so much as glancing at the girl. I went on standing there because I didn't know what else to do. And then suddenly he came back, crossing the wheelhouse in four long strides until he was close beside her.

"Good-by," he said. Then he pulled something out of his pocket, tucked it into hers and was gone. She slid her hand into her raincoat and pulled it out again, opening her hand slowly, as if she didn't want to see whatever was there. I saw a flash of green, and she opened her hand more and I saw that he had given her a small wad of notes. Tens. Maybe a hundred dollars folded small, as if the money itself were apologizing for being given, and I remembered the policeman's face as he had come back to say good-by to her. Maybe he thought she was beautiful too. The girl began to cry, leaning her forehead against the cold glass of the porthole, and after a moment I went away.

By midnight we were clear of the point and I was at the wheel. I thought the girl would have turned in by then, but maybe she couldn't sleep, and she came into the wheelhouse and stood looking through the smears of rain on the glass. The mate started to tell her to get out of it, but she looked at him with those charcoal eyes of hers and he just grunted into his collar and went out onto the wing.

After a minute or two, she said over her shoulder, "That money—it wasn't—it wasn't for ——"

"I know it wasn't," I said. "I never thought it was."

She turned and smiled at me then, and I could see how she would look if she were happy. Her mouth was softly curved and her skin was like the white flowers that women wear at night. She was tall for a woman, straight and slim. In her early twenties, maybe.

"My name is Walewska," she said, "Leonie Walewska," holding out her hand as if we were meeting in a drawing room. It was thin and cool, like ivory, and I was afraid to close my fingers on hers, in fear I might break them.

"Mick O'Halloran," I said, "but my friends call me Lofty." She laughed at that, and her laugh was like firelight in a darkened room.

"Lofty," she said, turning the nickname over between her two hands, and rejecting it. "What does Mick stand for?" Her English was good. Much better than mine.

"It's short for Michael," I told her, and she nodded gravely.

"I shall call you Michael, if I may."

I swallowed and said, "Yes," and she turned back to the window, leaving her smile with me.

We didn't talk any more that night, but we had become friends, and she formed the habit of coming up onto the bridge whenever I was there. The old man still looked pretty sourly at her, but before she had been two days on board, the mate would have lain down on the deck for her to walk on, and so would the rest of us. And although I suppose she bolted her door at night, I never heard that she needed to, which is saying something of a ship like ours, with forty men on board and one beautiful woman.

We were slanting south for Gib, and day by day the sky grew warmer. And at night the stars grew as big and heavy as gouts of gold stitched on a velvet dress. I came on at midnight, and usually she'd be there already; and in a little while she'd talk almost as if she were alone, about her childhood, about things she had known long ago when the world was different. About her father and the marshes round their home. And riding on the wide Polish plains on her first pony.

"I was nine when the war came," she said. "My father was a colonel in the Lancers, and I remember the regiment riding down the road past our gates, helmets blazing in the sun like gold. I'd never seen anything so brave and beautiful in all my storybooks. I couldn't understand why my mother cried. A week later she got the telegram to say that he was dead. Out of eight hundred men that rode with him, I think seventeen survived."

She was silent for a long time then, and when she began again, her voice sounded hard and cold. "Within a month of that telegram the Russians came. I wanted to run away, and maybe we could have escaped then, although God knows where to, but my mother wouldn't leave the village, in case she could help the people. Poor mamma. She was very simple in those days. They deported us to Russia just before Christmas to a forced-labor farm beyond the Urals. A year later they put me into a special school for turning Polish children into Russians." She laughed, and I never heard such bitterness in any woman's laughter.

"And your mother?" I asked her.

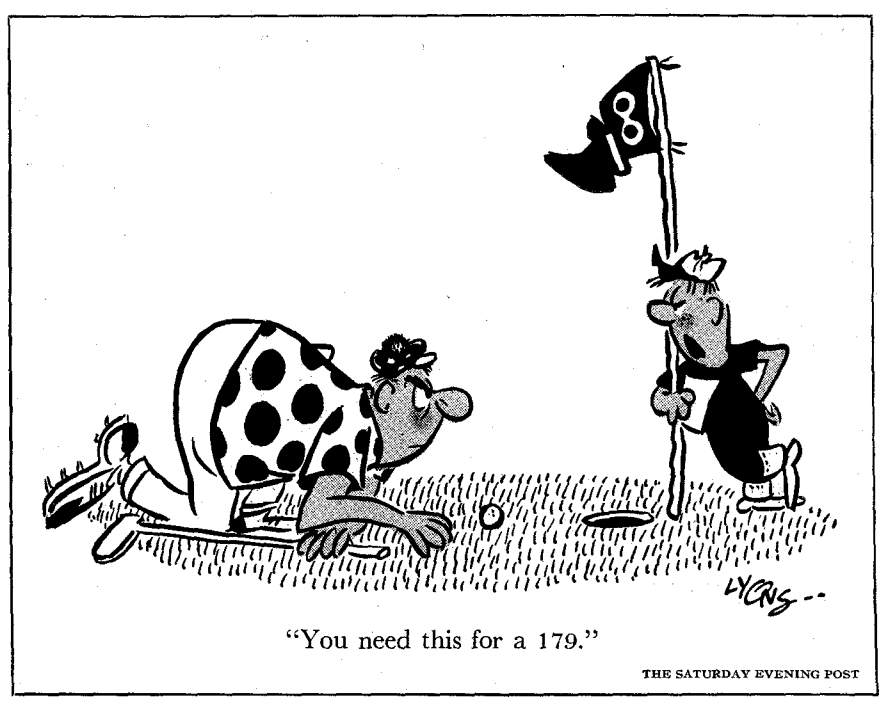
She shrugged. "That is why I am here. When I was seventeen they asked me if I would work for the secret police, and when I said 'No,' they asked me if I would like my mother to go to one of the Siberian mines or to have a nice flat in Moscow and a state pension. . . . Is your mother still alive?"

I shook my head, and she smiled sadly. "I wish that my mother had been dead."

The stars were close to the sea, and where the waves broke, the sea was full of dark-green phosphorescence.

"I gave in," she said. "I learned French and German and English and Italian. I learned too many things." And she leaned out of the open bridge window until the wind was cool on her white forehead.

"Why should I tell you all this?" she said. But she went on, as if she needed to tell: "I stayed in the school for six years, and then they sent me to France. I was to be a Polish refugee. You can guess the kind of things they wanted me to do. But I couldn't do them. In such a job one has access to all kinds of papers. I stole a set from the consulate that said I was an Israeli. And I stole money from the consulate too. Enough to get me to Canada. And from Canada I entered America as a day tourist from Toronto." She laughed again. "It was so simple, too



"You need this for a 179."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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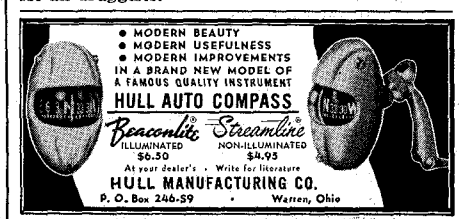

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simple. I just didn't go back to Toronto that night. Instead I took a cross-country coach to New England.

"I got down in a little town called Springfield. All white frame houses and green lawns, and people who smile as they pass you in the street. A boy whistled after me and called me 'sister,' and I imagined staying in that little town for all my life. As if one could. . . . The next day they arrested me. And I tried telling lies to them. At last I even tried telling them the truth. But I dared not tell them all the truth because of my mother."

"Why because of her?" I asked. "Once you had gone, what difference would it make?"

"Because they would know what I told. I said I learned too many things. I had a friend—someone very high up who had grown to hate them; even to hate himself. He told me things he should never have told anyone."

"Did he know that you were ——"

"Yes, he knew. Maybe he was only testing me, but I don't think so, because I never told my superiors," and she said the word "superiors" with an odd, sad self-contempt that was horrible to hear, making me want to leave the wheel and put my hands on her straight shoulders and drive the shame out of her eyes with love. I didn't call it love. I hardly knew that it was love, but that was what it had become—in a few days—in a few hours of talking, softly and slowly in the starlit darkness.

"I never told them," she went on, "and if he had been testing my loyalty for them, that would have been enough. I should be in the mines now, not here. And if I had told the Americans the things he told me, and they had found out, the mines would be the best thing that mother could hope for. Far the best. I have seen women they wanted to punish."

I didn't say anything. Who was I to say what she should have done? It wasn't my mother. I only knew the feeling that had come to me when I looked at her, looked at the white curve of her cheek and the dark fall of her hair. But she was talking again—not to me, not to anyone. I think that she had half forgotten that I was there.

"They questioned me for days," she said. "'If you have fled from Russia you will have things that you can tell us. We can only know whether you are genuine by what you tell us.' That is what they said to me over and over again, and I could not blame them. I could only tell them that my mother was still there. And to that the man who was questioning me answered, 'There are a hundred million mothers there. Perhaps the things that you can tell us would help all of them.'

"And I told them little things. About the MVD. About the organization in France. But they knew all these things already, and somehow they seemed to guess that I knew much more. Until at last they got tired of me and said, 'All right. Go. You have an Israeli passport. We will let you go to Israel, and what happens there is nothing to us.' Perhaps they thought that I would break down then and tell them everything. And I think I would have done, but every time I wanted to, I saw my mother's face. She has become very old these last few years.

"And so I let them put me on this ship, and when I get to Israel ——"

She opened her hands and let them fall. It was easy to know what lay ahead of her. The questions. The cell. The next ship. The next journey, and at last the gray water of some Russian harbor, and the stone faces of her onetime masters. And for all she knew, all this might be for nothing. Her mother might already be weeping somewhere. Or, if she was luckier, dead. Already, inevitably, because of her hatred of the new and hideous things she had found in Russia, she had harmed her mother. And I could see the pain of her dilemma in her eyes—the dilemma that would let her serve neither the one side nor the other.

The next day Gibraltar lifted out of the sea like a black lion rising from blue grass, huge and magnificent, and we anchored to take on fresh water. And that afternoon two things happened. Our orders were changed from Israel to Egypt, and we took on a new passenger. Lord knows about the orders. I've told you we had more in the holds than was on the manifest. Maybe the Egyptians offered a bigger price. All we were told was that the next stop was Port Said, instead of Haifa, and, after that, Bombay. And in trying to think out what that meant for Leonie I didn't pay much attention to the passenger. A big man, but nondescript. Flat, featureless face, and a raincoat. I helped Marius shift his gear, and then went to find Leonie.

She took less interest in the news than I'd thought she would.

"But don't you see," I tried, "it doubles our chances. Egypt, India. Sometime, someplace, we're going to have a chance to get away." I'd said it before I knew. Said "we're going to." Not "you're going to," but "we." And suddenly I wanted to shout the words out loud. And then I was praying she hadn't noticed them, and wanting to hide myself under the nearest cake of rust. But she had noticed them, and she looked at me in a way she hadn't ever looked at me before, and put her hand over mine. And then she shook her head very slowly and sadly.

"I didn't mean it," I said. "The words just came. What I meant was ——"

But she went on shaking her head. "That man who came on board just now," she said. "He's one of them."

I stared at her and laughed. "One of them? You mean he's from the Russian police? Don't be silly. He's a Dutchman."

But she didn't laugh back. "He may be a Dutchman," she said, "but he's still one of them. Do you think I could be trained by them for six years and not know one of them at sight? He's come for me."

I tried to brush her words away. "Why would he have come for you? How could they know you were on this boat? And even if they did know, why should they bother? They must have more to worry about than one girl who walked out on them."

She smiled then, and realizing she had left her hand on mine, she half took it back, and then let it rest again, light as snow on a branch.

"It's not for what I've told that they've followed me," she said. "It's for what I haven't told. To stop me ever changing my mind and telling it another time." Her eyes were a long way off. In Moscow. The gray streets full of gray people. And the one man who had been kind to her, and had talked to her of the things he had grown to hate.

"There are struggles for power in Moscow," she said. "Underground struggles. And the West only knows of them when they are already finished. When some leader who has been on top for a dozen years and a million murders is suddenly accused of treason and shot with his lieutenants. But by that time it is all history. The trials are window dressing for new struggles that the West knows nothing of. It knows only that they go on. Nothing else. Not who is coming to power and who is slipping. Not what the struggles are about. If the West knew those things, it would mean a lot. And my friend had all these things in his head, and some of them he told to me. About struggles that will not end in shooting for months to come, maybe not for years. And somehow the MVD knows that I know these things. Maybe my friend talked to someone else as well—someone who did not like him as well as I did. One never knows how these things happen. One only sees the results. Someone disappears. Someone else commits suicide." She shrugged and smiled a little, twisted smile.

"I think that they must have tried to find me in Canada, and then in America, and that is how the Americans found me so quickly, and were so sure that I had valuable things to tell. And now"—she smiled again and gave my hand the slightest of pressures from her finger tips—"one of them is here, and that is the end of my little story."

"The end?" I said. "Why should it be the end? What can he do to you?"

She didn't answer that. Only looked at me quickly and then down again. I heard the bos'n shouting for me and got slowly to my feet. She went on looking at her finger tips, and I thought she wasn't going to say any more, but as I turned away she whispered after me, "Thank you for saying 'we,' Michael. I'll always remember that."

From then on, the voyage was like a nightmare. The Dutchman took stolid exercise on the deck for an hour each morning and half an hour each afternoon, lifting his pork-pie hat whenever he passed Leonie. The rest of the time he stayed in his cabin, and I tried to think that Leonie was mad. Until one morning I was swabbing down the bulkhead outside his cabin.

"We're simplifying our lives."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You know the way a porthole opens inward, swinging back on one hinge at the top? The Dutchman had opened his porthole to get some air, and the curtains had folded back on top of it. Down on my knees outside his cabin and looking up at it, it was like a mirror. And on the other side of the bulkhead, directly under the porthole, the Dutchman was doing something at a writing table—sticking a small dark rectangle of cardboard into a little book. And I thought of something Leonie had told me about altering passports. I stood up as softly as a shadow until my head was level with the porthole, and then, as quickly and casually as if it were what I was supposed to do, I stuck my head and hand through the open port and began polishing the porthole glass over my head. But instead of looking up, I looked down. It was a passport that he was altering, all right. But the photograph he was sticking to the page wasn't his. It was Leonie's.

He looked up like thunder when he heard me, and he slid his sleeve over the passport quicker than a three-card trickster hiding the queen. But I'd seen enough. I gave him a big, stupid, friendly grin, and after a moment he tried to grin back, but it wasn't a very successful attempt. Then I was finished with his porthole, and a minute later I heard him slam and bolt it, and draw the little curtains across.

So she was right. And I didn't need her to tell me what it meant. He hadn't come to kill her. He'd come to take her back. Maybe they weren't sure how much she'd told, and planned to find out at their leisure. I felt suddenly sick over my bucket of swabbing water, and imagined what it would be like to find that Dutchman in a dark alleyway.

That night I told Leonie what I'd seen. I hadn't meant to at first, but she wasn't a girl you kept things from. And at least it meant that she wasn't in immediate danger.

And so I told her, and she tried to pretend that it made things better, that it gave us a better chance. We were saying "us" quite freely by then, as if we had all life in front of us, and the whole world open. And yet we had never kissed. Never touched each other except that moment when she had put her hand on mine and left it there. At night sometimes I tried to remember how it had felt. But it seemed impossible that anything could have been so light and cool.

We kept up the pretense all through the Mediterranean, until one night I was telling her about a country wedding back home in Ireland, and how the people danced all night till they collapsed.

"If ever I got married ——" she said, as wistfully as a blind man talking of a sunrise, and suddenly I couldn't bear it any longer. We were in the stern, and I put my arms round her shoulders and kissed her until I thought my heart would burst, and took my breath and kissed her a second time before she could find her wits. And when I let her go at last, I started talking, in case she should tell me that I was what I knew I was, and that everything was finished because I had been a clumsy fool.

It was no good adding insult to injury by telling her that I loved her, so I told her something that would shock her into forgetting what I'd done.

"You're a coward," I said. "You start something and then you run out on it. Why not stay with your rotten people if you daren't make the whole leap somewhere else? And now that they've caught up with you, you're still a coward. You're waiting for him to take you, like a rabbit waiting to be killed by a ferret. But even a rabbit will fight if it has something to protect.

(*Continued on Page 109*)

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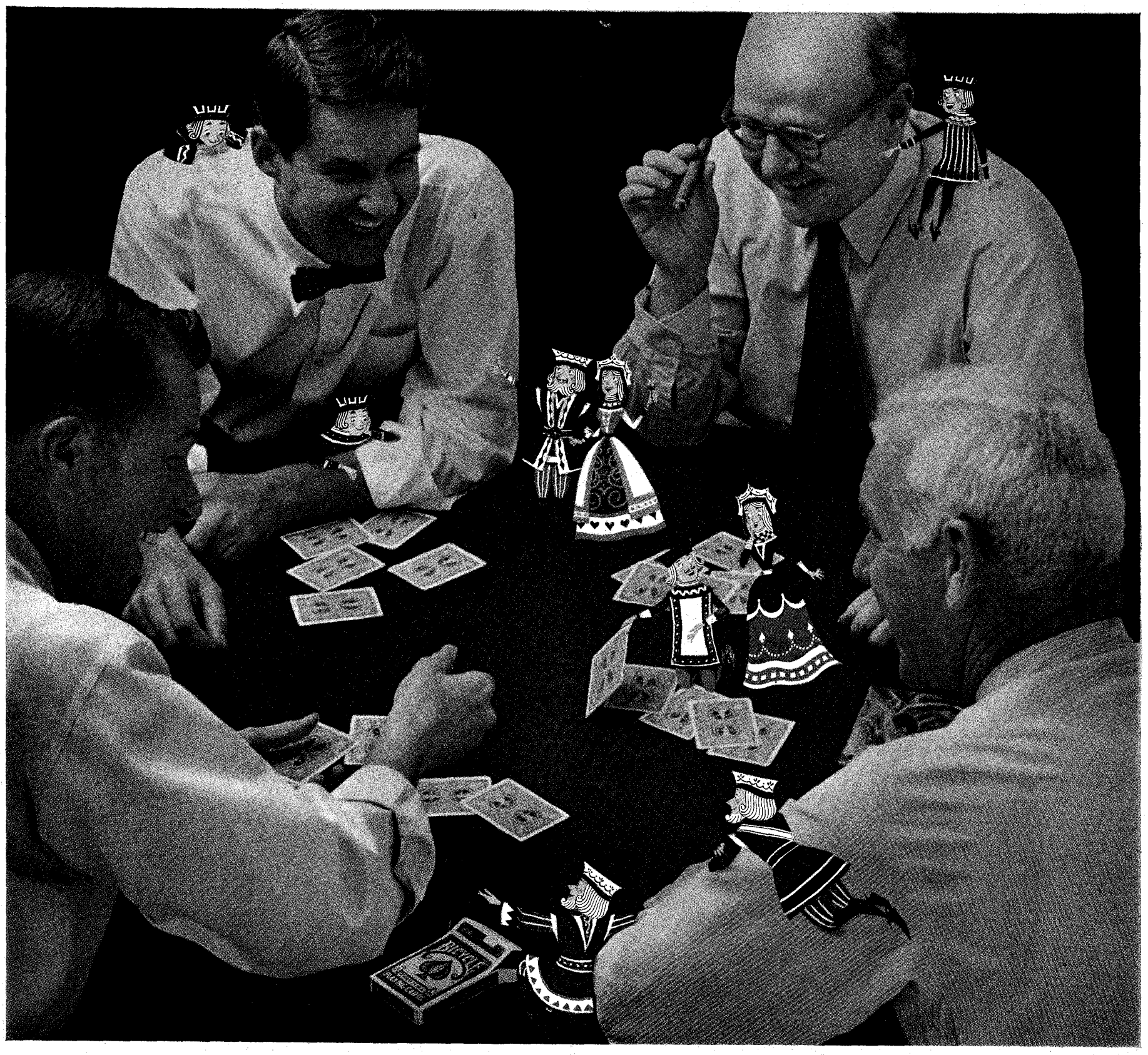

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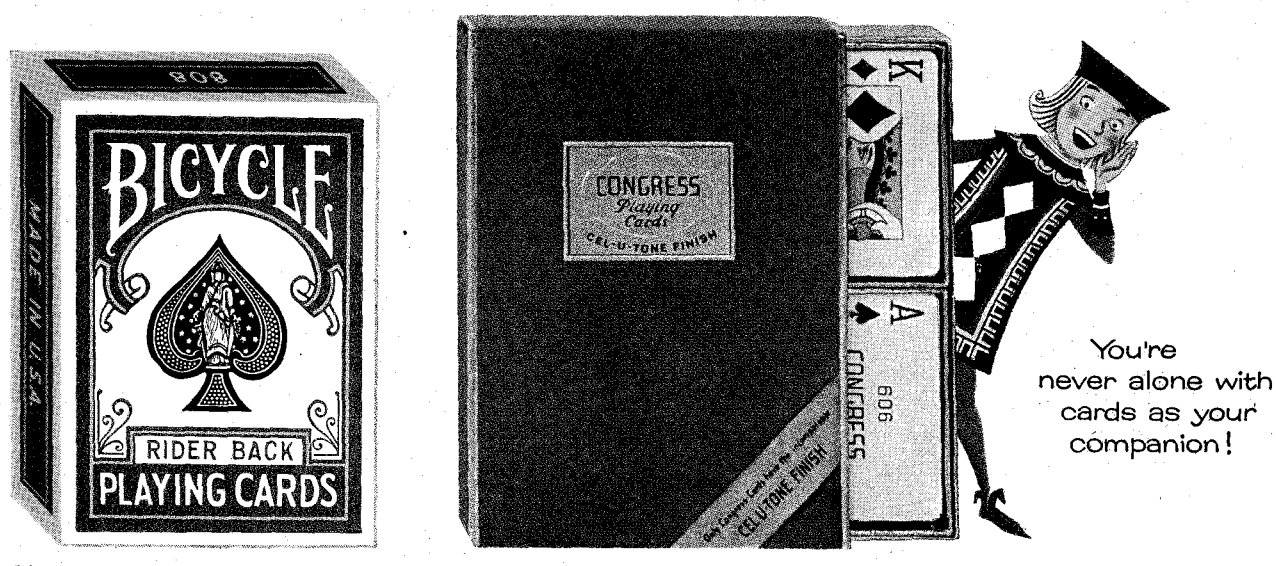

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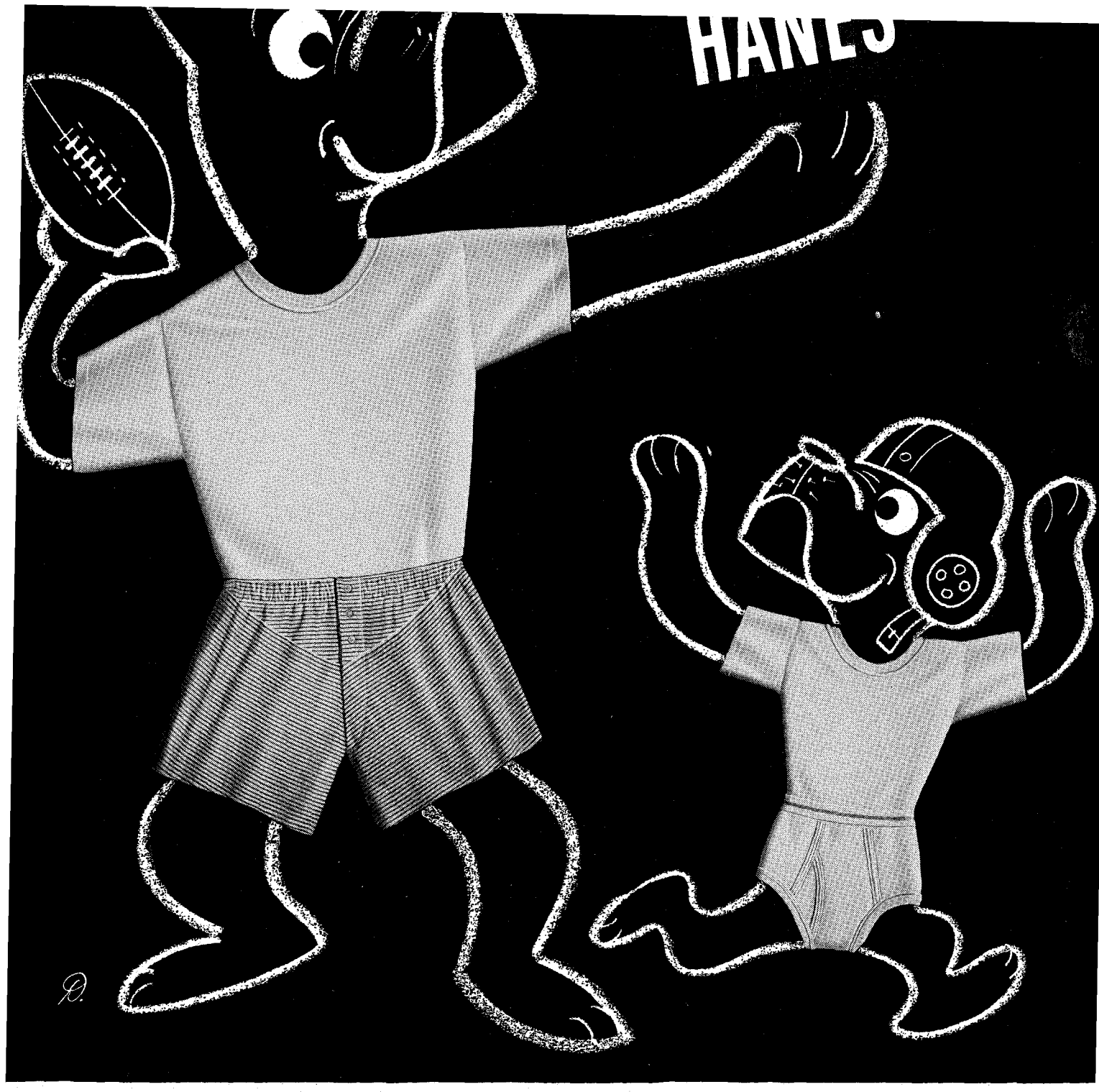

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(*Continued from Page 106*) And you're going to fight. We're going to fight. What would your mother tell you to do if she could speak to you? Your father rode his horse against guns and tanks and concrete fortresses, and if there had been enough men like him in Europe the war would never have begun. What would he tell you to do?" And I found that I was shaking her softly to and fro like a doll, and that I was meaning what I said.

"Nothing can help your mother now. Nothing. It's your children you must think of. The children who aren't born. Who won't be born if you're a coward. Lord God, one dirty, cheese-faced rat comes on the boat and you throw up your hands, as if fighting was a waste of time."

When I was finished I put her at arm's length from me and waited for the sky to fall. But she only looked at me and smiled a little, one corner of her mouth flickering in a way it had, and then she put out her hand to touch my cheek.

"Don't say any more," she whispered. And then she was crying, and I was holding her again, and if thirty men with Tommy guns had tried to storm the deck, I could have killed them singlehanded.

"In Port Said," I whispered. "I'll go ashore there and fix with someone to get you off. Don't worry. Don't be frightened, my beloved." And I held her head against my chest and felt her tears falling.

But we never docked in Port Said. When the pilot boat came out, it brought us orders to unload in the Bitter Lakes at the far end of the canal. There aren't so many watchful eyes in the Bitter Lakes as there are in Port Said, of course. Not so many people to see how heavy cases stenciled ALARM CLOCKS really are. I was at the wheel when the orders came, and I saw the Dutchman leaning over the rail. He must have seen that we weren't taking the proper course for the harbor, because after a minute or two he came paddling up the captain's ladder to ask why we weren't heading in to port.

And I could see that he didn't like it when he heard about the Bitter Lakes. Obviously, like me, he had counted on getting Leonie off the boat at Port Said. There might even have been a Russian or a Polish ship tied up there.

"You can go in the pilot's cutter if you like," said the captain, and the Dutchman rasped something about not having time to pack, and went down onto the deck again. At least it was some compensation that he was no happier about going to the Bitter Lakes than I was.

It was nightfall before we entered the canal; the swift, Egyptian night like a fold of velvet flung across the day. Marius was up on the wheel, and I was stand-by, hanging over the rail and wishing Leonie were beside me. But she was in the saloon, pretending to eat.

I stood there looking at the lights along the side of the canal go by until my watch was over, and still I stood there, and Leonie came out and stood beside me, and we tried to tell each other, without speaking, that things would still be all right, still work out; that if we fought we could never be defeated.

And then I felt the engines checking under my feet and heard the pilot shouting. The screws began to thrash astern, and the bows swung in toward the bank. *There must be a warship coming through*, I thought idly, not really thinking about it at all. The second mate yelled to me to jump ashore so that we could make fast, and for a couple of minutes I was too busy to think of anything but what I was supposed to be doing. It was only when we were actually tied up and I was back on board that I realized that a chance was in our hands. It was hardly ten feet down to the side of the canal. If we went over by the deck housing where no one could see us from the bridge, we wouldn't be missed for hours. And hours were all I needed.

"Look," I whispered, pointing over the side. "Get the fewest things you can do with, and be back here in five minutes. With luck, we'll have another five to get clear. This is our one chance."

She looked frightened, but she didn't argue. Whatever else the MVD had taught her, she'd learned to grasp essentials. She went to her cabin, and I went aft at the double to look for Marius. He was always the banker of the pair of us, because he thinks he has more sense. He was asleep in his bunk, and I had to put my hand over his mouth when I woke him, to stop him from waking the ship.

"Shut up," I begged him. "This is serious. Give me all the money you've got."

"Have you gone mad?" he whispered, but he began fumbling in his belt, and while I prayed under my breath he counted out bills like a cashier. Fifty dollars. Three thousand francs. A fistful

... ...

Bride in Eden

By Vonna Hicks Adrian

When Adam's rib arose and
stood
Beside her dreaming lord,
the doe
Peered from the leaves, mild
eyes aglow
To welcome kin of gentle
blood.

But vixen and tigress,
circling, knew
In Adam's bride a sister too.

... ...

of Spanish money. Four English pounds and a Mexican gold ten-dollar piece. I grabbed the lot out of his hand and started ferreting in my bunk for my own things. Marius dropped down beside me. "Can I come?" he said.

"Lose yourself," I whispered. "You can write me, care of the Seaman's Mission in Alex, but now, for the love of heaven, go to sleep."

I was back in the shadow of the deck housing in four minutes flat, and a minute later Leonie came up to me as softly as a moth. She'd even managed to change into slacks and a leather jacket, and she was carrying less than I was. A Gyppo destroyer went by in a thrash of foam and white paint, and I guessed that we had about three minutes.

"Over the side," I whispered, and she dropped to the canal bank like a sailor. I swung my leg over the rail to follow her, and in another second I'd have been down and clear. But in that second the Dutchman came round the corner of the housing and saw me, and Leonie, and the duffel bag at her feet.

For half a second he hesitated, making up his mind whether to yell first or to grab me. And in that half second I grabbed him, getting his lapels into my fist high up under his chin and twisting so that I could strangle him. I couldn't hit him, because I couldn't make a noise. On the other side of the bulkhead there were officers sleeping or maybe lying awake. And the bridge was over our heads. Whatever happened had to be quiet as death. But even then it was only when I saw the gun in his hand that I knew it had to be death for one of us. And the seconds were running out. I dropped my free hand onto his gun wrist and hoped that he wasn't stronger than I was. His wrist tensed like an iron bar, and I felt my own wrist giving, my fingers slipping a fraction as the sweat sprang between us. His eyes were very close to mine—flat and slate gray and full of hatred. He opened his mouth to try to yell, and I took up a centimeter of slack in his collar and strangled the breath back into his throat. His face turned purple, but still his arm was lifting, half inch by half inch, because it was his right arm to my left hand; and suddenly I heard a soft report and smelled gun smoke.

For a second I didn't realize what he had done. I thought he was trying to attract attention and thanked heaven for the silencer on his gun. And then something in his eyes told me, and I knew that he had fired at Leonie, and I had to look, I had to see if she was safe.

I turned my head, and in that instant he broke free, jerking his wrist up, and then down like a man breaking cord between his hands. It was only that he jerked too hard that saved me. For a fraction of a second after he was free, his gun was pointing at the deck, and in that fraction of a second I kicked his gun out of his hand, and before he could scream I had my own hands round his throat. Two hands. Over our heads I could hear the pilot yelling to cast off, and from somewhere a man's feet came running. The Dutchman's face turned black, and his eyes turned up under the lids, and I shook him until his fat, folding, rotten neck must have been twice broken. He lolled in my hands, and I heaved him over the rail like a kit bag, following him in the one movement. Feet hammered on the deck five feet away from my crouching head, and I heard the chatter of the winch starting, as the man slackened the rope ashore.

"Behind that shed," I whispered, and we ran, crouching, half the length of the ship, still in its shadow. There were five lit yards between the ship's side and the shed, and I think they were the five longest yards I've ever run. The sailor was down on the canal bank by now, casting off, and we had to run when his back was turned, praying that he wouldn't hear us or look round and see the body lying in the shadows.

"All clear!" the sailor yelled, and went back up the side, poising for a minute with both hands on the rail and his body leaning far out before he swung over onto the deck, and for one hideous moment I thought that he must have seen us, and the sweat ran off my face in cold rivers. Then he was gone, and the ship was moving.

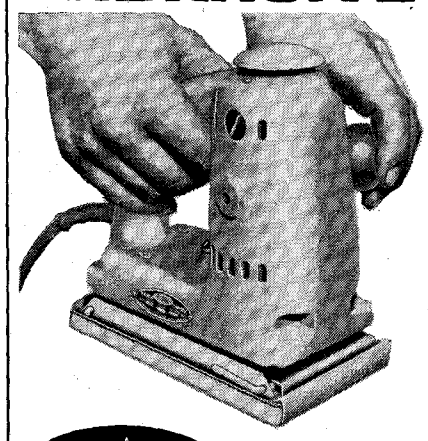
I found some rocks from a road mender's pile as sinkers for the Dutchman, and we buried him in the canal. An hour later we were three miles away, thumbing a truck for a lift. It got us to Port Said before the city was properly awake, and so we sat and had breakfast in a little café and waited until a porter in a red fez and Turkish slippers came out of the office across the street, and ran the flag up the flagstaff to show anyone who was interested that the American consulate was open for business.

I paid for the breakfast and took Leonie by the arm. "Remember what I said that night?" I asked her. "About your children? Will you do this for them?"

"For our children," she said, and we went across the road together and knocked on the polished door.

THE END

PERSUASIVE WITH ABRASIVE



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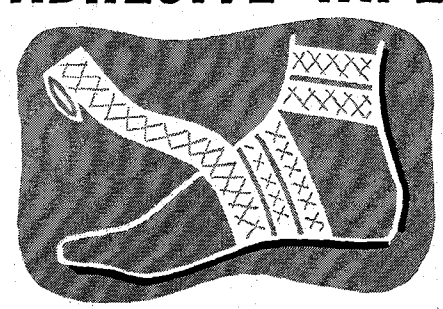

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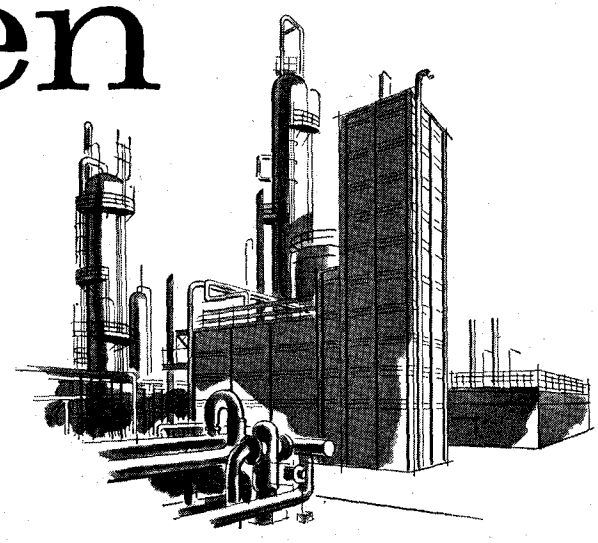

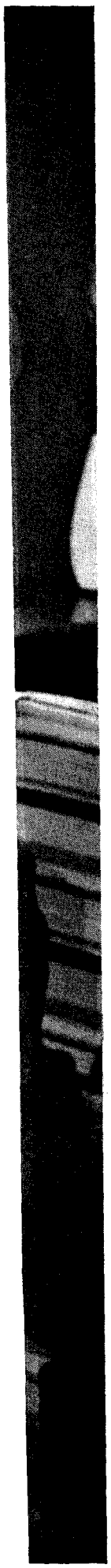

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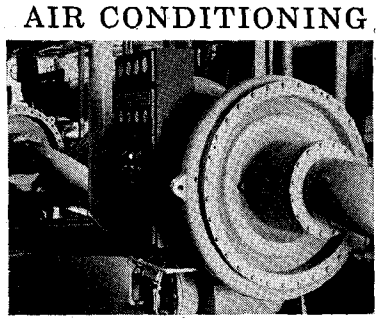

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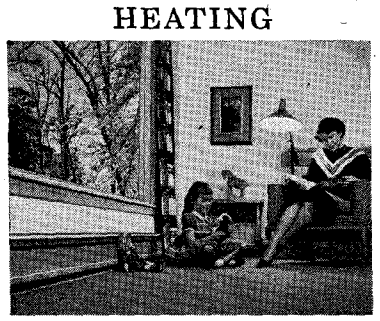

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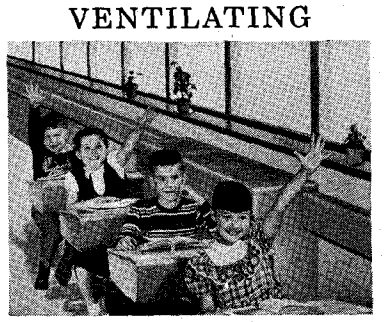

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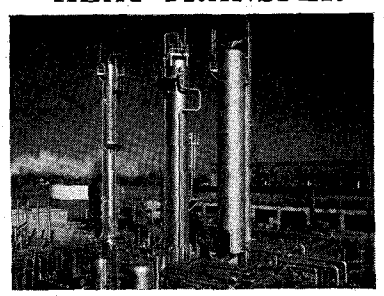

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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 43)

"I told Dorla—that's Guthrie's wife—that I'd disinherit Ted if he got in any trouble with that automobile. That was just a bluff. Ted's a Balfour. He has the Balfour name. He's going to carry it on. It would be unthinkable to have the Balfour Allied Associates carried on by anyone who wasn't a Balfour. I want Ted to marry. I want him to have children. I want him to leave the business to a man-child who has the name of Balfour and the characteristics of a Balfour. Do you understand?"

Mason nodded.

"But," Addison Balfour went on, "I want to be sure that Ted knows the duties and responsibilities of a Balfour and of being the head of a damn big business."

Again Mason nodded.

"Balfours don't compromise, Mr. Mason. Balfours fight."

Mason waited.

"Lots of times you win a case by a compromise," Balfour said. "It's a good thing. You may come out better in some isolated matter by compromise than by fighting a thing through to the last bitter ditch. That's a damn poor way to go through life. Once people know that you'll compromise when the going gets tough, they see to it that the going gets tough. People aren't dumb. Businessmen get to know the caliber of the businessmen they are dealing with. Balfours don't compromise. We won't fight unless we're in the right. When we start fighting, we carry the fight through to the end. You understand what I mean, Mason?"

Mason nodded.

"We don't want the reputation of being compromisers," Balfour continued. "We want the reputation of being implacable fighters. I want Ted to learn that lesson. I'd told Guthrie's wife that I'd disinherit Ted if he ever got convicted of any serious accident with that automobile. Scared her to death. She has her eye out for the cash. . . . What do you think of her, Mason?"

"I'm hardly in a position to discuss her," Mason said.

"Why not?"

"She's somewhat in the position of a client."

"The hell she is! Ted Balfour is your client. What makes you say she's a client? She didn't retain you, did she?"

"For Ted Balfour."

"She did that because Guthrie told her to. How was the check signed?"

"Your brother's name, Guthrie Balfour, per Dorla Balfour."

"That's what I thought. She wouldn't give you a thin dime out of her money. Heaven knows how much she's got! She's milked Guthrie for plenty. That's all right. That's his business. He wanted a good-looker. He had money. He bought one. The trouble is, people aren't merchandise. You can pay for them, but that doesn't mean you've got 'em. Personally, I wouldn't trust that woman as far as I could throw this bed, and that isn't very far, Mason. Do you understand me?"

"I understand the point you're making."

"Remember it!" Balfour said. "Now, I want young Ted to fight. I don't want him to start out by compromising. When I read the paper this morning I was furious. I was going to send for you myself, but Dorla telephoned my secretary and told her she'd made arrangements to have you step into the picture. What are you going to do, Mason?"

"I don't know."

"Get in there and fight! Don't worry about money. You have a retainer?"

"A retainer," Mason said, "which at first blush seemed more than adequate."

"How does it seem now?"

"Adequate."

"Something happened?"

"The case has taken on certain unusual aspects."

"All right," Balfour said. "You're in the saddle. Start riding the horse. Pick up the reins. Don't let anybody tell you what to do. You're not like most of these criminal lawyers. You don't want just to get a client off. You try to dig out the truth. I like that. That's what I want. Now remember this: If a Balfour is wrong, he apologizes and makes restitution. If he's right, he fights. Now you start fighting. I don't want you to tell Dorla that I'm not going to disinherit Ted. I don't want you to tell Ted. I want Ted to sweat a little blood. Scare the hell out of him if you want to, but make him fight. Now I'll tell you one other thing, Mason. Don't trust Dorla. She a snob. Ever notice how it happens that people who have real background and breeding are considerate, tolerant and broad-minded, while people who haven't anything except money that they didn't earn themselves are intolerant? That's Dorla. She's got about the nicest figure I've ever seen on a woman. And I've seen lots of them.

"Don't underestimate her, Mason. She's smart. She's chain lightning! She's got her eye on a big slice of money, and Guthrie hasn't woke up yet.

"Guthrie isn't really married to Dorla. He's married to the woman he visualizes beneath Dorla's beautiful exterior. It's not the real woman. It's a dream woman, a sort of man-made spouse that he's conjured up out of his own mind. When Guthrie wakes up he'll marry Florence Ingle and really be happy. Right now he's a sleepwalker. He's in a dream. Don't try to wake him up.

"I'm a dying man. I can't bring up Ted. After Ted's folks died, Guthrie and his wife took over. Then Guthrie's wife died and he bought beauty on the auction block. He thought that was what he wanted. He knows I'll raise hell if he neglects Ted's bringing up. Dorla isn't a good influence on Ted. She isn't a good

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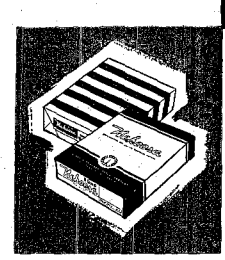

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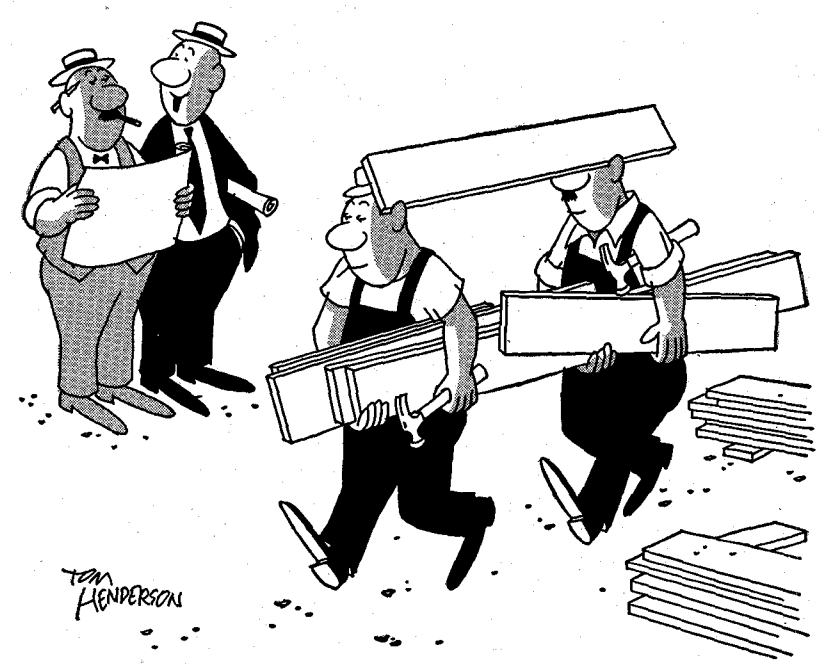

"A couple of real hustlers, those two."

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influence on anyone. But she's smart! Damned smart! If she has to get out from under, she'll trap you to save her own skin. Don't think she can't do it.

"Guthrie gave you a retainer. Don't bother about sending him bills. Send bills to the Balfour Allied Associates. I'll instruct the treasurer to let you have any amount you need. I know you by reputation well enough to know you won't stick me. You should know me by reputation well enough to know that if you overcharge me it'll be the biggest mistake you ever made in your life. That's all now, Mason. I'm going to sleep. Tell my secretary not to disturb me for thirty minutes, no matter what happens. Don't try to shake hands. I get tired. Close the door when you go out. Good-by."

Addison's head dropped back against the pillow. The colorless eyelids fluttered shut over the faded blue eyes. Mason tiptoed from the room.

Marilyn Keith was waiting for him on the other side of the vestibule door. "Will you step this way, please, Mr. Mason?"

Mason followed her into another office. Marilyn indicated a telephone and a desk. "We have strict instructions not to put through any phone messages to anyone who is in conference with Mr. Balfour," she said. "But Miss Street telephoned and said you must call at once upon a matter of the greatest urgency."

"Did she leave any other message?"

Marilyn Keith shook her head.

Mason dialed the number of the unlisted telephone in his office.

When he heard Della Street's voice on the line, he said, "O.K., Della, what cooks?"

"Paul's here," she said. "He wants to talk with you. Are you where you can talk?"

"Fairly well," Mason said.

"Alone?"

"No."

"Better be careful about what comments you make, then," she said. "Here's Paul. I'll explain to him that you'll have to be rather guarded."

A moment later Paul Drake's voice came on the line, "Hello, Perry."

"Hi," Mason said, without mentioning Drake's name.

"Things are happening fast in the Balfour case."

"What?"

"They secured an order for the exhumation of the corpse."

"Go ahead, Paul."

"That was done secretly at an early hour this morning."

"Keep talking."

"When police checked at the motel, backtracking the car, they learned something that started them really moving in a hurry. Apparently someone in the motel had heard a shot on the night of the nineteenth. They dug the body up. The coroner opened the skull—something which had never been done before."

"It hadn't?"

"No. The head had been pretty well smashed up and the coroner evidently didn't go into it."

"O.K., what happened?"

"When they opened the head," Paul Drake said, "they found that it wasn't a hit-and-run accident at all."

"What do you mean?"

"The man had been killed," Drake said, "by a small-caliber, high-powered bullet."

"They're certain?"

"Yes; the bullet's still in there. The hole was concealed beneath the hair, and the coroner missed it the first time. Of course, Perry, they thought they were dealing with a hit-and-run death and that the victim was a drifter who had been walking along the road. The whole thing indicated a ne'er-do-well who happened to get in front of a car being driven by an intoxicated driver."

"And now?"

"Hell's bells!" Paul Drake said. "Do I have to draw you a diagram? Now it's first-degree murder."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Start working."

"What do you want, Perry?"

"Everything," Mason said. "I'll discuss it with you when I see you. In the meantime, get started."

"What's the limit?" Drake asked.

"There isn't any."

"O.K. I'm starting."

Mason hung up and turned to Marilyn Keith. "Well?" he asked.

"Have you told anyone about me?"

"Not by name."

"Don't."

"I'm in the case now."

"I know."

"It may be more of a case than it seemed at first."

"I know."

"I'm representing Ted."

"Yes, of course."

"You know what that means?"

"What?"

"I may have to show who was really driving the car."

She thought that over for a minute, then raised her chin. "Go right ahead, Mr. Mason. You do anything that will help Ted."

"This case may have a lot more to it than you think," Mason told her. "Do you want to tell me anything?"

"I drove the car," she said.

"Was that the reason you came to me?"

"No."

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"Why?"

"On account of Ted. Oh, please, Mr. Mason, don't let anything happen to him. I don't only mean about the car; I mean—lots of things."

"Such as what?" Mason asked.

"Ted's being exposed to influences that aren't good."

"Why aren't they good?"

"I can't tell you all of it," she said. "Mr. Addison Balfour is a wonderful man, but he's an old man. He's a sick man. He's a grim man. He looks at life as a battle. He was never married. He regrets that fact now, not because he realizes that he missed a lot of love, but only because he has no son to carry on the Balfour business.

"He wants to make Ted a second Addison Balfour. He wants to make him a grim, uncompromising, unyielding fighter. Ted's young. His vision, his ideals are younger and clearer than those of Addison Balfour. He sees the beauties of life. He can enjoy a sunset or the soft spring sunlight on green hills. He sees and loves beauty everywhere. It would be a tragic mistake to make him over into the grim, fighting machine that is Addison Balfour."

"Any other influences?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"What?"

"The influence of beauty," she said.

"I thought you said you wanted him to appreciate beauty."

"Real beauty; not the spurious kind."

"Who's the spurious beauty?" Mason asked.

"Dorla."

"You mean to say she's married to his uncle and has her eyes on the nephew?"

"She has big eyes," Marilyn Keith said. . . . "Oh, Mr. Mason, I do so hope you can handle this thing in such a way that—well, give Ted an opportunity to develop his own individuality in his own way. There'll be lots of time later on for him to become as grim as Addison Balfour, and a lot of time later on for him to become disillusioned about women. And if Guthrie Balfour should think that Ted and Dorla —— Mr. Mason, you're a lawyer. You know the world."

"What you have outlined," Mason said, "or rather, what you have hinted at, sounds like quite a combination."

"That," she said, "is a masterpiece of understatement. You haven't met Banner Boles yet."

"Who's he?"

"He's the trouble shooter. He's deadly and clever, and whenever he gets in a case he starts manipulating facts and twisting witnesses around. Oh, Mr. Mason, I'm terribly afraid!"

"For yourself?"

"No, for Ted."

"You may not be in the clear on this thing," Mason said, his voice kindly, "and now that I'm representing Ted, I may have to drag you in."

"Drag me in if it will help Ted."

"Does he know you drove him home?"

"He's never intimated it if he does."

"What happened?"

"He was out in the parking space back of Florence Ingle's place. He wasn't drunk. He was sick. I knew he couldn't drive in that condition. I saw him trying to back the car. He was barely able to sit up."

"Did you speak to him?"

"I just said, 'Move over,' and I got behind the steering wheel and drove him home."

"What happened?"

"The last part of that trip he was falling over against me, and I'd have to push his weight away so I could drive the car. He'd fall against the wheel. I guess I was going all over the road there on Sycamore Road, but I didn't hit anyone, Mr. Mason. That is, I don't think I did. I kept my eyes on the road. I tried to, but he would lurch against me and grab the wheel —— I should have stopped, but I wasn't driving fast."

"You put him to bed?"

"I had a terrible time. I finally got him to stagger up to his room. I took his shoes off. I tried to find a servant, but there didn't seem to be anyone at home."

"What time was this?"

"A lot earlier than Myrtle Haley said it was."

Mason was thoughtful. "How did you get home? If you called a cab, we may be able to find the driver and establish the time element by ——"

"I didn't call a cab, Mr. Mason. I was afraid that might be embarrassing to Ted—a young woman leaving the house alone; the servants all away. I walked to the highway and thumbed a ride. I told the man who picked me up a story of having to walk home."

Mason looked at her sharply.

"There was no reason why any young woman couldn't have called a cab from that house at ten-thirty or eleven at night."

"Don't you see?" she pleaded. "I'm not just any young woman. I'm Addison Balfour's confidential secretary. I know the contents of his will. If he thought I had any interest in Ted or that I had been in Ted's room —— Oh, Mr. Mason, please have confidence in me and please protect my secret! I have to go now. I don't want the girls in the office to get suspicious. I'm supposed to be letting you use the phone. The switchboard operator will know how long since you hung up. Good-by now."

Mason left Addison Balfour's residence, stopped at the first telephone booth, called Paul Drake and said, "I can talk now, Paul. Here's your first job. Find out where Ted Balfour is. Get him out of circulation. Keep him out of circulation. Get in touch with me as soon as you have him and ——"

"Whoa, whoa," Drake said. "Back up. You're not playing tiddlywinks. This is for high stakes, and it's for keeps."

"What do you mean?" Mason asked.

"Hell's bells!" Drake said. "The police had Ted in custody within fifteen minutes of the time the autopsy surgeon picked up the telephone and made his first preliminary report about the bullet."

"Where are they keeping him?" Mason asked.

"That's something no one knows," Drake said.

"How about the press, Paul?"

"Figure it out for yourself, Perry. Here's the only heir to the Balfour fortune charged with a murder rap which was dressed up to look like a hit-and-run accident. What would you do if you were a city editor?"

"O.K.," Mason said wearily. "Get your men working. I'm on my way to the office."

Mason hurried to his office and started mapping out a plan of campaign before he had even hung up his hat.

"Paul," he said to the detective, "I want to find out everything I can about Jackson Eagan."

"Who doesn't?" Drake said. "If they'd been on the job, police would have spotted this as a murder right at the start. I've seen photographs of the body, Perry. You don't smash up a man's head like that in a hit-and-run. That man had been tied to a car somehow and his face had literally been dragged over the road. His head was then smashed in with a sledge hammer or something. It was done so the authorities would never think to look for a bullet. It worked too. They thought the guy had been hit, his head dashed to the pavement and then his clothes had caught on the front bumper and he'd been dragged for a while."

"Couldn't it have been that way?" Mason asked.

"Not with the bullet in the guy's brain," Drake said.

"All right," Mason told him, "let's use our heads. The police are concentrating on Ted Balfour. They're trying to get admissions from him. They're trying to check what he was doing on the night of the nineteenth of September. They'll be putting all sorts of pressure on him to make him disclose the identity of the girl whom he remembers as having driven the car. There's just a chance that by using our heads we may have just a few minutes' head start on the police on some of these other angles that they won't think of at the moment.

"Now, these car-rental agencies won't rent a car unless they see a driver's license, and they usually make a note on the contract of the number of the driver's license. Have operatives cover the car-rental agency, take a look at the contract covering the Jackson Eagan car on that date. See if we can get the number of the driver's license from the contract.

"There's a chance we can beat the police to it in another direction. The police won't be able to get in the Balfour house until they get a search warrant or permission from Ted Balfour. Quite frequently you can tell a lot by going through a man's room. They'll be searching his clothes for bloodstains. They'll be looking for a revolver. They'll be doing all of the usual things within a matter of minutes, if they aren't doing it already. . . . Della, get Mrs. Guthrie Balfour on the phone for me. . . . Paul, get your men started covering all these other angles."

Drake nodded and said, "I'll go down to my office, so I won't be tying up your telephone system, Perry. I'll have men on the job within a matter of seconds."

"Get going," Mason said.

In the meantime, Della Street's busy fingers had been whirling the dial of the unlisted telephone which was used in times of emergency to get quick connections. A moment later she nodded to Perry Mason and said, "I have Mrs. Balfour on the line."

Mason's voice showed relief. "That's a break," he said. "I was afraid she might be out."

Mason picked up the telephone, said, "Hello, Mrs. Balfour."

"Yes, Mr. Mason, what is it?"

"There have been some very important and very disturbing developments in the matter which you discussed with me."

"There have?" she asked, apprehension in her voice.

"That's right."

"You mean—you mean that the matter has been —— Why, I thought ——"

"It doesn't have anything to do with that matter, but a development from it," Mason said. "The police are now investigating a murder."

"A murder!"

"That's right. I don't want to discuss it on the phone."

"How can I see you?"

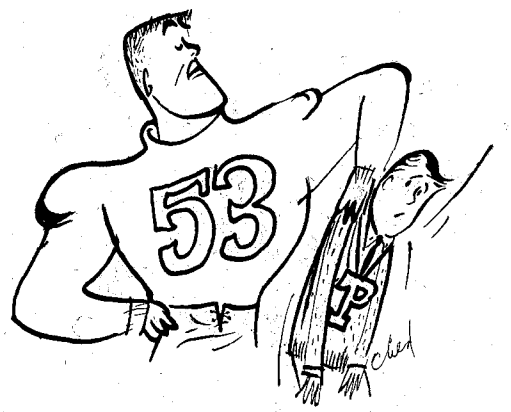
Mason said, "Wait there. Don't go out under any circumstances. I'm coming over as soon as I can get there."

Mason slammed up the telephone and said to Della Street, "Come on, Della. Bring a notebook and some pencils. Let's go!"

Mason's long legs striding rapidly down the corridor forced Della Street into a half run in order to keep up. They descended in the elevator, hurried over to Mason's car in the parking lot and swung into traffic.

"Do you know the way?" Della Street asked.

"Fortunately I do," Mason said. "We go out the State Highway. The scene of the accident was only about a mile from the Balfour estate, and maps were introduced in the case yesterday. You see, the prosecution (*Continued on Page 116*)



The Perfect Squelch

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"Sure," the frosh said politely. "We'll have it in a minute. We just sent it out to be stretched."

Robert Cleveland

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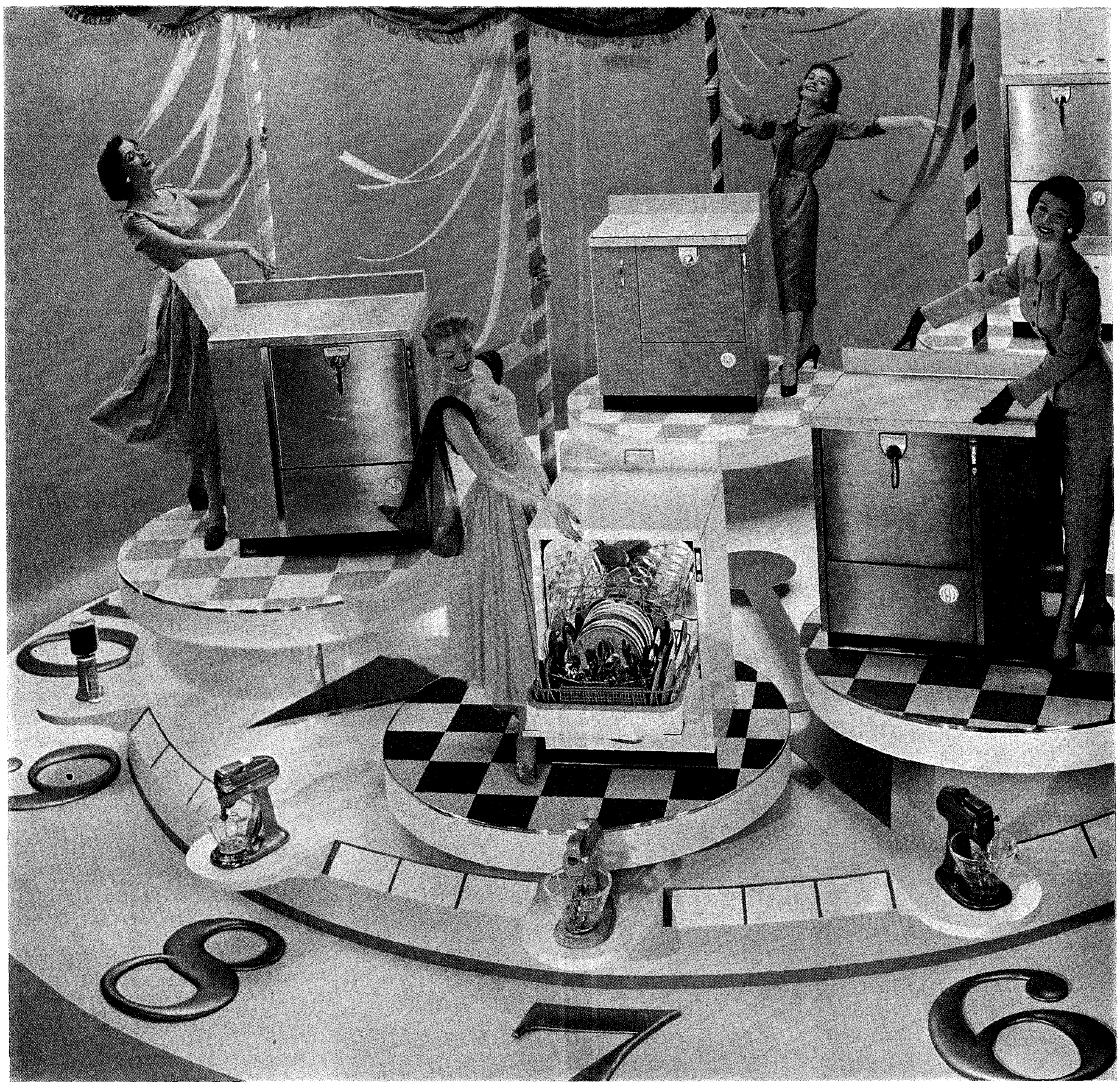

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(*Continued from Page 114*) was trying to prove that Ted Balfour would normally have used this route along Sycamore Street to the State Highway, then turned up State Highway until he came to the next intersection, which would have been the best way to the Balfour estate."

"If there was a murder," Della Street said, "how can they prove that Ted Balfour was in on it?"

"That's what they're trying to do right now," Mason said. "They have a pretty good case of circumstantial evidence, indicating that Balfour's car was mixed up in it, but they can't prove Balfour was mixed up in it—at least, not from any evidence they had in the case yesterday."

"So what happens?"

"So," Mason said, "we try to find and appraise evidence before the police think to look for it."

"Isn't it illegal to tamper with evidence in a case of this sort?"

"We're not going to tamper with evidence," Mason said. "We're going to look at it. Once the police get hold of it, they'll put it away and we won't be able to find out anything until we get to court. But if we get a look at it first, we'll know generally what we're up against."

"You think some evidence may be out there?" Della Street asked.

"I don't know," Mason told her. "I hope not. Let's look at it this way, Della: The man was shot. The body was mutilated to conceal the gunshot wound and prevent identification. Then it was taken out and placed by the side of the road. They waited for the tipsy driver to come along, and then they threw the body out in front of the car ——"

"Why do you say 'they'?" Della Street asked.

"Because one man wouldn't be juggling a body around like that."

"Then Ted Balfour may have simply been the means to an end?"

"Exactly."

"But how did they know that a tipsy driver would be coming along that road?"

"That's the point," Mason said. "Somebody loaded Balfour's drink. He probably wasn't only intoxicated; he was doped."

"Then how do you account for his testimony that a girl was driving the car?" Della Street asked.

"That was probably a coincidence. It may not be the truth."

"That was Ted's story," Della Street said.

"Exactly. Myrtle Anne Haley swore that she was following a car that was weaving all over the road. The prosecutor didn't ask her who was driving the car, whether it was a man or a woman, whether there was one person in the driver's seat or whether there were two."

"And all those head injuries," Della Street asked, "were simply for the purpose of preventing the corpse from being identified?"

"Probably for the primary purpose of concealing the fact that there was a bullet hole in the head."

"Would Ted Balfour have been mixed in on anything like that?"

"He could have been. We don't know. We don't know the true situation. Myrtle Haley is lying at least about some things. But that doesn't mean all of her testimony is false. I think she wrote down that license number sometime after she got home. I think she wrote it down in good light and while she was seated at a table. But her testimony may well be true that she was following a car which was weaving all over the road."

"Then Ted must have been driving it?"

"Don't overlook one other possibility," Mason said. "Ted may have been sent home and put to bed in an intoxicated condition, and then someone took the automobile out of the garage, started weaving all over the road as though driving in an intoxicated condition, waited until he was certain some car behind him would spot him and probably get the license number; then the dead body of Jackson Eagan was thrown in front of the automobile."

"But why?" Della Street asked.

"That," Mason said, "is what we're going to try to find out."

On two occasions after that Della Street started to say something, but on each occasion, glancing up at the lawyer's face, she saw the expression of extreme concentration which she knew so well, and remained silent.

Mason slowed at the intersection, turned from State Highway, ran for about two hundred yards over a surfaced road, turned to the right between huge stone pillars marking the driveway entrance in a stucco wall which enclosed the front part of the Balfour estate.

The tires crunched up the graveled driveway, and almost as soon as Mason had brought his car to a stop, the front door was thrown open by Mrs. Guthrie Balfour.

Mason, followed by Della Street, hurried up the steps.

"What is it?" Mrs Balfour asked.

"Have the police been here yet?" Mason asked.

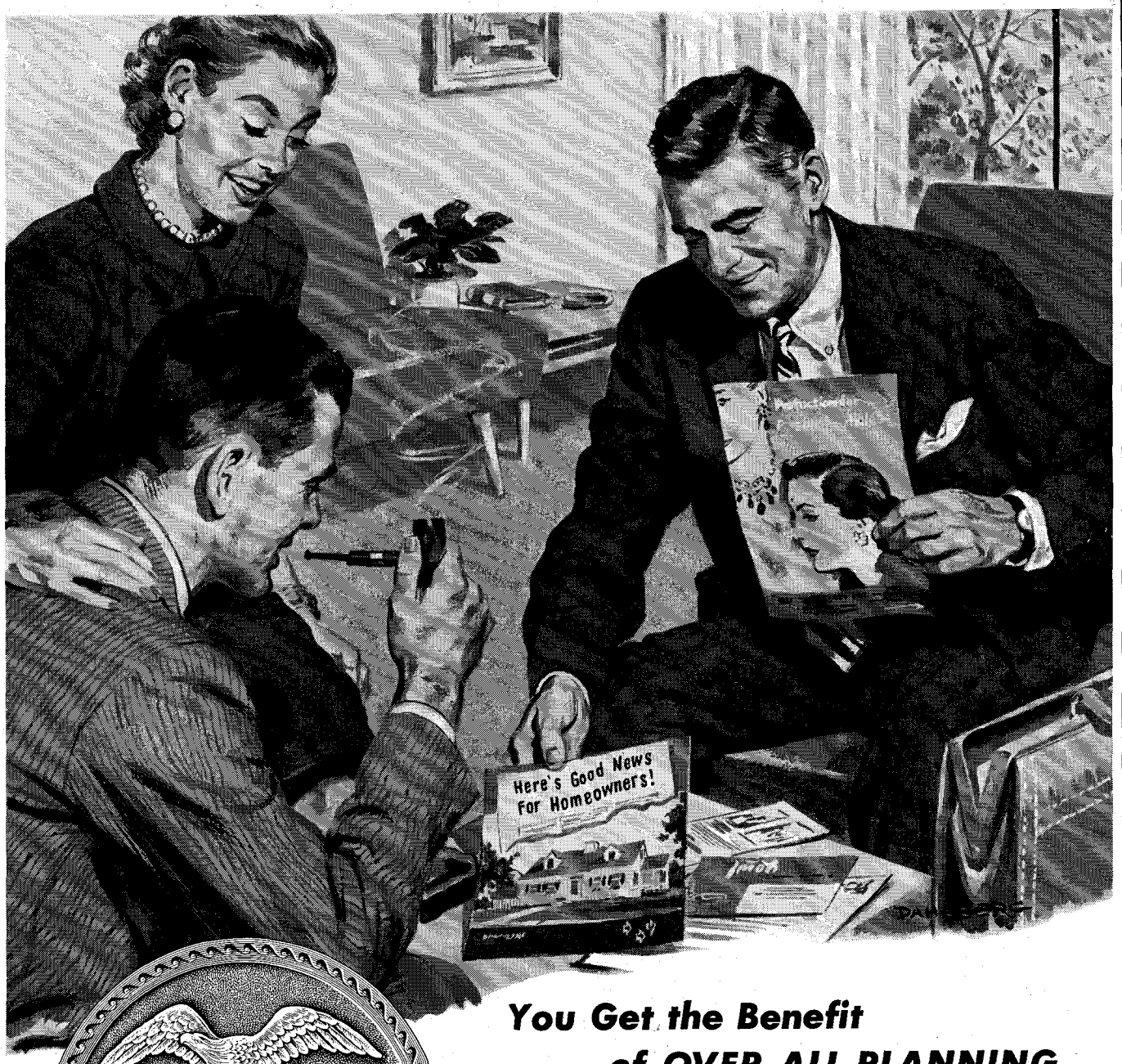
"Heavens, no!"

"They're coming," Mason said. "We're fighting minutes. Let's take a look in Ted's room."

"But why, Mr. Mason?"

"Do you know a Jackson Eagan?"

"Jackson Eagan," she repeated. "No, I don't believe so."



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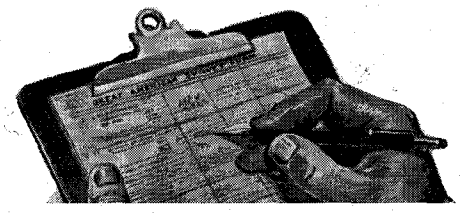

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"Ever hear of him?" Mason asked.

She shook her head, leading the way up a flight of steps. "No," she said over her shoulder, "I'm quite certain I haven't heard of any Jackson Eagan. Why?"

"Jackson Eagan," Mason said, "is the corpse. He registered at the Sleepy Hollow Motel. He was murdered."

"How?"

"A bullet in the head."

"Are they certain?"

"The bullet was still there when the body was exhumed."

"Oh," she said shortly.

She fairly flew up the wide oaken staircase; then hurried down a wide corridor, flung open the door of a spacious corner bedroom. "This is Ted's room," she said.

Mason regarded the framed pictures on the wall—some of them Army pictures, some of them college pictures, a couple of gaudy pinups. There were pictures of girls fastened to the sides of the big mirror.

In one corner of the room was a gun cabinet with glass doors. Another locker contained an assortment of golf clubs and two tennis rackets in presses.

Mason tried the door of the gun cabinet. It was locked.

On a Certain Spinster

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By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

"Got a key to this?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "I don't know much about this room, Mr. Mason. If it's locked, Ted would have the only key and ——"

Mason studied the lock for a moment, then opened his penknife, started pushing with the point against the latch of a spring lock, biting the point of the knife into the brass, moving the lock back as far as he could.

"I've got to have something to hold this lock," he said after a moment.

"How about a nail file?" Della Street asked, producing a nail file from her purse.

"That should do it," Mason said.

He continued prying the latch back with his knife; then, holding it in position with the point of the nail file until he could get another purchase on the lock with the knife point. After a few moments the latch clicked back and the door swung open. Mason hurriedly inspected the small-caliber rifles, paying no attention to the shotguns or the high-powered rifles.

"Well?" she asked, as Mason smelled the barrels.

"None of them seems to have been freshly fired," Mason said. "Of course, they could have been cleaned."

He opened a drawer in the cabinet and disclosed half a dozen revolvers. He pounced on a .22 automatic, smelled the end of the barrel thoughtfully.

"Well?" Mrs. Balfour asked.

Mason said, "This could be it."

He replaced the .22, pushed the drawer shut and closed the glass doors of the cabinet. The spring lock latched into place.

Mason opened the door to the tile bathroom, looked inside, opened the door of the medicine cabinet, opened the door of the closet, regarded the long array of suits.

"There had been a going-away party in honor of your husband and you the night of September nineteenth?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"That's when Ted Balfour got ——"

"Became indisposed," she interrupted firmly.

"Became indisposed," Mason said. "Do you know what clothes he was wearing that night?"

She shook her head. "I can't remember."

"Was it informal or black tie?"

"No, it was informal. You see, my husband was leaving on a train for Mexico. He doesn't like planes."

"And you?" Mason asked.

"I love planes."

"You accompanied him?"

"Yes. He had intended to go alone and have me ride with him only as far as the Pasadena-Alhambra station. But at the last moment he changed his mind and asked me to go all the way. I didn't have a thing to wear. I—well, I was a little put out."

Della Street said, "Good heavens! I can imagine you would be annoyed, starting out without —— You mean you didn't have a thing?"

"Not even a toothbrush," she said. "I had a compact in my handbag and very fortunately I had a very small tube of cream that I use to keep my skin soft when the weather is hot and dry. Aside from that, I just had the clothes I was standing in. Of course, it wasn't too bad. I was able to pick up an outfit at El Paso, and then I got some more clothes at Chihuahua. My husband is an ardent enthusiast when it comes to his particular hobby. He had received some information on new discoveries to be made in the Tarahumare country in Mexico. Those Tarahumare Indians are very primitive and they live in a wild country, a region of so-called *barrancas*, which are like our Grand Canyon of the Colorado, only there are hundreds and hundreds of miles of canyons and ——"

"What's this?" Mason asked, pouncing on a heavy, square package at the far end of the closet.

"Heavens! I don't know —— It looks like some kind of an instrument."

"It's a tape recorder," Mason said, "and here's something else that apparently goes with it. . . . Does Ted go in for hi-fi?"

She shook her head. "Not unless it's something new with him. He's not much on music. He goes in more and more for outdoor sports. He wanted to go with my husband on this trip, and Guthrie almost decided to take him, but because of Addison's condition and because my husband felt that Addison wouldn't like having Ted go on the expedition, it was decided Ted should remain here. I now wish to heaven we'd taken him!"

"Ted didn't like the decision?"

"He was very disappointed, Mr. Mason."

"All right," Mason said. "Let's be brutally frank. Do you have an alibi for the night of the nineteenth?"

"Heavens, yes—the best in the world. I was on the train with my husband."

"Well," Mason said, "you may be asked ——" He broke off as chimes sounded through the house.

Mason said, "That may be the police. Are there back stairs?"

She nodded.

Mason said, "We'll go down the back way. . . . Della, you get my car, drive it around to the garage. I'll get in the car in the garage. . . . Don't tell the officers anything about the stuff I've taken, Mrs. Balfour. You'd better go and talk with them yourself."

Mrs. Balfour flashed him a smile. "We have the utmost confidence in you, Mr. Mason. The whole family does." She glided out of the room.

"Still using her hips," Della Street said.

"Never mind that," Mason told her. "You grab that other package. I'll take this one."

"Chief, are we supposed to do this?"

"It depends on how you look at it," Mason told her. "Come on. Let's get down the back stairs. I'll walk over to the garage. Della, you walk around the front of the house very innocently and very leisurely. If there's an officer sitting in the car out in front, flash him a smile. If the car is empty, as I hope will be the case, you can be in a little more of a hurry than you would otherwise. Drive back here, pick me up and we'll get out of here."

TO BE CONTINUED

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These College Girls Can Cook

(Continued from Page 41)

have one. Mills pioneered in giving academic credit for practical lessons in art and music as well as for purely aesthetic courses in recognition and appreciation. Indeed, Dave Brubeck, the contemporary jazz pianist, studied musicology in the Mills graduate school. Mills was among the first to explore child development as a subject for young ladies, using neighborhood small fry as "living textbooks," and is recognized for its work in the field. It made a course in Community Service part of the curriculum and raised Modern Dance to a major for A.B. and M.A. degrees.

When World War II demonstrated the need for rehabilitating human bodies, Mills quickly added courses in occupational therapy, although refusing to lower academic standards in order to expedite its output of therapists. Now a wood-turning lathe, among other equipment, hums in hallowed old Nathaniel Grey hall, and young ladies are developing skills to pass on to the handicapped. Basically, the faculty feels, these are cultured girls learning to be of real service to mankind, and thereby to themselves.

Latin and Greek have disappeared from the study lists. Today's young lady may elect, instead, to take Carl Rietz's fascinating course in International Cuisine, a class in food and its history, with first-hand observations at the bay area's varied restaurants. Rietz is a world traveler-gourmet, not a pedagogue, and is fluent in many languages. He teaches the origins of foods and answers such questions as: Why does New England clam chowder not contain tomato? (No tomatoes in colonial days.) Or, how did French sauces originate? (To disguise the taste of improperly preserved foods.)

Such lore leads to greater global understanding, Doctor White insists, and to "insights," which Mills treasures above "right answers." With insights and an all-pervasive honor system, Mills girls govern themselves through four years of college and on into future life. They examine their own morals and habits, set their own rules of conduct—as well as some for the faculty—and reach out, when they feel a need, for off-campus sources of illumination. Occasionally this leads to situations positively fraught with insights.

One such was the campus appearance of Harry Bridges, the controversial waterfront boss. The girls decided they couldn't fairly judge social problems until they heard his version, so the good Republican trustees, with some misgivings, authorized his appearance at assembly. The insights in this case worked both ways, for Bridges had assumed, as many people do, that Mills is a "rich girls' school," whereas, in fact, a quarter of its girls must work all or part of their way through school. And the students, in turn, had presumed him to be an uncouth rabble rouser, but found him, instead, a persuasive orator. Parts of his speech, indeed, drew surprising salvos of applause, while other parts brought hoots of ladylike protest. The campus buzzed for weeks with debates on "the class struggle," and everyone felt that she understood it better.

Millsites are a cosmopolitan student group drawn from thirty-six states, Hawaii, Alaska and sixteen foreign countries. They study together in what Doctor White likes to call "an atmosphere not dominated by masculine attitudes," physically located in a parklike 135 acres nestled under redwood and eucalyptus trees in the residential heart of Oakland. Mills Hall, a classic Victorian mansard, towers primly over a score of newer residence halls and academic buildings, including a fine 100,000-volume library. Potters' wheels hum from the Art Building; kilns glow in the ceramics lab; while out along Leona Creek, girls in pedal pushers, jeans or Bermuda shorts pursue studies in botany, soar over hurdles on sleek brown horses or dance for credit in diaphanous veils. Occasionally the wail of an infant sounds from the Child Development Center. It is all very feminine indeed.

Males are about, to be sure—in the graduate school, tending the grounds, on the faculty. The girls aren't entirely cloistered. They hold regular exchange parties with boys from nearby Stanford and the University of California, and there is one gala spring weekend when dates fly in from as far as Harvard and stay on campus for two nights. One pretty miss, in fact, informed me with startling candor that Mills is a happy hunting ground for the college girl. At a coeducational school she might have to go steady with one boy. Here she can free-lance the field.

There are other attractions, one of which is the absence of freshman hazing. The girls are "zipped" into Mills as if they were slipping into their dresses, by upperclassmen known as Zippers. These mentors indoctrinate the new girls into the honor system, which will govern their every move, including such matters as dress, dates and curfew—a lenient 2:30 A.M. on Saturday night. Liquor on campus is an expellable offense. Smoking, though permitted in most classes, is "not accepted" when walking between halls. In dress, "casualness is not to be confused with sloppiness."

A freshman's Zipper meets her when she arrives on campus and guides her through a three-weeks orientation period, topped off with the traditional Zipper Trip to San Francisco. The girls shop, ride the cable cars, visit Fisherman's Wharf, feed cough drops to the tame raccoon on Telegraph Hill and take in a good stage play. By this time the new girl from Indonesia or from a Wyoming ranch already has begun to acquire new insights.

Later she will meet with students and faculty for the annual two-day Executive Board Conference to air campus peeves. This democratic forum, in its time, has abolished the grading system—later restored—repealed compulsory chapel and assembly, and censured at least one professor for patrolling a class during tests. He was, they contended, flouting the honor system by refusing to show faith in it. Mills girls may take exams in their rooms, in the library or out on the lawns. Should cheating occur, the culprit is haled before a judicial board of her sisters. Though it's claimed that these hearings aren't trials, some offenders have been restricted to campus—and once, at the board's insistence, a girl was dropped from school.

For the most part, a genteel "Mills spirit" evolves from the very smallness of the school. This includes scholastic excellence. Mills, for all its innovations, has rigidly required courses and its reputation for scholarship is sound.

Its smallness, while currently giving the treasurer headaches, works also to attract a highly competent faculty. Many professors prefer to teach where they won't be buried in research or huge classes. Mills has little laboratory research. Most classes are small enough to be held under the parasols of the tearoom patio. Teachers like Darius Mil-

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haud, the great French composer, can continue their own work while conducting regular courses.

Other top-intellect instructors are drawn by the school's tradition of pioneering. Recently Mills received a $70,000 Carnegie grant to try a new approach to American studies, history through literature. Six professors take turns teaching the course, sitting in as students on their off weeks, and the project has been hailed in academic circles as "the most remarkable thing being done to freshman minds today." The girls like it, too, although in the end, as at any college, term papers assigned three months before are scribbled hastily in three hours, with the help of pep pills and coffee.

Almost any reasonable idea for a new study is apt to fall on receptive ground at Mills. Several years ago, for example, Doctor White was approached by an alumna whose husband had died recently. She had suddenly been confronted with matters of taxation, probate, insurance, investments and guardianship of minor children—none of which had been touched in her college education. Now she wondered if a course in "laywoman's law" might not be in order. As she wished to endow such a class, Doctor White promptly accepted. He persuaded a San Francisco attorney-accountant to draw up and teach the now-popular class in Family Law.

Similarly, when community service seemed a logical matter for study, White called in Mrs. Allan Charles, a past president of the San Francisco League of Women Voters and, like himself, a Stanford graduate. The course was not intended to create more social workers, but to get the girls "steamed up"—as she puts it—for community tasks they will shoulder later in life, after families are raised, when household duties taper and a college woman's talents might atrophy. While trying to curb the girls' natural tendencies to "reform the world," Mrs. Charles teaches them in detail how to organize and direct activities ranging from fund drives to political campaigns.

Most Mills girls, either through jobs or simply because of their charitable natures, involve themselves early in community works. They baby-sit, teach Sunday school, supervise girls' camps and help out at Red Cross and Volunteer Bureau. Therapy students work in a nearby mental institution and at schools for the physically handicapped. A mathematics major recently was called to tutor an Oakland Naval Hospital doctor in algebra. He was doing research and had forgotten his equations.

This tradition of service is a direct legacy from Cyrus and Susan Mills, the college's founders. Presbyterian missionaries out of New England, they suffered incredible hardships in Ceylon and Hawaii while planning the school they hoped one day to own. In 1864 they heard of the Young Ladies' Seminary, then in its twelfth year at Benicia, a hamlet on the northern arm of San Francisco Bay. Higher learning for young women was a new idea then, and women made up only 2 per cent of California's population. The Millses, though literally poor as church mice, saw a challenge in the little school. They hitched up their courage and bought the Benicia seminary on time.

It seemed a bad investment at first. Mother Lode gold fields were declining. Enrollment was off. In 1866 there was only one graduate. But Cyrus offered up a prayer, imported new teachers from Mount Holyoke, and added courses in science and literature. Missionary friends sent five girls from Hawaii and the new city of San Francisco added a few more. In 1870 there were seventeen graduates. Then it was that Cyrus gazed accurately into the future, guessed that Benicia would always be a small town, which it is, and went hunting for a new location. He found it in Oakland, where the upper brooks of Leona Creek join in a sloping meadow, sold the Benicia buildings for $10,000—the most cash he had ever held—and moved the school.

Succeeding years proved that good people of high ideals could prosper, even at educating girls. When Cyrus died in 1884 he had given the trustees a campus valued at $275,000, plus $50,000 to clear all debts. His will, occasionally consulted to this day, admonished that the school be kept ". . . forever free of debt . . . thoroughly Christian but nonsectarian . . . (with) a high moral and literary standard." With the growth of public high schools, Mills dropped its seminary classes and, in 1885, became a full-fledged college. Four years later, three California girls won the first A.B. degrees ever conferred by a nonsectarian women's college west of the Mississippi. Mrs. Mills served one term as president and continued actively on campus until her death in 1912, at the age of eighty-seven. She gave the treasurer another $200,000 in cash and $50,000 for a chair in philosophy.

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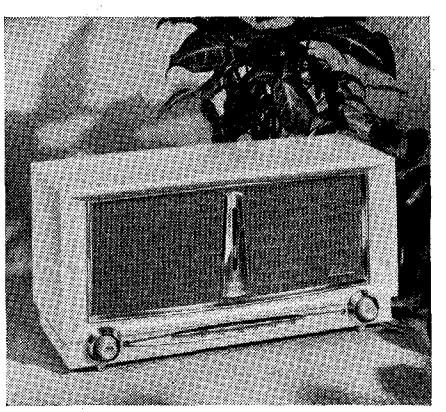

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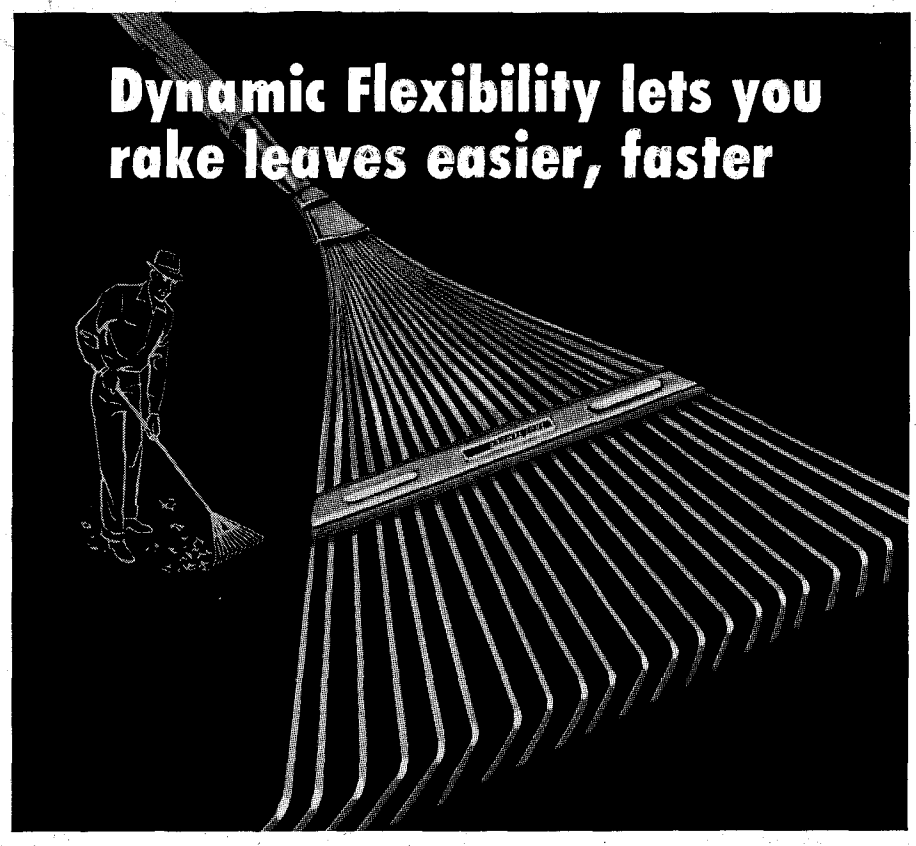

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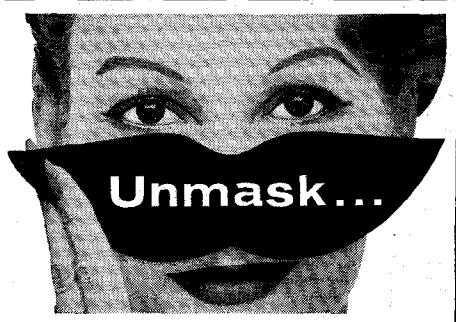

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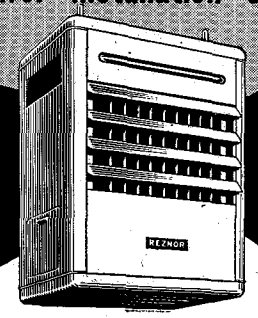

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All this had been earned by the school itself.

Of Mills' seven presidents, four have been women, and at least one, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, was determined to make it one of the finest girls' schools in the world. A dominant figure in American education and a lay leader in the Unitarian Church, she headed Mills for twenty-seven years, starting in 1916. Doctor Reinhardt guided Mills through the first World War, the great depression and into World War II, adding many departments and seventeen new buildings.

When she retired in 1943, the trustees already had their eyes on Lynn White, the son of a seminary professor. White, then thirty-six and teaching history at Stanford after extensive studies in Europe, had a challenging philosophy. "When you educate a woman," he contended, "you educate a whole family." His own family at the time consisted of a wife and son, although three daughters since have been added. He told the trustees, "If a woman's education is to be meaningful in later years, it should prepare her to meet contingencies with confidence and ability." They promptly hired him to put his theories into practice.

Unbeknownst to White, the college was about to face serious contingencies itself. It squeaked through the war and soared to a capacity enrollment of over 600. Then, after the postwar boom, enrollment dropped abruptly. Picking it up wasn't so easy as it had been in Cyrus Mills' day, when you simply brought in new teachers and added courses. Educators awoke to a new fact: that private education must be merchandised to tax-ridden parents in much the same way that TV programs are "sold" to viewers. It must be an attractive, well-rounded package.

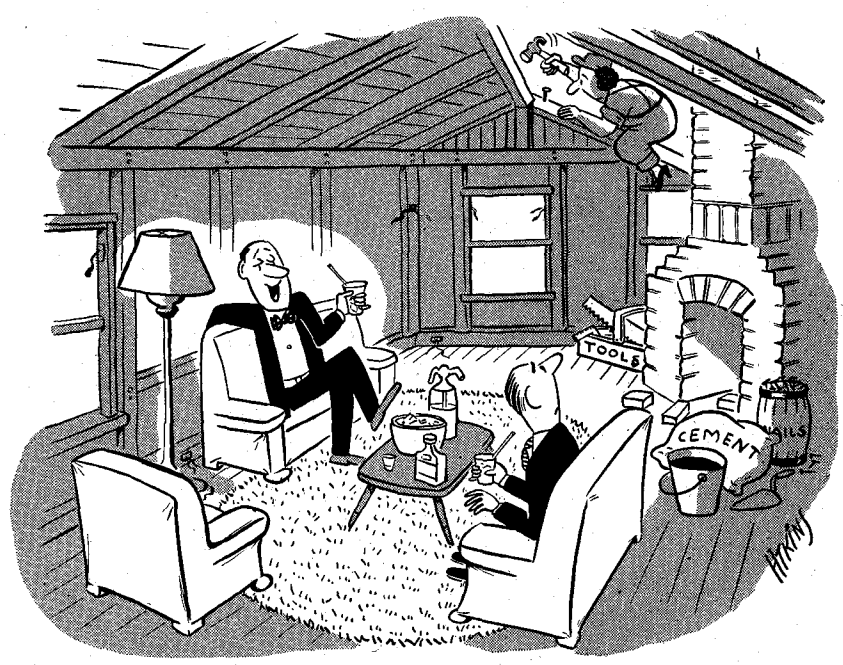
A father sending his girl to private school today passes up, first of all, the public education his taxes have prepaid. Mills' price for tuition and board and room for the college year is $1750. Counting everything, it may cost $8000–10,000—after taxes—to see a daughter through four years. Scholarships are available—67 per cent of the girls use some sort of student aid—but a Mills education still is costly. The anticipated end product must look very pretty indeed.

The college is on the other side of the counter, declining Government aid so it can stay independent, hungry for customers, trying to maintain over-all quality. Being a residence operation, it must maintain both educational and "hotel" facilities, and when too many dormitory beds are unrented—the effect of sagging enrollment—the college is in trouble. The treasurer finds himself in heated debate with academicians who want to raise salaries or add courses. He must tell them bluntly that if funds are not spent on new roofs for old buildings the professors will be teaching their courses out in the rain. It is a familiar argument in private schools—and seemingly an endless one.

About 1950 the faculty discovered another alarming thing—declining student interest in the arts. They attributed it to the universal yen in young people for security. White, the scholar, did some soul searching on culture and meal tickets before he came up with his solution. Mills would add courses in merchandising, personnel management, secretarial studies, laboratory technicianship and medical-office assistanceship. These would be optional, of course; the major focus still would be on liberal arts. Enrollment began to pick up.

Now Paul Naton, a business-wise young vice-president, has hit upon an idea for bringing in new capital. People with estates—stocks, bonds or whatever—are induced to turn them over to Mills for management. The benefactor receives a stated income, free of management worries, as long as he lives, and Mills has money for investment. At the donor's death, the estate becomes Mills' property. As other hard-pressed schools hurry to copy the idea, the Mills trustees are crediting Naton with some canny insights himself.

Recently in chapel, Dr. George Hedley observed that "you can always tell a Mills girl; she knows who she is and what she represents. She is intelligent, polite, well-groomed, poised and sometimes even a bit of a snob." A note of affectionate reproach crept into Doctor Hedley's voice at this last, but he smiled when he said it, thinking of thousands of Mills alumnae spreading their skills and culture over the world. One is a Point 4 administrator in Iran. Another started a successful newspaper in Peru. One is with the National Institute for the Cerebral Palsied in Dublin, Ireland. And three turned up in a recent survey of San Francisco's "twelve most glamorous women." All of which goes to show that there's practically no limit to the insights a young lady can pick up at Mills. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll say this for Dorothy, she's very handy around the house."

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Botts' Perfect Alibi (Continued from Page 35)

in Utah, and he tried to steal an order from our Salt Lake City dealer by threatening him with a fake photograph."

"How do you mean?"

"He told the dealer to back out of a big deal and turn the business over to Goliath or else he would make public a photograph showing the dealer in some sort of a compromising position with a scantily clad young woman."

"And the dealer backed out?"

"He did not. He called in the cops and they got hold of an expert with a microscope who proved that the photograph was a composite—parts of several snapshots, cut out, fitted together and rephotographed. Following this report, Louie left town in a hurry."

"And now," said Bill bitterly, "he has turned up here, and he's trying to pull another skin game. But I won't stand for it. Just let me get my hands on that dirty rat!"

"Take it easy, Bill," I said. "If you will tell me exactly what has happened, I may be able to help you. Just what is this Loud-Mouth Louie doing now?"

"He's trying to steal a big order that I was just on the point of closing with Mr. Green, of the Green Construction Company of this town. Probably you know him?"

"Certainly," I said. "Mr. Green is one of the biggest contractors in Vermont."

"That's right, Mr. Botts. He has just taken on a couple of big new highway contracts. And he'll need about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of new machinery. He has always used Earthworms. I supposed, of course, he would buy Earthworms this time."

"Yes?"

"And then Louie comes up from Rutland—that's where the Goliath agency is located—and starts to steal the order away from me with a line of sales talk completely loaded with false propaganda, insidious half-truths and plain barefaced lies. He seems to be a real blabbermouth. That's why they call him Loud-Mouth Louie."

"Has he come up with any fake photographs?"

"I only know what Mr. Green told me."

"And just what did he tell you?"

"He said Louie started out by admitting frankly that former models of the Goliath tractor have had many faults."

"That sounds fair enough," I said.

"It's just a deceptive beginning, Mr. Botts. After this pretended modesty, the guy went on to claim that the latest model Goliath is an entirely new machine, with a lot of sensational improvements that sound very impressive the way Louie describes them. He runs on about a lot of features like their new triple-vortex vacuum supercharger—whatever that may be. And he talks a lot about their ultramodern manufacturing methods. He claims, for instance, that their foundry is now equipped with supersonic electro-vibrators which toughen their castings through release of molecular tension during the cooling period."

"All that," I said, "is nothing but a mess of pseudo-scientific sheep dip—dreamed up, no doubt, by the Goliath advertising department. It would never fool anybody who knows anything about equipment, let alone an old-timer like Mr. Green."

"Maybe so, Mr. Botts. But all this sheep dip, as you call it, is just a preliminary build-up. Louie's main point is that the Earthworm Tractor Company now admits the Goliath tractor is such a superior machine that the Earthworm has no chance any more in any fair competition. And he claims the Earthworm company has actually offered him a bribe of fifty thousand dollars if he will back out of this deal and let Earthworm grab off Mr. Green's quarter-of-a-million-dollar order."

"I never heard such nonsense," I said. "Mr. Green doesn't believe it, does he?"

"Not entirely. Mr. Green told me he demanded proof. He told Louie to put up or shut up. And Louie came back with a definite promise. He said if Mr. Green would hold off his order for just a few days, he, Louie, would present Mr. Green with absolutely convincing proof that he has been offered this fifty-thousand-dollar bribe. He asked Mr. Green to keep the whole thing a secret, especially from me, and he also wanted Mr. Green to promise to shift his order to Goliath as soon as the proof was in his hands."

"And what did Mr. Green do?"

"He refused to keep the matter secret, and came over and told me all about it. He also refused to promise Louie anything about the order. But he did agree to hold up the deal. And he told me privately that if Louie can prove the Earthworm company is actually resorting to bribery, he will never buy another piece of Earthworm equipment."

"Just who does Louie claim is offering this bribe? Is it somebody at the home office? Or is it somebody in your local organization here?"

"Apparently he wouldn't say. But I can tell you one thing, Mr. Botts ——" At this point Bill began to get excited all over again. "I won't stand for this kind of thing!" He began to yell, and bang his fist on the desk. "I'll show that little junk peddler right where he gets off. You know what he did, Mr. Botts? As a final insult, he called me on the telephone this morning just before you came in. And he asked me to come down and see him at his room in the Chipman Inn. He said he had something interesting to tell me. I don't know exactly what's on his mind, but I'm going down there right this minute. I'll ask him what he thinks he's doing telling all these lies about the Earthworm company. And I'll choke the truth out of him if I have to kick him all over the room."

From here on, Bill's language became more violent and more abusive. I let him yell and holler until he had exhausted himself. I then came back with some words of wisdom.

"Bill," I said, "I agree with you that it would be a pleasure to beat this Loud-Mouth Louie to a pulp. But we must keep our eye on the main chance. We must pay attention to business, not pleasure. And the business of the moment is that quarter-million-dollar Green order. Merely beating up Loud-Mouth Louie will not help us get the order. We must use a more subtle approach."

"Such as what?"

"First of all, Bill, we must find out what sort of proof this man is planning to offer."

"But his charges are nothing but lies."

"He has used fake photographs in the past," I said. "He may use them in the future. He might produce a composite picture showing you handing him a check for fifty thousand dollars. He might even produce a forged check."

"Why, the dirty little weasel! If he tries anything like that ——"

"Bill," I said, "you are entirely too excitable for a situation of this kind. If left to yourself, you would rush down and punch this man in the nose ——"

"You bet I would!"

"—— And nothing would be accomplished toward disproving these false charges." (*Continued on Page 123*)

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(*Continued from Page 121*) Fortunately, however, I have arrived on the scene, and I am taking charge of everything. You, Bill, will stay here at the office. I will call on this Loud-Mouth Louie Lorchers. I will accost him in a friendly manner. I will use guile and finesse. I will flatter him. I will feed his vanity. I will draw him out. I will lead him on. And if he is as much of a blabbermouth as you claim, he is sure to talk too much. He will make a boasting remark here and a careless admission there. Little by little, he will reveal enough of his thoughts to supply me with the sort of information I will need to make a valid estimate of his intentions and to formulate a campaign by which we can defeat his nefarious plans."

Having silenced Bill with this burst of eloquence, I walked back to the Chipman Inn. The desk clerk told me that Mr. Lorchers had brought an assistant with him and the two of them had taken three rooms. At once it occurred to me that the extra room might be used as a sort of photographic laboratory, but naturally I kept this thought to myself.

The clerk called up all three rooms and finally located Mr. Lorchers. He asked me to come up. I did so, and was received by an evil-looking character with red hair and a scar across his nose.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lorchers," I said. "My name is Alexander Botts. I am the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. Bill Hanson is unable to come over this morning. He has sent me in his place. Any business that you wanted to take up with him may be discussed with me."

Louie looked at me suspiciously. As I am a good judge of character, I sized him up at once as the sort of swindler who expects everyone else to be as dishonest as he is himself. His first words showed I was right.

"Kindly step away from the door, Mr. Botts," he said. "There might be someone out in the hall listening at the keyhole."

He led me to a far corner of the room, seated me at a table and sat down beside me.

"What seems to be on your mind?" I asked.

Louie hesitated. Then he spoke uncertainly. "I had expected Bill Hanson," he said. "But if you are the sales manager of the Earthworm company, you are more important than Bill is. You might work out even better for my purposes."

"What purposes?" I demanded.

Louie gave a guilty start. "Nothing at all," he said hastily. "I just wanted to ask you a few questions. First of all, do you know Mr. Green, of the Green Construction Company, of this town?"

"Certainly," I said. "I know him well."

"You would recognize him if you saw him on the street?"

"Yes."

"He would recognize you?"

"Of course."

"If he called you on the telephone, would you recognize his voice?"

"I would."

"And he would recognize yours?"

"Certainly."

"And each of you could easily identify a photograph of the other?"

"Yes."

At this point I began looking around surreptitiously to see if I could spot any hidden cameras. On the bed was an open suitcase. It was filled with such tools as wrenches, hammers, screw drivers and a brace with a long slender bit. I also noticed a brief case and a vase of flowers on the table, and various other objects that might have concealed something. But I could not be sure.

Meanwhile Loud-Mouth Louie had opened up with such a flow of language that I could hardly get a word in edgewise. Most of his remarks were rather pointless. He sounded off on a wide variety of subjects such as the weather, the international situation and the chances of the Yankees to win the pennant. First he would make a positive statement. Then he would ask my opinion. And I played him along in a masterful way by nodding my head in agreement and limiting my remarks to such pleasant replies as "Certainly." . . . "Yes, indeed." . . . "That is correct," and so on. Thus I encouraged him to chatter along, while I listened carefully in the hope that he might give away some of his plans. Unfortunately, he would not let himself go as much as I had hoped.

Finally he got around to the tractor business, and asked me what I thought of the relative merits of the Earthworm and the Goliath. I answered as courteously as I could. After a while he said he would have to leave for an important appointment, and he urged me to meet him for another conference tomorrow afternoon at two P.M. I gladly agreed to this, because I am determined to keep after this man, encouraging him to talk more and more freely, and thus let slip enough bits of information to build up a picture of his intentions.

After leaving Louie, I came here to my own room in the Chipman Inn, where I have been writing this report.

So far, the principal result of my activities has been to unearth a lot of very puzzling questions:

Is Louie really using that extra room as a photographic laboratory?

Was he actually afraid that somebody might be listening at the keyhole? Or was he pretending to be afraid, so as to get me in range of a hidden camera?

Why did he invite Bill Hanson to a conference, and then say that I might work out better for his "purposes"?

Why did he talk to me so long about matters of no real importance?

Why did he arrange another conference tomorrow afternoon?

Has he already manufactured some false evidence to back up his preposterous charges against the Earthworm company? Or is he laying some sort of a trap to spring on me tomorrow afternoon?

As I meditate on these questions, I become more and more puzzled. I will therefore go to bed and sleep on the problem. Tomorrow morning I may have the answer. Or I may have to wait until afternoon. But you can be sure of one thing: now that I have taken charge of the situation, I will never rest until I have cleared it up. And if Loud-Mouth Louie thinks he can slip anything over on me, he is due for a big surprise.

As ever,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

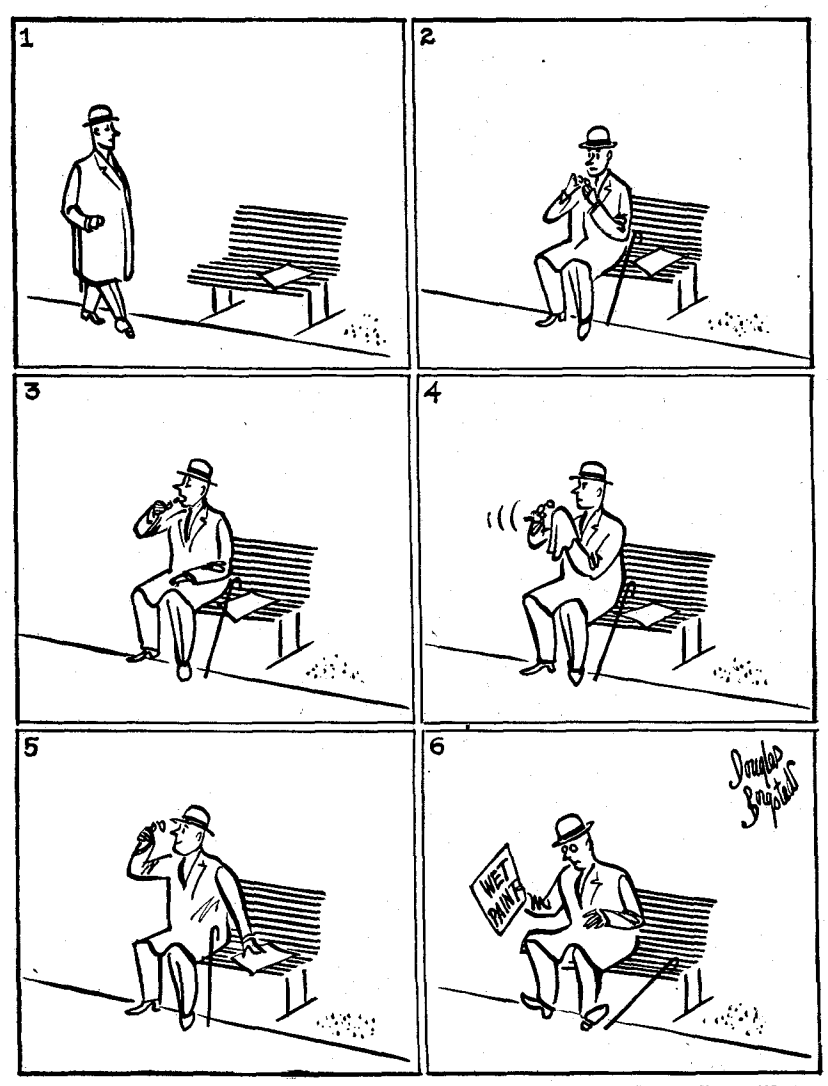
Thursday, July 12, 1956.

Dear Botts: I have your letter of last Tuesday boasting of the big surprise you were going to pull on Mr. Louis Lorchers. I also have a very long and very frantic telegram, dated yesterday afternoon, from Bill Hanson indicating that instead of you pulling a surprise on Mr. Lorchers, it was Mr. Lorchers who pulled the big surprise on you—with the result that you are in jail and Bill has lost the sale to Mr. Green, who now plans to buy Goliath equipment. Honestly, Botts, I cannot understand how you could be so stupid as to walk into such an obvious trap.

According to Bill, the ingenious Mr. Lorchers invited him, Mr. Green and a couple of other gentlemen to the conference he had arranged with you for two o'clock yesterday afternoon in one of his rooms at the inn.

He had previously told Mr. Green that he had already obtained a warrant for your arrest on a charge of attempted bribery, and he promised to produce the evidence at the conference.

Apparently you arrived ten minutes late because your watch was slow, and you then rather impolitely questioned the accuracy of all the other watches in the group—insisting they were wrong even though they checked with the clock on the City Hall across the street. As soon as this fruitless argument had died down, Mr. Lorchers asked you to remain in the room while he conducted the others to what he described as an important meeting in another part of the hotel.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"Life insurance is like a suit—if it *doesn't fit,* you won't be happy."

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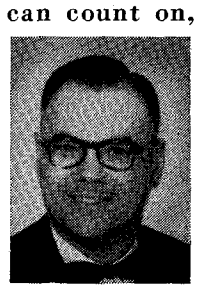

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He took them into an adjoining room and announced that you had asked to meet him to make final arrangements for the $50,000 bribe he had previously mentioned to Mr. Green. In order to expose what he called your nefarious scheme, he had installed a hidden microphone in one room and connected it to a speaker in the other. After explaining this setup, Mr. Lorchers brought in a court stenographer to take down the conversation. He then announced that he would return to the room where he had left you, Botts, and start conferring with you. Before Bill Hanson could protest, Lorchers had returned to the first room and started to talk with you.

Bill reports that both your voices came through very clearly, so there was no doubt about who was talking and what was said. And his account of your remarks is so fantastic as to be almost incredible. Of course, I realize that you had no idea your conversation was being overheard. And I know from your letter of last Tuesday that you had evolved some sort of a childish plan to agree with everything Mr. Lorchers said and to lead him on in the hope that he would give away his plans.

Unfortunately, however, it was Mr. Lorchers who did the leading. Bill reports that he outlined in great detail a plan by which the Earthworm company would hand him $50,000—all in used bills of small denomination—and, in return, Mr. Lorchers would inform Mr. Green that the Goliath company was so far behind in their production that they could not make delivery for over a year. Mr. Lorchers would then advise Mr. Green to buy Earthworm equipment.

To make matters even worse, Mr. Lorchers made certain derogatory remarks about Mr. Green—stating that he was so simple-minded and gullible that it would be easy to cheat him. To this you agreed wholeheartedly and enthusiastically. Among other things, he asked you what you really thought of the Earthworm. You said it was a mere traveling junk pile. He then requested your opinion of the Goliath, and you told him it was the finest piece of machinery in the world.

Apparently the conversation went on for over half an hour—with Bill sitting helplessly in his chair, frozen with horror. Meanwhile the court stenographer was busily taking down every word. Mr. Green, according to Bill, was "livid with rage." And the other two gentlemen, who had apparently been dragged in as additional witnesses, sat spellbound with their mouths hanging open in astonishment.

After the ghastly performance was over, Mr. Lorchers reappeared. He stated that he now had plenty of witnesses to prove the charges, and that he would have the warrant for your arrest served at once. He said you had apparently begun to suspect something might be wrong, and that you had left the hotel in a hurry. But he was sure the sheriff could grab you before you left town.

By this time Bill Hanson was too crushed to do anything but slink back to his office, where he apparently spent several hours pacing the floor in a state of helpless rage and frustration. Toward the end of the afternoon he heard that you had been apprehended and locked up in jail, but he was in too emotional a state to visit you. He says he was afraid the mere sight of you might so enrage him that he would be unable to restrain himself from physical violence.

Finally, he dictated a long and angry telegram, which I received this morning, demanding that I do something about this. From this distance there is not much that I can do personally. And, as long as it was your own stupidity that got you into jail, it would only serve you right to let you stay there.

However, this is a matter which seriously threatens the reputation and the honor of the Earthworm Tractor Company. I have therefore instructed our chief legal counsel to pack his bags and fly to Vermont in the company plane, and to do everything he can to extricate you from this appalling mess. While the plane is being serviced and warmed up, I am dictating this letter, which our counsel will take with him and deliver to you.

It appears to me that your only possible defense will be to tell the exact truth, and try to convince the authorities that you did not really mean any of the things you said, and that your remarks were all part of an idiotic plot to entrap Mr. Lorchers. Whether you can get by with any such unlikely-sounding story, I do not know. However, I wish you the best of luck. You are going to need it.

Yours,

GILBERT HENDERSON.

CHIPMAN CENTER, VERMONT,

Thursday, July 12, 1956.

Dear Henderson: The company lawyer arrived late this afternoon, and I want you to know that I deeply appreciate the vigorous way you have backed me up—in spite of the fact that you were so thoroughly convinced I had got myself into jail through my own stupidity. As a matter of fact, it was due entirely to the brilliancy of my intellect that I landed in jail, and it was due to this same brilliancy that I later got out.

In order that you may appreciate how well I have handled this affair, it will be necessary for me to go back and tell you everything that has happened since I mailed in my previous report last Tuesday evening. At that time, as you will doubtless remember, I was considerably puzzled by the somewhat unusual activities of Mr. Louis Lorchers. Having slept on the problem, I awoke yesterday morning—Wednesday—much refreshed, but still with no adequate explanation for the events of the previous day.

I therefore called on Bill Hanson and asked if there was any news. There was. Mr. Lorchers had asked Bill to meet him at the Chipman Inn at two o'clock in the afternoon—the same time he had arranged to meet me. A little later Mr. Green called up to report that Mr. Lorchers had asked him to come in at the same time. Mr. Green added that Mr. Lorchers had promised to present at this meeting plenty of evidence to back up his bribery charges. Mr. Lorchers had also stated that he had already procured a warrant for my arrest, which would be served as soon as the evidence was in hand.

I came back to the inn, gave the bellboy five dollars, and asked if Mr. Lorchers had brought any cameras with him. The bellboy had not seen any. I strolled around the town and visited three different stores which sold cameras and did developing and printing. I asked if they had recently done any business with a character with red hair and a scar across his nose by the name of Lorchers. They had not even seen the man.

I returned to my room at the inn. I sat down. Slowly and methodically I went over in my mind everything that had happened during my conference the previous day with Mr. Lorchers. And suddenly, like a flash of inspiration, my active mind seized upon one little fact which I had known all the time, but which I had not previously regarded as important. This fact was the presence of a brace with a long slender bit in a suitcase full of tools in Mr. Lorchers' room. The other tools were such things as wrenches, hammer

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and screw drivers—all of them the sort of thing that a tractor man might use to service or repair a tractor. But a brace and bit is primarily a carpenter's tool. And that long slender bit was exactly what an electrician would use to bore a hole through a wall for an electric wire.

Had Lorchers been boring a hole into the next room and running a wire through it? If so, why? For some time I tried to figure out what sort of electric equipment would be used in connection with a hidden camera.

Finally, I went down and got hold of the bellboy. "Did Mr. Lorchers bring with him any electrical apparatus?"

"Sure. He brought some sort of a portable radio or tape recorder in a gray case. And the next day he went out somewhere and brought back another portable machine in a black case."

... ...

Farm Sale

By Mary Thro Rauth

Things that were lumped "too
numerous to mention"—
Hoes, rakes and clothespins,
varied lengths of rope—
Have all been sold. And now the
crowd's attention
Goes to the furniture. The
yard's wide slope,
The pasture and the woods be-
yond appear
To dwarf the chairs and tables,
scuffed and worn;
To high-light every scar and
blemish here,
And make their homely shabbi-
ness forlorn.
This is the parting now for
things long wed.
The reading lamp, the table, go
their ways.
One buys the bedside rug and
one the bed.
It comes with some relief, the
crier's phrase—
Something, at least, the sale will
not divide—
"Let's sell the cows! This Jersey,
calf by side!"

... ...

"So he has two of them?"

"That's right."

"Where did he get the second one?"

"There's a store halfway down the block that sells radios and things like that. He might have got it there, but I don't know."

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"You asked about cameras, not about electric stuff."

"Very good," I said. "I am glad to see that on occasion you can keep your mouth shut. Here is another five dollars. Don't tell anybody I've been talking to you."

"O.K.," said the bellboy.

I went to the store halfway down the block and accosted the proprietor with a few statements which were definitely untrue, but were necessary in order to bring out the information I was after.

"A friend of mine," I said, "recently bought some equipment here in town at a store which he recommended very highly. I want to know if this is the place, in case I might want to buy some stuff for myself."

"And just who is your friend?"

"His name is Louis Lorchers."

"Never heard of him."

"Maybe he did not give his name," I said. "He has red hair and a scar across his nose."

"Oh, yes," said the proprietor. "I remember him. We had quite a visit, and I rented him a tape recorder. What a card that man is! What a practical joker! It must be lots of fun to know a man like that."

"Yes, indeed," I said, sort of feeling my way through the conversation. "Good old Louie is always pulling some laughable prank, like making a fake photograph."

"That's just what he told me," said the proprietor. "He used to amuse his friends by putting together pieces of several photographs and coming up with some silly picture that would show a man walking into church in his bathing suit, or holding up a bank with a big revolver, or something like that. Just good clean, harmless fun—something to hand people a big laugh."

"Yes," I said. "He is a delightful fellow. I wonder what he is up to now?"

"I hope you won't tell any of his friends. I wouldn't want to spoil the fun. But this time, instead of fake photographs, he's going to make a fake recording. He came in here to ask me how to go about it."

"I don't think I understand," I said.

"It's like this," said the proprietor. "Instead of taking pictures, cutting them up and rearranging them, your friend was wondering if he could make a tape recording of a conversation with one of his friends, cut it up into single words and then rearrange these words so as to make the poor guy say all kinds of funny things."

"That might be hard to do," I said.

"It's practically impossible," said the proprietor. "If you try to fit together single words you ruin the rhythm of the sentences. You lose the natural flow of a speech and the whole thing sounds disjointed and choppy. Of course, there are rumors in the trade that the communist underground has signed up a few sound technicians that are geniuses at this sort of thing. They have been working for years on speeches by the President of the United States and other important people. And they have managed to put together entirely new speeches that sound perfectly natural and make these people say anything they want them to. They can even dub the speeches onto a motion-picture film so they could send them out over television."

"But what's the idea?"

"In case of a war, they could capture a few radio or television stations and go on the air with all the top government officials issuing all the wrong orders, telling the people everything was lost, and urging everybody to surrender and turn everything over to the communists."

"It seems impossible," I said.

"As far as I know, it is just a rumor," said the proprietor. "It might be true. But it would be difficult. And it would be impossible for an amateur like your friend. So I advised him to use the question-and-answer, or interview method."

By this time I was beginning to feel much encouraged. Just as I had hoped, Loud-Mouth Louie had apparently been talking too much.

"And just what is this question-and-answer, or interview method?" I asked.

"It's very simple. As I told your friend, all he has to do is set up a concealed mike connected to a tape recorder, and start a conversation with the guy who is going to be the victim of the practical joke."

"Go on," I said.

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"Your friend would then make a lot of harmless remarks like, 'It's a nice day' or 'How would you like a dish of ice cream?' And the victim would answer, 'That is correct' or 'That would be wonderful.'"

"It doesn't sound like much of a joke."

"Wait till you hear the rest. The next thing your friend does is get off by himself and set the tape recorder so it's all ready to play back the victim's first answer. Then he sets up a second tape recorder—which I have rented to him—and he asks some silly question like, 'Is it true that you have six wives?' following which he plays the answer off the first tape, 'That is correct,' and both the question and the answer are recorded on the second tape."

"And he goes through a whole series of questions and answers?"

"Sure. He would say, 'How would you like me to throw you down the cellar stairs?' and the victim would reply from the tape: 'That would be wonderful.' Get it?"

"Yes, I get it. I suppose Louie then plans to take the tape recorder to a party and play this silly-sounding recording, and everybody has a good laugh?"

"That's right," said the proprietor. "And there's one more little trick that I put your friend wise to. If the crowd knows they are listening to a recording, they may suspect it has been doctored up. So it's much funnier to have the victim right there at the party and let the other guests see you take him into a separate room. You then go back and seat the guests around a loud-speaker. You tell them it is connected to a concealed mike in the next room, so they can eavesdrop on a conversation you are about to have with the victim. With a setup like that, ninety-nine out of a hundred people will believe that the words they hear coming out of the speaker are being spoken by the victim in the next room. Actually, of course, the loud-speaker is connected to a tape recorder operated by an assistant in a third room, and the people will actually hear the doctored-up fake recording."

"Good old Louie!" I said. "He is certainly a merry prankster."

I then thanked the proprietor for his courtesy in talking to me, and walked back to the inn, feeling pretty good. As I have a very quick mind and a natural faculty for sizing up a situation rapidly and accurately, I had a pretty good idea that Louie had already hitched a lot of my recorded answers of yesterday onto some highly incriminating questions, and that he was going to present the whole thing to Mr. Green and various others, pretending that he was letting them hear an actual conversation in an adjoining room.

Most people would have denounced Mr. Lorchers at once. But I was astute enough to see that I would be in a much stronger position if I let him go through with his ingenious little scheme, and then exposed him for the fraud that he is.

All I needed was an alibi, and that was easy. I made a little fuss about the accuracy of watches, so that everybody would remember I had arrived at 2:10 P.M. I even had them check the time by the clock in the City Hall. Then, at 2:15, when Mr. Lorchers had returned to the room in which he had left me, and when I was sure the assistant in the third room had started to play the fake recording, I dashed out of the room, downstairs and across the street to the county jail. I introduced myself to the sheriff and asked if he had a warrant for my arrest. He said he had. I demanded that he serve it at once. He did. As he locked me in a cell, I asked him to look at the clock on the City Hall next door. The time was exactly 2:17 P.M.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lorchers, just as I had expected, decided not to interrupt the playing of the recording, which had already started. He let it run on and on for a full half hour and more after the sheriff had locked me up.

The rest, of course, was easy. Instead of spilling my story at once, I waited until this morning, when I was brought before a magistrate. Then, in the courtroom, in the presence of the state's attorney, the sheriff, several lawyers, Mr. Green, Bill Hanson, Louie Lorchers, several newspaper reporters and many spectators, I felt I was in a position to receive the proper amount of publicity for my story.

At my request, the sheriff testified I was locked up in jail most of the time Mr. Lorchers claimed I was talking to him at the inn. After this perfect alibi, I accused Lorchers of using a doctored recording. The magistrate ordered him held while his rooms were searched. Two recordings were found—one original and one fake.

And now everybody is happy. I have been completely exonerated. Bill Hanson has signed Mr. Green for a quarter million dollars' worth of equipment. The Earthworm lawyer, after a pleasant airplane trip to Vermont, will leave tomorrow on what promises to be an equally pleasant trip home. Mr. Lorchers' assistant was able to skip out of town before anybody could grab him. And even Loud-Mouth Louie himself has cause to be thankful he is dealing with a man like me. Feeling that he has already been sufficiently discredited, I have refused to press any charges against him, either for fraud or false arrest.

Thus I remain, as always, your big hearted sales manager—implacable in battle, but magnanimous in victory,

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Bright Spot in Asia (Continued from Page 36)

Now the French have pulled out all their garrisons and experienced administrators.

What the French have left behind them is not the close-knit political federation they called Indochina, but four small aggressively nationalistic states. One of these states, North Vietnam, is firmly controlled by communists allied with their next-door neighbor, Red China. The three other states—South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos—have severed not only their long-established associations with France but also their even more ancient ties with one another.

When the last French administrators said farewell to their former colony late in July, the result was an emphatic setback for communists. The stage had been set in this area for the biggest communist advance since the conquest of China. The Reds had planted a political time bomb designed to explode this summer, which they hoped would enable them to multiply their holdings here. The time bomb was wrapped up in the armistice accord reached at Geneva two years ago between the French Government and Indochinese communists. The Geneva agreement provided for elections to be held on July 21, 1956, through both North and South Vietnam, which cover, between them, about five sixths of the resources of what was Indochina. When the communists exacted that provision from the French in 1954, they had solid grounds for expecting that they could win such elections with ease. They were at the peak of their popularity because they had outfought the French Army and had compelled French troops to withdraw from the part of Indochina which they controlled.

The Red time bomb failed to go off as scheduled because the promised elections were canceled by the anticommunist Chief of State in South Vietnam, a man with a name Americans find almost impossible to pronounce: Ngo Dinh Diem. Americans working with this remarkable man usually refer to him by his given name, Diem. This Vietnamese leader was able to checkmate his communist countrymen by taking a leaf from their book and forcing the French administration and army out of his part of Vietnam before the time fixed for the elections. For the time being, at least, the communist drive southward in the Far East has been stopped in its tracks at the point it reached in 1954. The existing situation may be maintained indefinitely.

This communist setback naturally gratifies Washington. But the manner in which it has been achieved has greatly extended American commitments in this area. Until this summer Washington depended upon the French military to hold the line here, underwriting a major portion of French expenses. The departure of the French has saddled Americans with much heavier responsibilities in these exotic countries where the United States has no very sharply defined status. Experts on international law are puzzled about the United States Government's legal standing in this former French colony. Certainly material interests do not determine the American position, because, although the French colonial government has pulled out, French individuals retain a large part of their previous holdings. French firms still conduct more than half this area's foreign trade—the American share of this trade is only 11 per cent. American individuals show little interest in acquiring property here. Our Government does not appear disposed to take over former French military bases.

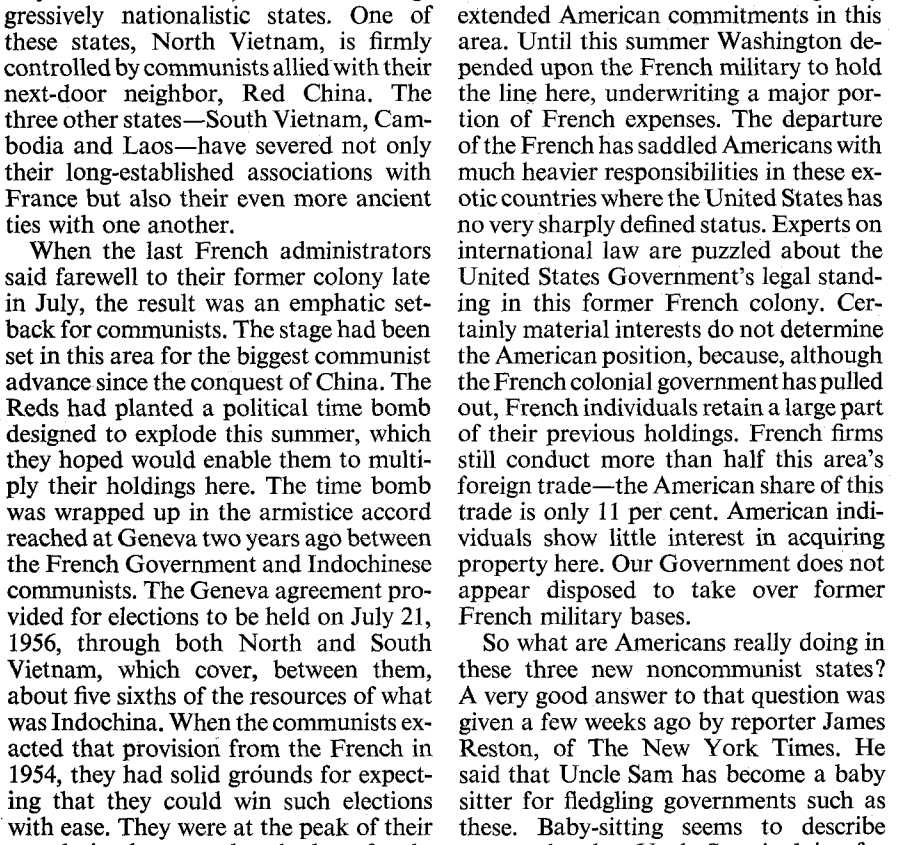
So what are Americans really doing in these three new noncommunist states? A very good answer to that question was given a few weeks ago by reporter James Reston, of The New York Times. He said that Uncle Sam has become a baby sitter for fledgling governments such as these. Baby-sitting seems to describe accurately what Uncle Sam is doing for South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. These governments insisted upon breaking loose from the French Empire, and also from one another, while they were still too young to go it alone. When the French finally pulled out, Uncle Sam was the only baby sitter available. So the United States finds itself responsible for protecting, subsidizing and nursing these noncommunist portions of the former French colony.

America's present deep involvement in this area is an astonishing contrast to our previous almost total lack of interest in this part of Asia. Between world wars, most Indochinese never saw an American, and vice versa. The French operated the tightest trade monopoly in Asia. The French even reserved for themselves almost all missionary work in their colony. Once in a while a few American tourists penetrated to the famous ruins at Angkor Wat. But almost the only resident Americans in all Indochina were the three or four officials in our two consulates at Saigon and Hanoi.

The contrast between then and now is almost unbelievable. Six years ago Americans did not have even one embassy in Indochina. Now we have three embassies with bulging staffs accredited to the separate governments of South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. American officials from a score of different Washington agencies, including some hush-hush ones, are swarming all over these new states. The admirals, generals, bureaucrats and politicians flying to the Far East from Washington almost always include this area in their tour. Americans are as conspicuous here in Saigon, the capital of South Vietnam, as they once were in Shanghai. The main difference is that most of the Americans in prewar Shanghai were in business for themselves, whereas today's Americans in Saigon are almost all on our Government's payroll. More than 2000 Americans, including dependents, are supported by the Government in this ex-colony. American Roman Catholic missionaries and relief workers are doing most of the work which the French used to do, and almost every Catholic parish in the United States is contributing to help the 2,000,000 Vietnamese Catholics, of whom about a third are refugees. In one form or another the United States Government has poured more than $5,000,000,000 into this area since 1948, and the operation still costs about $500,000,000 yearly.

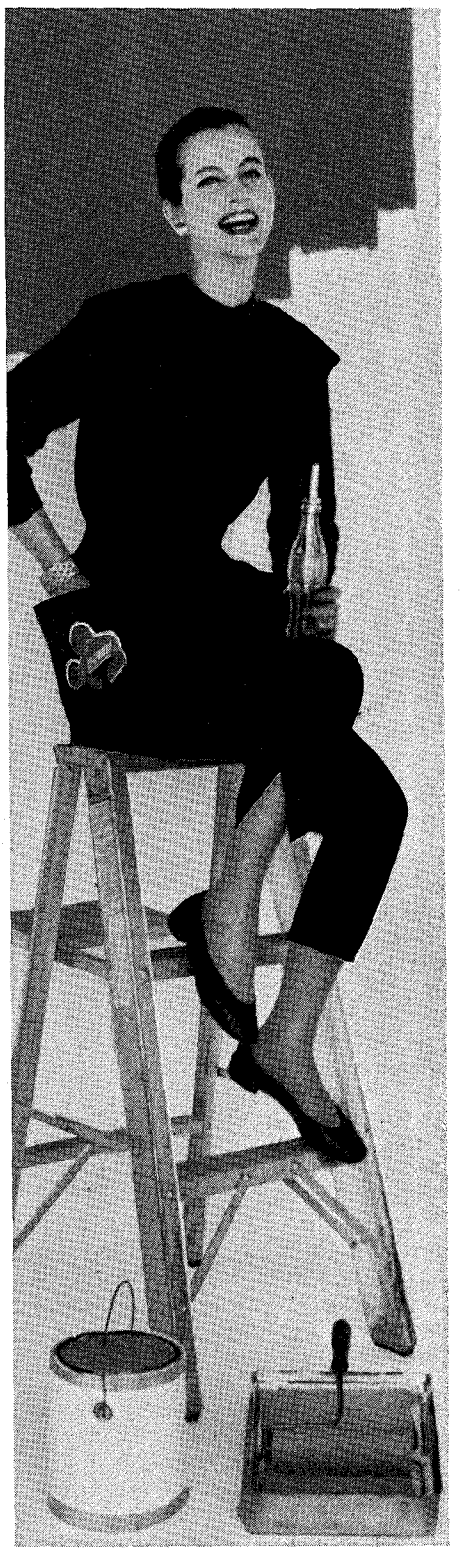
These three governments are not expected to become self-sufficient for many years, if ever. None of the numerous races in this area has been fully independent for centuries. Most were attached to the Chinese Empire for a thousand years, and then for almost a century to the French Empire. The French introduced railroads, canals, irrigation systems and rubber growing, as well as Western-style schools, hospitals and a phonetic alphabet. But the French kept the best jobs for themselves and treated the Indochinese as second-class citizens—today only about 30 per cent of them are literate. Naturally the French were reluctant to abandon their favored position in an area larger than France itself into which they had put so much money and effort. But World War II immensely weakened France and at the same time immensely stimulated Indochinese nationalism. The "old order" was rudely upset when Indochina was successively occupied by Japanese, Chinese and British troops before France was able to get a sufficient garrison organized to take over again in 1945.

But the French thought they knew how to handle Indochinese nationalists. I remember one day in Paris in 1946 when I heard band music outside my hotel on the Champs Élysées. I looked out the window and saw a procession headed by picturesque Moroccan cavalry in flowing robes and turbans. They were guard of honor for the president of France and a state guest, a frail little Oriental who sat in a car beside the president, bowing to the crowds. That little man was Ho Chi Minh, today the top communist leader in the former colony, presiding over his own government in the former French Indochina capital of Hanoi. Ho Chi Minh was invited to Paris as a state guest in 1946 because he had emerged during the war as Indochina's most forceful nationalist leader. At that time Paris officials were not disturbed by the fact that he was also a communist, trained in Moscow. French intelligence officers reported from Hanoi



"Now right here I begin to lose the gist of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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that Ho Chi Minh was "a reasonable man" who would not expect the French to give up too many privileges in Indochina.

However, only a few months after that Paris visit fighting broke out between Frenchmen and Vietnamese led by Ho Chi Minh. Self-confident French army officers promised to "pacify" Indochina in a few weeks, but the fighting dragged on for eight years, until 1954, when the French people, sick and tired of it, insisted upon an armistice. During those eight years a large part of Indochina was wrecked, and Ho Chi Minh's government became openly communist, allied with its Red Chinese neighbor. The French were in no position to make a good bargain at Geneva—commentators correctly predicted that the French would not be able to hang on to any part of Indochina beyond 1956.

But the commentators made another prediction in 1954, which proved to be completely wrong. They prophesied that the communists would move in wherever the French moved out. That prophecy was based upon the tremendous prestige the Geneva accord gave to Ho Chi Minh's communist-controlled government. All kinds of Indochinese patriots hailed Ho as a national hero because he had outsmarted the French. So it was assumed that Ho's government need only wait patiently until this summer of 1956 to take over the whole of Vietnam in the supervised elections agreed upon. The two Vietnams are so situated that, if all Vietnam became communist, Cambodia and Laos could hardly avoid being absorbed. The 1954 commentators were so much impressed by communist victories over the French that they overlooked the possibility that Vietnamese anticommunists might produce a match for Ho Chi Minh.

That is what happened. The South Vietnamese leader, Ngo Dinh Diem, can rightly boast that he rose to the top in South Vietnam by his own efforts. Today disgruntled French residents of this former colony accuse the United States of encouraging Vietnamese nationalists to throw out the French regime. But the record fails to confirm this charge. The one favor which the American State Department did for Diem while he was merely a prime minister was to insist that he be given a fair chance when the French tried to remove him in 1954 very shortly after they had approved his appointment. He had proved to be less co-operative than the French had hoped, and on that occasion Washington said to Paris: "This man doesn't seem to be doing too badly, and nobody more promising has appeared. Let's wait a bit." That was about all the encouragement Diem got from Washington during his first nine months in office.

It is true, as critical Frenchmen still living in Vietnam like to point out, that President Roosevelt came out flatly during World War II for an international trusteeship to replace the French regime here. But neither the Truman nor Eisenhower administration followed that Roosevelt lead. The Truman Administration paid almost no attention to Indochina until 1949, when victorious Chinese communists swept to its northern borders. Americans did not try to tell the French how to run their colony even when the Marshall Plan began indirectly subsidizing French campaigns against the Indochinese in 1948.

Jean Sainteny, who headed the first French mission sent to Indochina from France after the war, has written in one of his books: "We (Frenchmen) seemed to the Americans incorrigibly obstinate in reviving a colonial past to which they were opposed in the name of an infantile anti-colonialism which blinded them to almost everything else." But Washington's "infantile anti-colonialism" did not prevent a continuous flow of direct subsidies for the French military campaigns, starting in 1950. The French were annoyed when Washington insisted upon sending its own foreign-aid mission to Indochina to spend a small part of the American subsidies.

From their own viewpoint the French probably were justified in trying to rebuff American interference, because American and French objectives never were the same in Indochina. The French were chiefly concerned with preserving their extensive possessions and as much of their special privileges as possible. The Americans, having no material interests in Indochina to worry about, could justify expenditures there only by making it appear they were being used to prevent communist aggression. The French, however, were often more anxious to placate Indochinese communists than to provoke them, because they were always hoping to make deals preserving at least some of their interests. Even today the Paris government still maintains tolerably good relations with Vietnamese communists. It keeps in Hanoi as commissioner the same Jean Sainteny quoted above, who has considered himself Ho Chi Minh's personal friend since he first began to negotiate with him in 1945.

Before the Paris government finally threw in the sponge at Geneva in 1954, Washington contributed about $3,000,000,000 to the French military campaigns in Indochina. In 1952, the French military got almost a full $1,000,000,000 from the United States. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles continued to be optimistic about the outcome of the French campaign after most Frenchmen were resigned to defeat. On December 16, 1953, only a few months before Paris capitulated at Geneva, Mr. Dulles said: "The war in Indochina could be won in 1954." Secretary Dulles did not conceal his distaste for the Geneva accord.

The balancing act which Americans tried to perform between Frenchmen and restless Indochinese nationalists after 1954 inspired one witty American to declare in 1955: "We Americans are the last French colonialists in Indochina." That was the most difficult time for President Diem, who was still just prime minister. Partly as a result of the equivocal American attitude toward him, Diem's prestige dropped to its lowest point during the first three months of 1955. His countrymen respected him for his uncompromising nationalism, but at that period he seemed to be getting nowhere. It looked then as if almost everybody could push him around. Some American officials on the spot badly underestimated him.

The Americans were not the only ones to count Diem out at that time. The English novelist, Graham Greene, visiting Indochina then, wrote that Diem and the Americans were jointly propelling South Vietnam toward disaster. Mr. Greene is himself a Catholic convert, and he was distressed because what he called Diem's failure would damage the Catholic cause. He wrote: "Mr. Diem's genuine piety has been exploited by his American advisers until the Church is in danger of sharing the unpopularity of the U.S.A. . . . Diem's ministers are not all Catholic, but Diem, justifiably suspicious of many of his supporters, has confined the actual government to himself and members of his family. . . . Diem may well leave his tolerant country a legacy of anti-Catholicism."

But shortly after Mr. Greene wrote, the Catholic statesman suddenly went on the warpath. People here are still expressing incredulous amazement about the way this lifelong bureaucrat, who was considered too gentle, got rough and tough overnight and mowed down his opponents one after the other, until he was as firmly established in South Vietnam as Ho Chi Minh was in the north. Diem astonished his closest associates by using every weapon in his enemies' arsenal—bribery, guile, persuasion and force. He thus defeated three large private armies which the French had tolerated. One of those armies was directed by gangsters, and the two others by heads of weird religious sects peculiar to Vietnam. Diem took great risks in provoking open battles with these warlords, but the gamble paid off.

The then-emperor, Bao Dai, from his plush refuge on the French Riviera, chose this moment to order Diem to resign as prime minister. This gave Diem an opportunity both to get rid of the emperor and to elevate himself. Diem ordered elections to be held throughout South Vietnam in October, 1955, to chose between him and the emperor. Diem got 98.2 per cent of the vote—a percentage so high it made skeptical observers smile. The story circulated in Saigon that Diem asked one of his advisers how large his victory should be, and the adviser suggested that 75 per cent would be the maximum plausible figure. But Diem's supporters exceeded their quota.

The October elections made Diem both President and Chief of State. Another election last March named delegates to a constitutional assembly which has since laid the foundations for a republic. Diem made no move against the French garrisons protecting South Vietnam until he had broken the power of his Vietnamese enemies and rivals. Then, last January, he calmly requested the French High Command to withdraw from South Vietnam as completely as it had done from North Vietnam in 1954. A clause in the Geneva accord permitted the South Vietnam Government to make such a request whenever it liked. With the promised elections approaching, Diem thus convinced his countrymen that he was more nationalistic than Ho Chi Minh ever had been, at a time when Ho's government was showing increasing subservience to China and Russia.

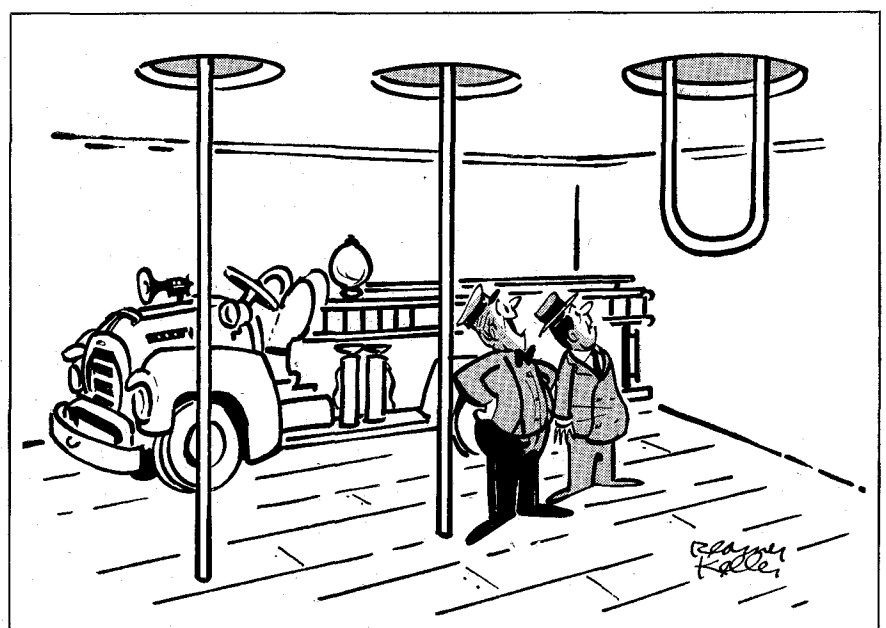
The French Government made no fuss about leaving Indochina. Paris urgently required additional troops to deal with another rebellious section of its overseas possessions in North Africa. Last April twenty-eighth, in a very simple ceremony, the French military headquarters in Saigon pulled down the French flag which had flown there since 1862. Vietnamese troops raised their new flag, designed only a few weeks before.

So Americans find themselves for the first time this summer with no intermediaries between themselves and the new governments of South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. The French withdrawal has made the American task decidedly more difficult in most respects. The second official language of the races inhabiting the former colony has been French for generations, and most Americans sent to work here know only English. During their long stay many Frenchmen also became specialists in the native languages and customs. But the United States had no chance to train such specialists. Moreover, our tenure here is still so uncertain that American governmental agencies are not empowered to create long-range programs.

Despite these handicaps, Washington has undertaken to equip and train adequate defense forces for these three immature states, while at the same time we help to restore their economy, brought to a low point by a decade of internal disorders. The new governments do not have enough trained bureaucrats to operate. As one American adviser put it, "These states have inherited only one half of their previous administrative systems, and the half they inherited was the bottom half."

The two greatest cities which Frenchmen established in Asia—Saigon and Hanoi—today are show windows for the respective claims of Asiatic communists and anticommunists. Paris abandoned Hanoi to Vietnamese communists in 1954, and it has served ever since as the southernmost political center for communists in the Far East. This summer Saigon has been as completely taken over from the French to serve as the political center of Vietnamese anticommunists. Under French rule Saigon was primarily a trading center, easily in touch with all parts of the world by ocean-going ships sailing up the great Mekong River to the heart of the city. But now Saigon's biggest business is becoming politics.

Although Vietnam is partitioned between communists and anticommunists, like Korea and Germany, the Iron Curtain here is very loose. Hundreds of travelers shuttle between Saigon and Hanoi. Foreign journalists move back and forth, and so do diplomats, businessmen and members of the International Control Commission established by the Geneva accord. The ICC members are Indians, Canadians and Poles, and their headquarters (*Continued on Page 130*)



"That one is for false alarms."

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The constellation Lyra, the lyre, sings of love. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Herbert Saslow.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd

¼ carat (25 points) $90 to $205
½ carat (50 points) $200 to $500
1 carat (100 points) $590 to $1155
2 carats (200 points) $1365 to $3320

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1956, for their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in weights indicated. Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.

Song of love, in a lovely star

Now the stars of Lyra call lovers' eyes to the evening sky. This lyre of Orpheus, on which he played the sweetest love songs ever heard, charms mortals still with its message of endearment. Deep in the earth, long ago, a melody as rich with tender meaning was written personally for you and someone you love in the lights of a timeless gem-star. When you find your engagement diamond, cherish it, for it will say forever to you, and those who come after you, how one man and one woman found their love and life's fulfillment.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

N. W. AYER & SON

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(*Continued from Page 128*) is in Hanoi, with a subheadquarters in Saigon.

So hundreds of foreign observers have had first-hand looks at both capitals. The contrast between them is all the more striking because these two cities still seem so French. Here in Southeast Asia Frenchmen created replicas of their own nineteenth-century provincial cities, with wide tree-lined boulevards, attractive parks and public buildings. Only the crowds provide the Oriental flavor.

The traffic provides the most obvious contrast between these rival capitals. Hanoi has very few automobiles, and cyclists and pedicab-pushers and pedestrians have the streets largely to themselves. In communist Vietnam only Very Important Persons have automobiles. The communists cite this as symbolic of their planned austerity. By living without such luxuries as private automobiles today, they declare, they can lay firmer foundations for the future. Saigon makes no such pretense. Tiny French taxis cruise through its streets by the hundreds and are so cheap that they compete with man-propelled pedicabs.

Austerity is neither preached nor practiced by the Americans who now largely underwrite the South Vietnam budget. Americans working in Saigon do not, of course, live as most Vietnamese do, because the American living standard is so much higher than any in Asia. So Americans can afford to live in Saigon's best houses, drive its biggest cars, eat imported food and employ the most experienced domestic servants. Since Vietnam is a "hardship post" because of its climate, living allowances are unusually high for all Government employees, with home leave every two years. Few, if any, Americans could be induced to work for the Government in Vietnam unless they were paid several times the salaries given to Vietnamese doing similar work for the same Washington agencies. All this is understandable—but it means that most Americans live as much apart from the Asiatic population here as French colonials ever did.

Earnest American officials here are worried because South Vietnam has become such a highly personal government since the dynamic Diem made himself Chief of State. They particularly deplore the tendency of the American press to make it appear that Americans are supporting a virtual dictatorship. The publicity given to Diem leads to misunderstandings. One example occurred last May, when the founder of the Moral Rearmament movement, Dr. Frank Buchman, visited Saigon with sixteen associates of assorted nationalities. Doctor Buchman telegraphed asking for a meeting with the Chief of State because, he wired, "I am sure he possesses the vision to produce a plan, not only for Vietnam but for the whole of Asia." Such conceptions are entirely unfounded because Diem has never represented himself as a spokesman for "the whole of Asia." For two decades he kept his mind fixed upon a single objective: Vietnamese independence. That objective having been attained, Diem is kept fully occupied with specific plans to make the new government workable.

When Diem is shown extravagant eulogies of himself, a number of which have been published in the United States, he shrugs his shoulders and smiles. During an hour's conversation I had with him, it was difficult to get him to say anything about himself, and he prefers to talk about practical projects now under way rather than visions of the future. It is still true, as it was when Graham Greene pointed it out early in 1955, that Diem keeps members of his family in key government posts and that they are, as he is, Roman Catholics. He had five brothers, of whom one, Khoi, was assassinated by communists while governor of a province in 1946. Khoi's body was found early this year, and 100,000 people attended the memorial services in Vietnam's ancient capital, Hue. Diem's brother, Thuc, is a Catholic bishop; and his brother, Can, although a semi-invalid, has directed a very thorough clean-up drive in Central Vietnam. Diem's brother, Nhu, lives with him at the official residence of the former French governor, now known as the palace. Nhu probably is Diem's most influential political adviser, and Nhu's wife, a glamorous and intelligent young woman, acts as official hostess for her bachelor brother-in-law. Madam Nhu can charm visiting American politicians and journalists as easily as another charmer, Queen Frederika of Greece. Madam Nhu's father, a member of the former royal family, is ambassador in Washington, and Diem's fifth brother, Luyen, is ambassador in London.

". . . pound of butter and a dozen eggs and a head of lettuce and . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

While some of the American Catholics working in Saigon have considerable influence with Diem, his most active advisers are non-Catholic. The American Catholics are almost all engaged in relief work for the 600,000 refugees, 80 per cent of whom are Catholics. The refugees chose to leave their homes in North Vietnam after the 1954 accord and moved south in solid communities, led by their village priests. Most of these groups have managed to stay together ever since. The American Government spent $55,000,000 on these refugees during their first year in the south, and appropriated $35,000,000 for the second year. American Catholics have contributed another $7,000,000 for schools, hospitals and the like.

The only American serving directly on President Diem's personal staff is the well-known authority on Asiatic agriculture and land reform, Wolf Ladejinsky. Born in Russia, Mr. Ladejinsky first won world-wide notice as architect of the land-reform program introduced in Japan during the American occupation. Because he has relatives still living in Russia, he was later temporarily considered a security risk, but was soon cleared and sent by the International Cooperation Agency (ICA) to Indochina. Here he helped to draft plans for resettling hundreds of thousands of refugees from the communist north on idle land in the south. Last winter, because of a small investment Mr. Ladejinsky made in a Formosan sugar mill built with American Government funds, the ICA decided he was technically guilty of violating the "conflict of interest" principle. When the American expert resigned from American Government service, President Diem promptly added him to his personal staff, where he has since played an even more important role in the resettlement program.

Another American who works closely with Diem is Prof. Wesley Fishel, director of a large advisory group organized by Michigan State University. The United States Government has forty-three contracts with American universities for advisory work abroad, and this is the largest of them. A chance meeting between Diem and Professor Fishel in Japan in 1950 was the beginning of this project. When Diem became a self-made exile in 1950 he decided to accompany his bishop brother to Rome via the United States. Passing through Japan, Diem looked up a Japanese newspaperman, Koyashi Komatsu, who had saved him from being shot during the Japanese occupation of Vietnam. Mr. Komatsu introduced Diem to Professor Fishel, then working on army education, and the two men found much in common. The American and the Vietnamese exile renewed their acquaintance a few months later when Diem returned from Rome to spend almost three years in the United States.

Professor Fishel invited Diem to act as consultant to the Government Research Board set up at Michigan State, where the exile was impressed by the programs being developed for giving technical advice to inexperienced governments. During his first discussion of what Diem believed the future independent Vietnam would need, he drew up a five-page summary in longhand divided into three parts: (1) public administration; (2) public finance; and (3) police administration. The program thus summarized years before he came to power is being directed today by the Michigan State group which keeps twenty or more Americans working in Saigon after they have received special training at the university in East Lansing.

Diem's first two years were devoted to consolidating the central government's power, which was challenged at one time or another by the French Government, Emperor Bao Dai, the communists, the gangs, the sects, and opposition nationalists. All these challenges have been met and overcome. The question now is whether this very personal government can meet the more complicated hazards of a long period of comparative peace, which most observers here consider likely. While President Diem is implacable in his anticommunism, he has never threatened to march his armies against the communist north. Nor has he ruled out the possibility of eventual trade deals between North and South Vietnam, whose interests are complementary. As soon as South Vietnam's idle land has been put to use again, it will have exportable surpluses of rice, sugar and rubber, which the north needs. Meanwhile, the north has inherited the greater part of Vietnam's industries, making mostly consumer goods which the south needs. The Hanoi government has become increasingly interested in consolidating its own internal affairs, and rebuilding and extending railroads connecting Northern Vietnam with China's southernmost provinces, which have had long associations and are geographically a unit.

This trend, if it continues, will affect the American experiment here. Only a few years ago, Americans took their first real notice of French Indochina because conditions here were so disorderly that they made this a logical place for communist aggression, which, if it went far enough, threatened to involve American soldiers as it did in Korea. Americans generally do not seem to realize how close we came to going to war against the North Vietnam communists at the time of the Dienbienphu disaster. We had aircraft carriers with atomic bombs and the planes to deliver them in the waters off this coast and certain members of our Joint Chiefs of Staff were in favor of sending them into action. But they were overruled by President Eisenhower.

Subsequently, events in Indochina took an unexpected turn, decidedly different from what happened in Korea, because Asiatic nationalism proved to be a more powerful force than any ideological issue in this former French colony. There is food for thought in this, for American policy makers. Just what sort of policy they should make does not appear to be an immediately soluble problem. I asked one of President Diem's closest associates, "Would it be correct to say that the President is pro-American?"

He replied quickly, "Only up to a point. He needed Americans to help him eliminate French colonial rule. But he counts upon Americans to refrain from replacing the French by any kind of domination."

In other words, Americans are welcome in South Vietnam, and in Cambodia and Laos as well, so long as we are content merely to baby-sit. What happens if it turns out that the baby sitter is called upon to save the baby from kidnapers at some time in future? "That," said the man to whom I talked, "is a very interesting question." THE END

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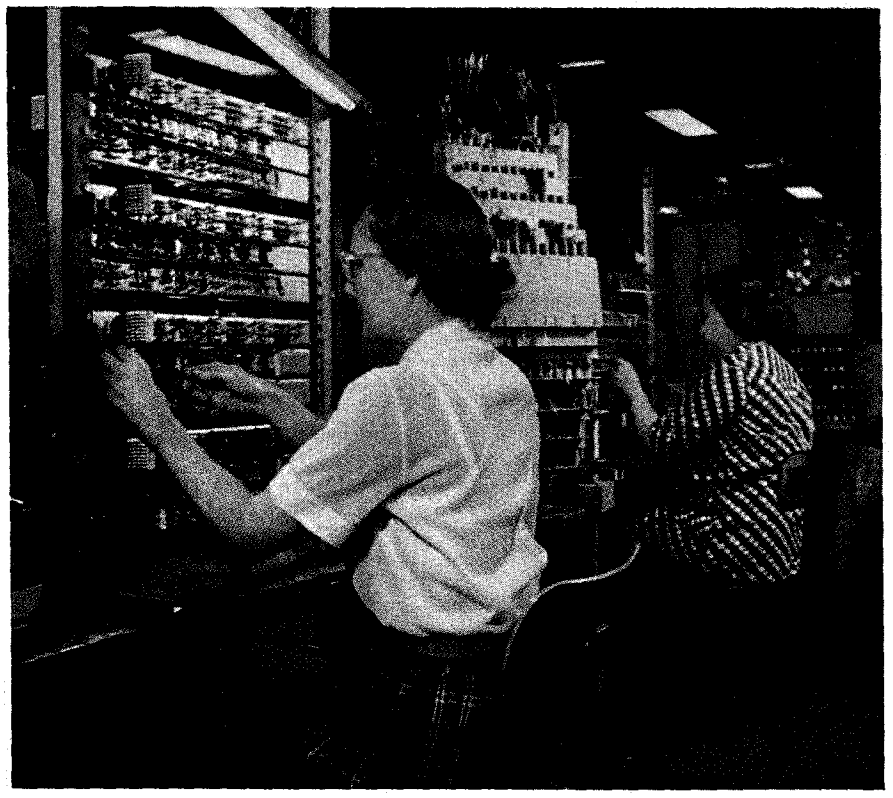
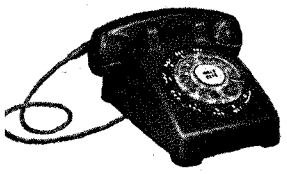


These nimble-fingered girls in a Western Electric factory are wiring one of many complex units behind your telephone that help make your long distance service faster than ever.

How your voice gets there... *faster!*

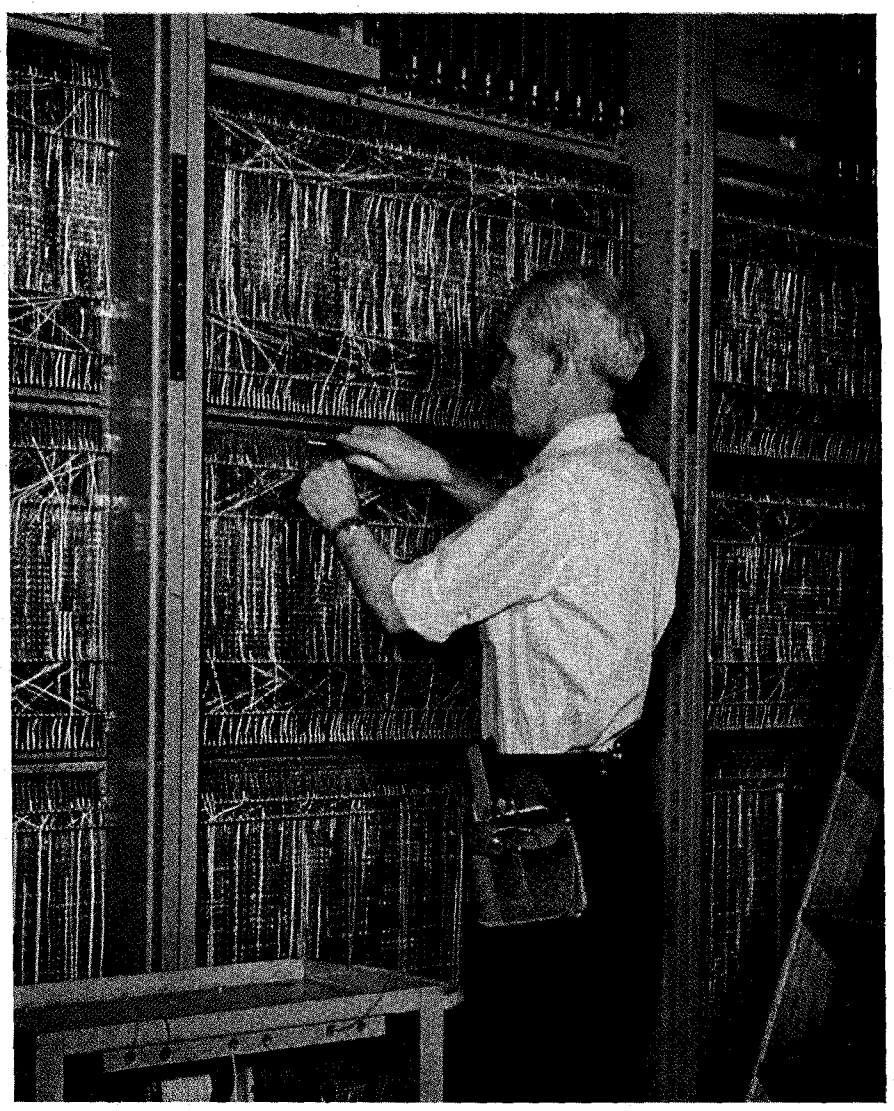


Perhaps you're familiar with color telephones, light-up dial telephones and similar conveniences. Western Electric makes them so you may have more satisfactory telephone service.

Well, here's something we produce you've probably never seen before. It's switching equipment that makes your telephone service more convenient because telephone calls go through faster.

This equipment enables a growing number of operators to dial direct to any one of millions of telephones from coast to coast. Already, over 60% of long distance calls are handled this way . . . and in many places Bell telephone users themselves can dial long distance calls direct. The vast amount of equipment needed is being added to constantly. All of it is built, installed and thoroughly tested by Western Electric before it goes into your service.

All along the line Western Electric has a hand in making your Bell telephone service better, more convenient, more satisfactory . . . and that means greater value for you.



Here you see a final check being made of dial switching equipment in a central office. Western Electric makes and installs this equipment for your Bell telephone company.

These long distance operators simply push a few buttons to make calls direct to telephones in distant cities without help from operators along the way. Fast? — and how!

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

URSULA THIESS

Co-starring in "Bandido"
Produced by Robt. L. Jacks
in CinemaScope and Color
For release thru United Artists

"I often refresh my eyes with Murine when I'm working," says screen star Ursula Thiess, "because if they're tired or strained, the camera shows it." Try refreshing *your* eyes with a couple of drops of Murine after working, reading, driving or watching TV. Gently and so pleasantly, Murine washes away the feeling of strain and fatigue.

MURINE
for your eyes*

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
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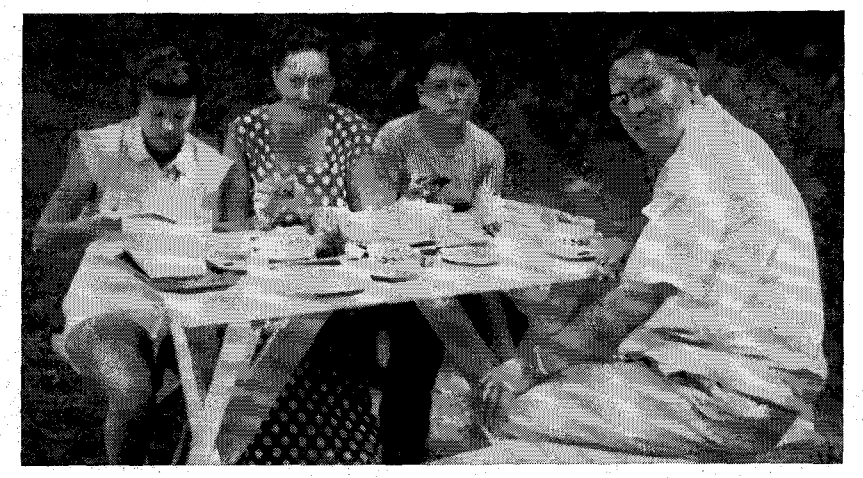
Keeping Posted

Did Thomas Walsh Ever Swat a Cop?



Walsh is a law-abiding family man; see below regarding who did swat a cop.

Before referring to another Thomas Walsh, address unknown, let's mention the Walsh whose address this week is page 51. When this long-time Post contributor was fifteen, he was a page boy on an upper floor of New York's Hotel Plaza, an admirable job, for he had a kind of private suite where he got much reading done. The suite was a cranny on the service stairway, an arrangement which, when the page boy was needed, used to lather up the floor clerk to the point of frenzy.

Last fall, when Walsh decided that a hotel would be a splendid place to locate a spine-tingling serial, he sat endlessly in hotel lobbies, hobnobbed nightly with hotel detectives—and wound up by having much of his plot pop into his head out of his page-boy days. For instance, one of his pagely duties had involved an elderly lady guest who was an invalid; she was stout, and young Tom had to help the nurse roll her over in bed. The lady turns up in older Tom's story as a drugged bishop. Queer things happen in writers' heads, and that's good.

A queer thing happening in real life is that in the Southwestern states some other fellow named Tom Walsh is impersonating, not too legally, the real writing Walsh, a sedate family man of Ridgefield, Connecticut. Every so often Ridgefield Walsh gets a letter from some far-off reader, saying that the reader enjoyed meeting the Post writer when he was out that way lately, and how about paying back the small sum he borrowed? One of these readers (they usually write in care of the Post) mentioned a hilarious evening he and Walsh had spent in a certain night club—wasn't it a scream when Walsh walloped the cop in the beak? The Post's Walsh groans, "Cops are my friends. I *never* wallop one in the beak." Not long ago, word came to the author that a man out West had just met author Walsh out there and had been warned by him about a phony Walsh who lives in Connecticut. If the two W.'s ever meet, wallop!

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Guns of Navarone"

The Post enthusiastically presents a new World War II novel by the brilliant young Scotsman, Alistair MacLean. You will find it as stirring as his previous great success, H.M.S. Ulysses.

To Authors' Wives: You Tell 'Em, Girls

Craig Thompson and his wife, Dick, of Erwinna, Pennsylvania, made a business trip to Fort Worth, Texas, the husband presumably being the one on business. Parentheses: (Mrs. C.'s front name is Edith, and a nice name it is, but she prefers to be called Dick, and that's that).

While the Thompsons were in Fort Worth, their host took them to the remarkable Ridglea Country Club and, after dinner, asked if they would like to see the club's nursery. As Thompson, a countryman, hopes some year to have a greenhouse of his own, he thought that would be stimulating. But when he found that the nursery contained babies in cribs, he did not, for a moment, know what to do with his thinking.

Later, when Thompson was discussing article topics with a Post editor, and none of them was arousing much enthusiasm, he recalled that his wife had said to be sure and speak about country-club greenhouses. The story is on page 44. At-a-boy, Dick.

Anecdotes From Far Away

A letter flew in from Mrs. E. F. Drumright, whose husband is American consul general in Hong Kong. She reported that the wife of a local government official forgot to ascertain one day whether her husband would be home for lunch and, on checking the date book on his desk, was shocked to find this memo: Lunch with Bess. The lady was upset about this mysterious Bess gal, but recovered when her spouse showed up with a swell alibi. Demaree Bess, a man, wrote up Hong Kong in the July twenty-first Post, and he checks in from Saigon on page 36.

A letter from Bess yields an anecdote about a magnificent tiger skin that adorns the home of his friend, Frederick Reinhardt, United States Ambassador in Saigon. Reinhardt and others made an elaborate tiger safari, which included thirteen elephants, and never saw a tiger. Later, Mrs. Reinhardt, who had never shot anything bigger than a rabbit, went out alone with one safari expert. Sure, that's her tiger in her home.

Bess flew out to Hong Kong last year, and recently, having traveled only by air since 1937, decided to return, via the Suez, on a relaxing freighter. Times: 37 flying hours; 48 sailing days.

Let's Define Her as a Baseball Grandmother

Adela Rogers St. Johns; grandchildren.

Baseball fans never grow old; they just have grandchildren. Author Adela Rogers St. Johns (whose descendant range from grandsons in the Army and a college to a granddaughter seven month aged) used to ride her bike from schoo when she was nine years old to join *he* grandmother behind first base an watch the San Francisco Seals interpre the national pastime. "I am sixty-two, she comes right out and says; so that taken care of. Later, when Adela grew u into a brilliant newspaperwoman wit INS, she did, during some forty years, g off the sports-reporting beam occasio ally, yet much of the time she was i there pitching words at ball games ar other athletics, side by side with Lardne Runyon, Rice, Igoe, Corum, Gallico ar such superlative ones. Somehow or othe her story on page 37 is about baseba

The lady lives on the California sho at Malibu, near where she was bor Often she wears on her dress the Roy Canadian Air Force wings of her so William, who was killed in World War I Her other children are: McCullah, editor of The Hollywood Reporter; Ric ard Rogers, a lawyer; and Mrs. Elai Dare, a writer. When Adela is half invi ble behind grandchildren, she is esp cially happy, especially at a ball gan

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